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2. Who does crossword puzzles in ink.
3. A woman who jogs and tells.
4. A woman whose perfume is too loud for her looks.
5. A woman who can't pass a mirror without looking into it.
6. A woman who won't gossip.
7. Who worries about getting her hair wet in the rain.
8. Who won't admit she reads cheap novels.
9. Who wouldn't spend her last few bucks on perfume.

My likes.

1. A woman who seems to be listening, even if she isn't.
2. A woman who loves a good laugh.
3. Who can get gorgeously dressed in 15 minutes flat.
4. Who can cuss in five languages.
5. Who prefers almost anything to white wine.
6. Who's a great dancer.
7. Who's a big eater.
8. A woman who doesn't cry at weddings.
9. Loves clothes, but doesn't talk about them.
10. Who would spend her last few bucks on perfume. Hopefully mine.

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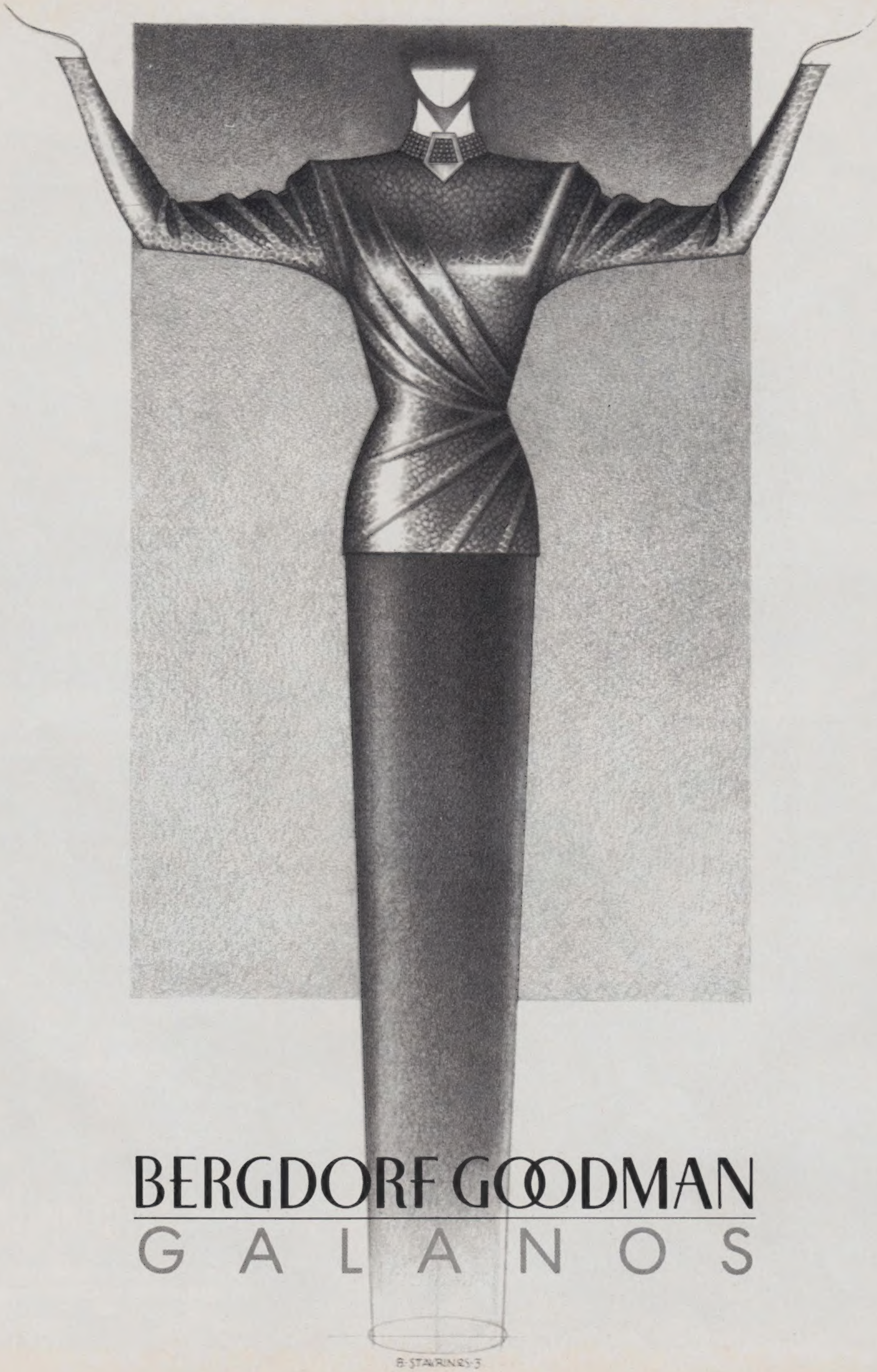

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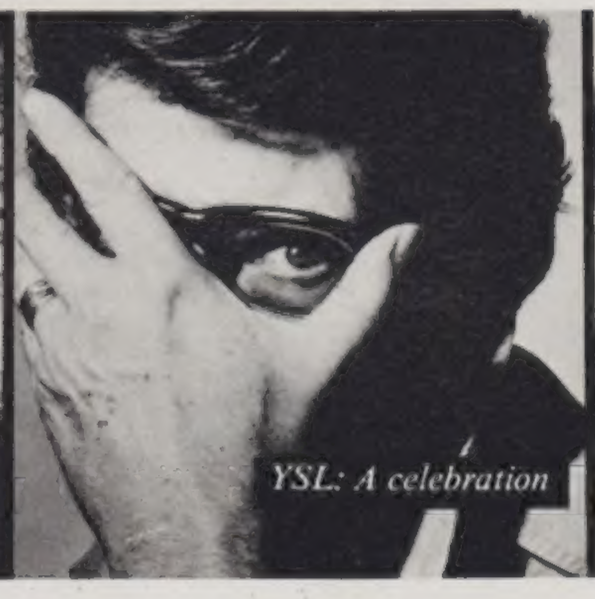

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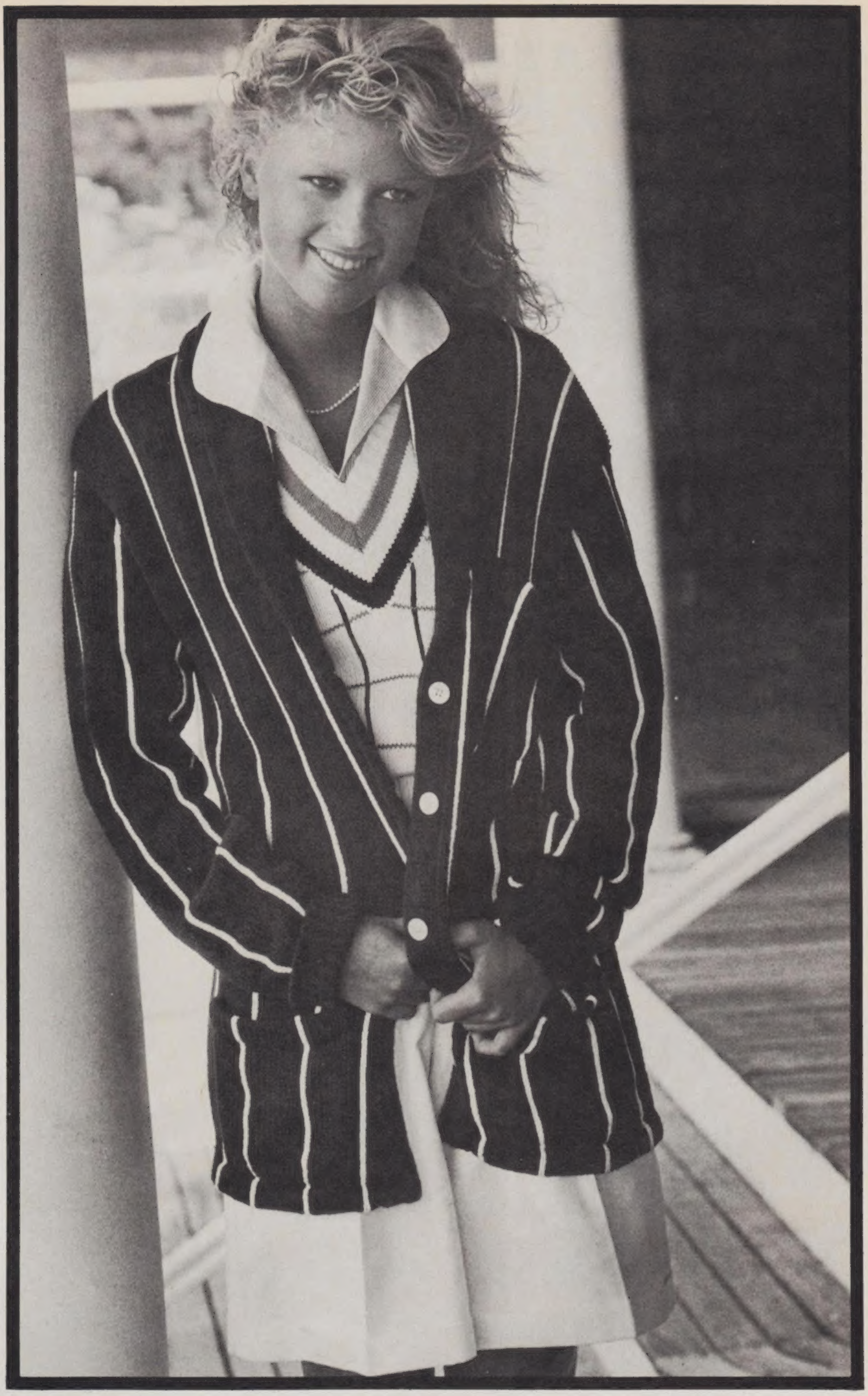

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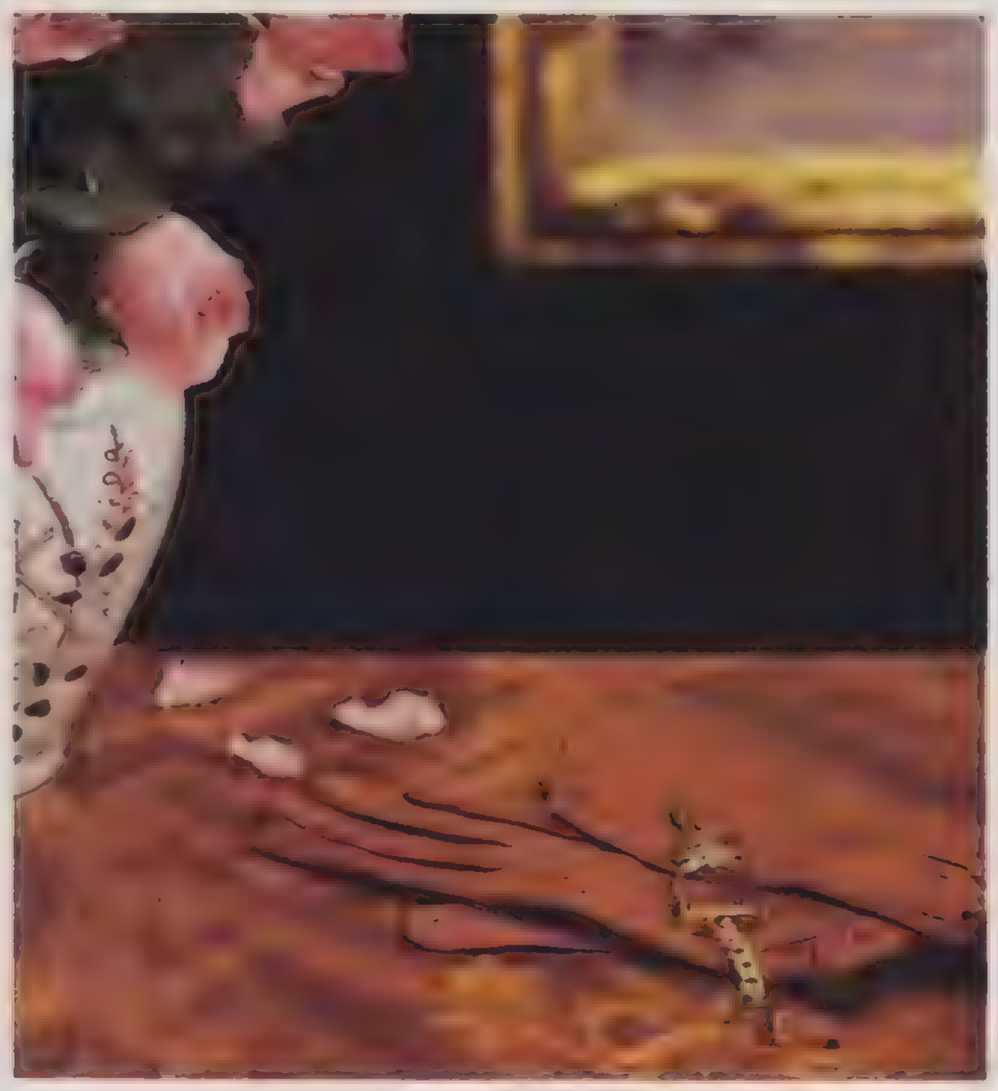

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Your Letters

Qualities of a leader

In response to your excellent article, "Living In a Man's World," [August, 1983]. . .

I don't think it is too idealistic to believe that we can move to a more human understanding of gender differences—and similarities. We have to overcome our attachment to descriptions that are gender-related. Men have to be willing to admit that "gentle and sensitive" is not synonymous with weakness. Women have to admit that unfailing strength and steadfast characteristics are not going to turn them into robots.

If we were to become sex-blind and draw up an organizational chart of the pure characteristics that make a company work, we would come up with words like efficiency, sensitivity, strength, determination, clear thinking, fair-mindedness, persistence, honesty.

This is not simplistically looking for an answer. It is instead the essence of what it is to be human and to be successful. We are fast moving beyond our sillinesses of male and female roles. Yes, it may take generations, but we've made the first steps. . . . Charlotte Versagi
Royal Oak MI

Happiness is "home" work

Re: "Working at Home—And Loving It," (September, 1983) . . . After spending a solitary day at my typewriter, I took a solitary walk to a local park to read my Vogue magazine among other human beings.

What a sense of pleasure and camaraderie I derived upon reading Francesca Stanfill's article. It has been a *(Continued on page 136)*

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What's News

WHAT'S COMING

eople are talking about...

Hanna Schygulla

SHATTERED THE DARK SIDE OF FRIENDSHIP

When the suicidal Ruth (Angela Winkler) disappears from a dinner party with a clothesline in hand,

Olga (Hanna Schygulla) ferrets her out. By finding her, Olga saves Ruth from suicide, thereby—according to folk wisdom—taking responsibility for her life. The way in which Olga both saves and destroys Ruth becomes, in the hands of writer-director Margarethe von Trotta, one of the most extraordinary, the most disturbing and terrifying, woman's films ever made.

Sheer Madness (the distributor's title that will, I hope, change by the time you read this; the German title is *Heller Wahn*) follows Von Trotta's last two films in using the theme of sisterhood, both literal and spiritual, to explore the divided self of modern Germany and the dark side of feminism. *Marianne and Julianne*, that haunting study of terrorism and sibling tension, was in a class by itself; but the new film threatens to upstage even that one.

Olga, played by a Hanna Schygulla altogether different from the man-oriented sensualist of the Fassbinder films, is a professor of women's literature, strong, clear-eyed, self-possessed. Dressed in loose linen outfits, wearing little makeup, she has a beauty of a more cerebral kind. One of those women who needs to feel needed, she is drawn to the reclusive Ruth, a former teacher, who dreams of suicide and paints black and white copies of the masters—a chilling metaphor for a woman's lack of a confident, original voice.

In their personal lives, Ruth is neurotically dependent on her husband, a TV pundit who, in turn, has a vested emotional interest in her fragility. Olga, on the other hand, is surrounded by men who need her. One of the beauties of the film is that it gives heterosexual and domestic life its seductive due even as we are being led to the abyss.

As the friendship between the two women develops, a kind of transference takes place. Ruth grows stronger, finds her "self" and voice, but at the expense of her marriage. The only way she can survive as a person is to annihilate her "keeper."

The ending is melodramatic, yet perfectly logical and profoundly disturbing, all the more so in that Olga not only has lost *her* lover but stands accused of having pushed Ruth into a tragically self-defeating independence. Is Olga really guilty, and if so, on what level? Is she Machiavellian, a person who consciously toys with others' lives; or isn't she, like most of us, a person who has gotten the message and can't help but urge other, more hidebound women to renounce oppression, to give up their romantic dependencies . . . and thus, their husbands, their lives, the only selves they know?

Margarethe von Trotta, a feminist but also a passionately detached observer, forces us to think about the responsibility we have thereby incurred. Have we the right to imply that other womens' lives are wrong, half-lived? And what of our own much vaunted and taken-for-granted ideal, to combine commitment to self and career with a "great" (i.e., equal) relationship. Given the intransigencies of custom and the male ego, isn't this possible only under exceptional, rather than ordinary, circumstances?

Without ever degenerating into rhetoric in this, her finest and most dramatically complex film, Margarethe von Trotta nevertheless provokes us to go on asking such questions. Don't miss it.

—MOLLY HASKELL

Angela Winkler

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES

INTERVIEW: SCHYGULLA

Hanna Schygulla. Drop her name and you never get a lukewarm reaction. She's either the most lyrical, mysterious, and authoritative actress of our generation, with a direct line to the humming primal soul of woman. Or a petulant narcissist caught up in her own reflection as actress-anarchist.

In *The Marriage of Maria Braun* bad-boy German director Rainer Werner Fassbinder dressed her in black net stockings to play woman-as-sexual-omnivore—the corrupted heart of post-War Germany; in his massive *Berlin Alexanderplatz,* she's a more-generous-than-necessary prostitute with the face of a golden madonna. Her newest film is Marco Ferrari's *The Story of Piera,* with Schygulla as a flamboyant sexual adventuress who teaches her teenage daughter the pleasures of the flesh with a man they pick up at a picnic.

"I'm definitely not made for bourgeois parts," Schygulla acknowledges. She is encased in black leather and trails a leopard-print scarf. "I like roles that are illogical, chaotic, ambiguous." *Sheer Madness,* in which she plays an omnicompetent college professor and feminist (see previous page) was not "black or bizarre" enough for her. It also may have hit too close to home. "I spent five years at the university," she shudders. "I could have become a teacher too, if I hadn't pulled the brakes."

To Schygulla's mind, to be a woman means to Get-in-Touch-with-Your-Gut, and then to spread the word. She's a kind of Jerry Falwell of Feeling. "It's being more of a barbarian—not hitting something straight on, but by how you feel about it sensually. It's like the belly dance—a kind of swing from the center of your body." She clutches fist to same.

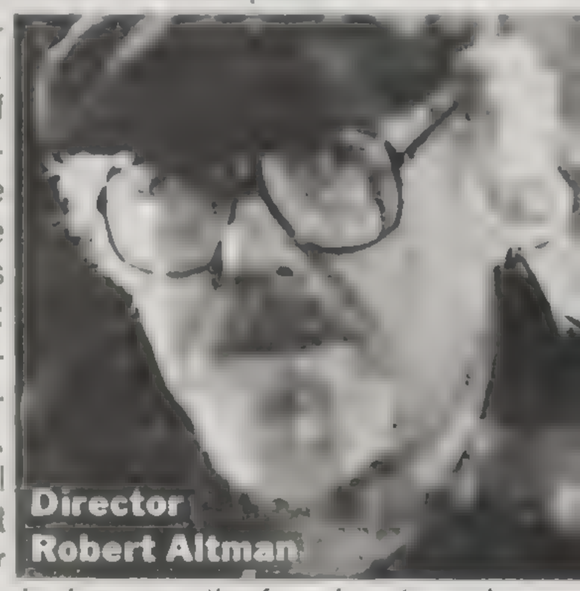
But isn't that where we left off? Woman as creature of pure instinct—zoned-out earth mother or Holy Whore? "Who *cares*?" rails Schygulla the revolutionary. "Whatever is there—whether it's rage or indifference, feminine or not feminine—if it's there, you better act it out."

She gets paid for it, too.—D.M.

Carlos Saura's "Carmen," *which might be dubbed "Fame Espagnol," has the director/choreographer of a dance company falling for his leading lady during rehearsals of "Carmen." Antonio Gades, the director of a ballet company in real life, possesses the penetrating eyes and catlike masculinity of a fantasy director. And the sultry, narcissistic Laura Del Sol is sufficiently untalented to allow all of us dancers manquées to imagine ourselves in the role, falling in love with the director, and getting better, and better, and better under his tutelage. The early scenes, with their flamenco dancing, and a tawny, stagey, vibrant eroticism, are fun, but Del Sol never does improve markedly; the conceit—life imitates art and director goes crazy for the tartish Carmen—turns into a tiresome constraint all too soon. —M.H.*

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO PORKY'S LAND? ALTMAN IN PHOENIX

"I've only done the things that I've wanted to do," says Robert Altman. "And every film I've made has been exactly what we set out to do; and I'm very, very proud of all of them"—an enviable peace of mind for a director of twenty-one features. Altman is, of course, responsible for some of the best films of the past fifteen years (among others: *M*A*S*H, Nashville, Three Women,* and his latest, *Streamers*), as well as a few valiant duds. Like other American directors, he has won the freedom to make none-too-commercial "Robert Altman movies." Unlike others, he hasn't squandered that independence. So it came as a surprise to learn that Altman's next film will be *O.C. and Stiggs,* based on two teenaged, suburban rake-hells who originally appeared in *The National Lampoon* and devoted themselves solely to ingesting drugs, breaking things, and generally going with the flow of their testosterone.



Director Robert Altman

Is one of our most intelligent and idiosyncratic directors heading down *Porky's* way and making a brew n' bra teensploitation picture? "Well, we haven't crashed any cars or grabbed any teenyboppers, if that's what you mean," says Altman, on the phone from Phoenix where the film is being shot. "The attitude I take here is that, not unlike the two doctors in *M*A*S*H,* these two sixteen-year-old boys have been put into a place not of their own choosing: namely, upper-middle-class America. And they're smart enough to know that if they emulate the adults they run into, they'll grow up to be just like them."

It sounds a bit like Werner Herzog doing a remake of *The Horror of Party Beach*—which wouldn't necessarily be a bad idea, although hard to imagine. "Someone once said," says Altman fatalistically, " 'If I could explain it, I wouldn't have to make it.' " —BRUCE HANDY

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LOOK BACK IN INGRES

In Pursuit of Perfection: The Art of J.-A.-D. Ingres; J.B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville, KY; December 6 through January 29

He admired ancient Greek vase painting, idolized Raphael, and, for nearly sixty years, was France's leading proponent of classicism. Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780–1867) was an academic *par excellence,* a dogged defender of Grand Manner painting with its exalted subjects and flamboyant interpretations. He was also, of course, a great painter and one of the most subtle and sublime draftsmen in French history.

High-minded and haughty, Ingres sought to show how serious he was by taking on epic subjects, the great moments in history, religion, mythology. He painted elaborately contrived vignettes of Virgil reading the *Aeneid,* and the death of Leonardo. He went from the apotheosis of Homer to the apotheosis of Napoleon (the latter ascending heavenward in a chariot). Often, his grandiose paintings border on the ludicrous. The trouble with Ingres's apotheoses is that, aside from having aggrandized his subjects, he has nothing to say about them. His "Joan of Arc," a famous painting on loan to Louisville from the Louvre, is numbingly vapid. It was aptly described by Baudelaire, the most durable French art critic of the era, as "a picture whose most obvious distinction is an inordinate technical pedantry." Still, Ingres was such a master that even his worst paintings contain admirable, rewarding passages that challenge and delight the eye.

Ingres was at his best in less ambitious efforts—immaculate portraits of society women and coolly erotic nudes. His portraits are wonderfully sensuous, lush, eye-ravishing configurations of pale, phlegmatic flesh juxtaposed with richly textured fabrics—billowing, rumpled silks, velvets, and embroideries that he painted with such verve.

Ingres idealized his nudes to such an extent that he occasionally took anatomic liberties, as when he added three vertebrae to his "Grande Odalisque" in order to prolong the sinuous curve of her back. The limbs of his plump ladies appear deboned, permitting the supple flesh to undulate like a gooseneck lamp.

Any Ingres exhibition is special, but this one is particularly noteworthy. Instead of gathering familiar, major works, the show, which was skillfully organized by guest curator Patricia Condon, demonstrates that Ingres favored certain motifs and returned to them again and again, sometimes over a period of decades. The exhibition suggests that Ingres's later works are the more provocative manifestations of his perfectionism because they depart more freely from the original sources. The show contains many personal works never intended for public display, enhancing our understanding of Ingres.

The show travels to the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth, March 3 to May 5.

——DAVID BOURDON

Two swainish views of "Paolo and Francesca" (at *left,* from 1820, *right,* circa 1845): Ingres favored certain motifs—and supple, undulating flesh in his "deboned women"

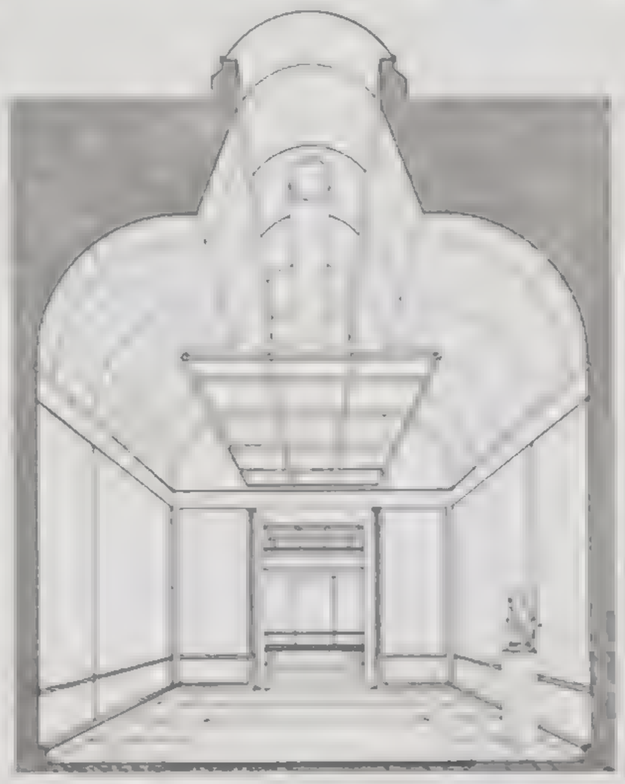
MUSEUMS: WINGING IT

New museum buildings are springing up all across the nation as civic leaders become more aware than ever that a major museum facility makes dollars and sense. No less important than a big airport, a prestigious cultural institution is the best advertisement that a municipality is an international-class city.

Even Big D believes culture is a sound investment: almost half of the cost of the new $55 million Dallas Museum of Art, designed by Edward Larrabee Barnes, and opening next month, was funded by general obligation bonds, voted by a 1979 referendum.

Virtually every major American architect—including Philip Johnson, I.M. Pei, and Kevin Roche—has recently witnessed the completion of a new museum facility or has one on the drawing boards. Major architects are also being imported from abroad. British architect James Stirling designed a new museum for Harvard. Renzo Piano, the Italian who codesigned the Pompidou Center in Paris, is at work on the Menil Collection Museum in Houston. Japan's Arata Isozaki designed Los Angeles's new Museum of Contemporary Art.

Louisville's Ingres exhibition (see left) inaugurates a new $3.5 million wing of the J.B. Speed Art Museum, Kentucky's largest and oldest museum. The wing is the work of Robert Geddes, former dean of Princeton's School of Architecture and Urban Planning, who says, "Just as a concert hall is shaped for sound, you shape a museum for light." Geddes's two-level structure is built around an atrium. The upper level consists of fourteen "cabinet" galleries, each an intimate twenty-by-twenty-foot module with its own skylight.



Building new museum space—lots of it: Gallery from Louisville's J.B. Speed Art Museum

Perhaps the most acclaimed of the new museum buildings is Atlanta's $20-million High Museum of Art, which opened in October Designed by Richard Meier, the High Museum is as sleek as a streamlined ship, as intricately geometrized as a minimalist sculpture. Its dazzling white exterior is clad with porcelain-enameled panels, and its central skylit atrium was inspired in part by the spectacular open interior of New York City's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum

The new American museum buildings may well make a tremendous impact on future architecture everywhere because architects often do their most inventive, adventurous work in designing museums, which offer them an ideal showcase for novel forms and ideas. Architects generally take more risks in their museum work than they are permitted to do in their commercial commissions, and the result is sometimes a museum that is its own artwork. D.B

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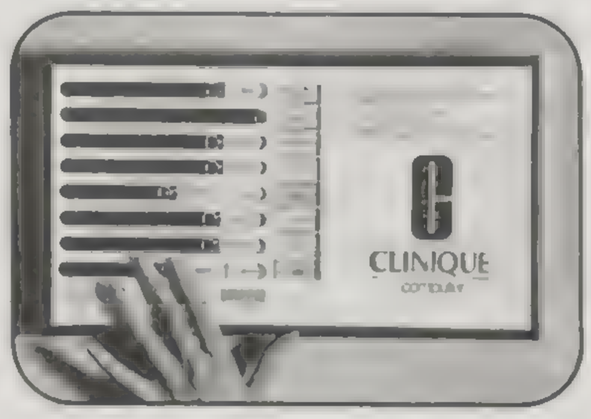

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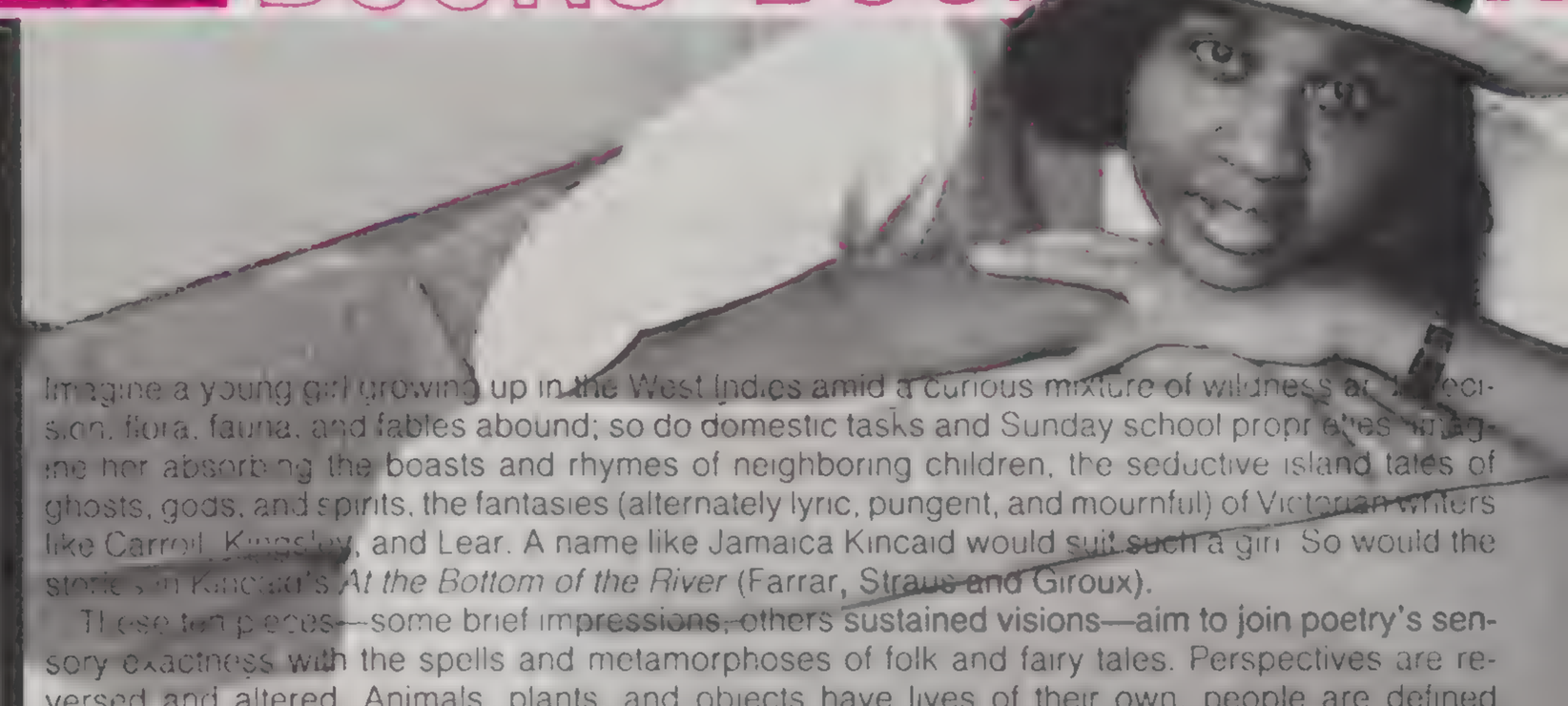

Imagine a young girl growing up in the West Indies amid a curious mixture of wildness and precision. flora, fauna, and fables abound; so do domestic tasks and Sunday school proprieties. Imagine her absorbing the boasts and rhymes of neighboring children, the seductive island tales of ghosts, gods, and spirits, the fantasies (alternately lyric, pungent, and mournful) of Victorian writers like Carroll, Kingsley, and Lear. A name like Jamaica Kincaid would suit such a girl. So would the stories in Kincaid's *At the Bottom of the River* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).

These ten pieces—some brief impressions, others sustained visions—aim to join poetry's sensory exactness with the spells and metamorphoses of folk and fairy tales. Perspectives are reversed and altered. Animals, plants, and objects have lives of their own, people are defined through gestures, acts, and dreams, not psychology or society. The droll prevails while the ordinary seems out of place. Kincaid is a Dorothy who would find Kansas, not Oz, queer and uncongenial.

This is her first book, and it's distinctive and evocative. It's also uneven. The weaker stories are like verbal improvisations, begun adeptly then left unfinished with too many influences showing. Images and declarative sentences follow each other in a kind of litany, and this can be hypnotic; it can also be monotonous.

But let me return to the best stories, ones like "Wingless," "In the Night," "My Mother," and "At the Bottom of the River," where mysteries and manners are neatly balanced. The central figure is often a maternal one with protean powers, the narrator a child longing for the boundaries between them to merge. She wants a world without time or loss, but she wants an inviolable self as well, one bound to "all that is human endeavor, to all that is past and to all that shall be." The varied elements of the West Indian girl's past have this in common: from the vantage point of adulthood, they seem a paradise lost.

—MARGO JEFFERSON

DISCOVERY...

For some time now I have faced, with dismay, books about Americans who visit or settle in foreign climes. The natives, more often than not, are bric-a-brac collections of odd beliefs and speech patterns. If they are European natives, the Americans take a social battering but emerge with their New World vigor intact. If they are Asian, African, or Latin natives, the Americans distribute optimism and technological know-how, pocketing in exchange a certain wisdom tied to nature and sexuality. What a pleasure then to read Harriet Doerr's first novel, *Stones for Ibarra* (Viking), and find this theme explored with gravity, tenderness, and astute irony.

"Here they are," Doerr begins, like a tour guide assigned to explain how lives, not monuments, are constructed, "two North Americans, a man and a woman just over and just under forty, come to spend their lives in Mexico and already lost as they travel cross-country over the central plateau. The driver of the station wagon is Richard Everton, a blue-eyed, black-haired stubborn man who will die thirty years sooner than he now imagines. On the seat beside him is his wife, Sara, who imagines neither his death nor her own, imminent or remote as they may be."

The Evertons have left an adequate if uninspired life in San Francisco for the dream of a life recapturable only through sepia-tinted photographs of a fin de siècle house with a tennis court, French wallpaper, and a chandelier that could hold three dozen tapers. They make a place for themselves in Ibarra, "a declining village of one thousand souls," Richard because he is a mineowner with jobs and prosperity to dispense; Sara because she is the wife of a mineowner, with advice on health, education, and childbearing that must be listened to if not followed. Whether Ibarra's thousand souls will become more than stick figures to them is another matter; "not people," as Sara muses shortly after their arrival, "but silhouettes sketched on a backdrop to deceive us into thinking that the stage is crowded."

The theater image is apt, and not only because travel is a great spur to self-dramatization. The novel is arranged like a play, each chapter a self-enclosed scene. At first the Evertons take the leading roles, but they become supporting characters as various Ibarrians make their way stage center.

When Sara and Richard first arrive they are objects of bemused disapproval to the villagers, who chronicle their quaint, incomprehensible ways with gusto. But Doerr, having turned those tables, moves past them: Americans and Mexicans cease to be oddities to one another and settle instead into an amiable, sometimes rueful barter and exchange of habits, experiences, and beliefs.

Doerr lived in Mexico for some years; and her crisp, fresh writing accommodates both wit and sentiment: it's as though she were narrating home movies of the soul. Her style depends on an artful arrangement of details and an even-handed allotment of ironies. It's a popular style now (think of Ann Beattie's stories, Diane Johnson's novels, or Joan Didion's essays), but when the details are little more than special effects the ironies seem unearned and the style grows irritating. Doerr doesn't cheat us in this way. Everything in her novel—a deliberately small-scale novel—is there because it has been seen, felt, considered, then reconsidered.

Take one of my favorite chapters, involving Sara and the elderly woman who teaches her Spanish. Sara is convinced that the *madre's* early life on a hacienda was filled with passion and histrionics; the *madre* suspects that Richard is far more ill than Sara will acknowledge. Amid verb conjugations and vocabulary exercises each does her best to get at the other's truth. Each fails: one has chosen to shield her life with religious ritual, the other with faith in modern miracles. They share a common grammar though—the tenses they are conjugating are past and future imperfect.

—M. J.

BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

. . . OF A NEAR-PERFECT FIRST NOVEL.

THE AUTHOR: HARRIET DOERR, SEVENTY-THREE.

THE BOOK: STONES FOR IBARRA—

ABOUT DREAMING AND DISCOVERY IN MEXICO

BEYOND THE ADDAMS FAMILY

Molly Keane's *Time After Time* (Knopf) is as unlikely as it is likeable. The story is about four siblings—remarkably named April, May, June and Jasper, each shadowed by either a cat or a dog—who live together at Durraghglass, their once flourishing Irish country estate. The Swift family is teeming with secrecy and eccentricity. Their past and present are intrigue (was their father's death really a shooting accident? What does Jaspar do when he meets Brother Anselm in the field?). What's more, April is deaf, May has a "miniature hand," Jasper misses an eye.

Cousin Leda, once beautiful, now blind, forgotten and fat, appears at the door—they all thought she had died in a Nazi gas chamber—and disrupts the uneasy peace. Leda's game, divide and conquer, as long as it is useful ("all she wished for was a power over each against each, and to steal even the secrets they didn't know they kept"), Leda's success splits the membrane that held the family together.

While Keane seems to have a jolly good time stunning us with the odd intimacies of her characters, the luxury of her prose, it does, at times, get a little tiring, even repetitious. But the tickle of realism, the author's light chuckle make this a gift of whims and words.

—D.B.C.

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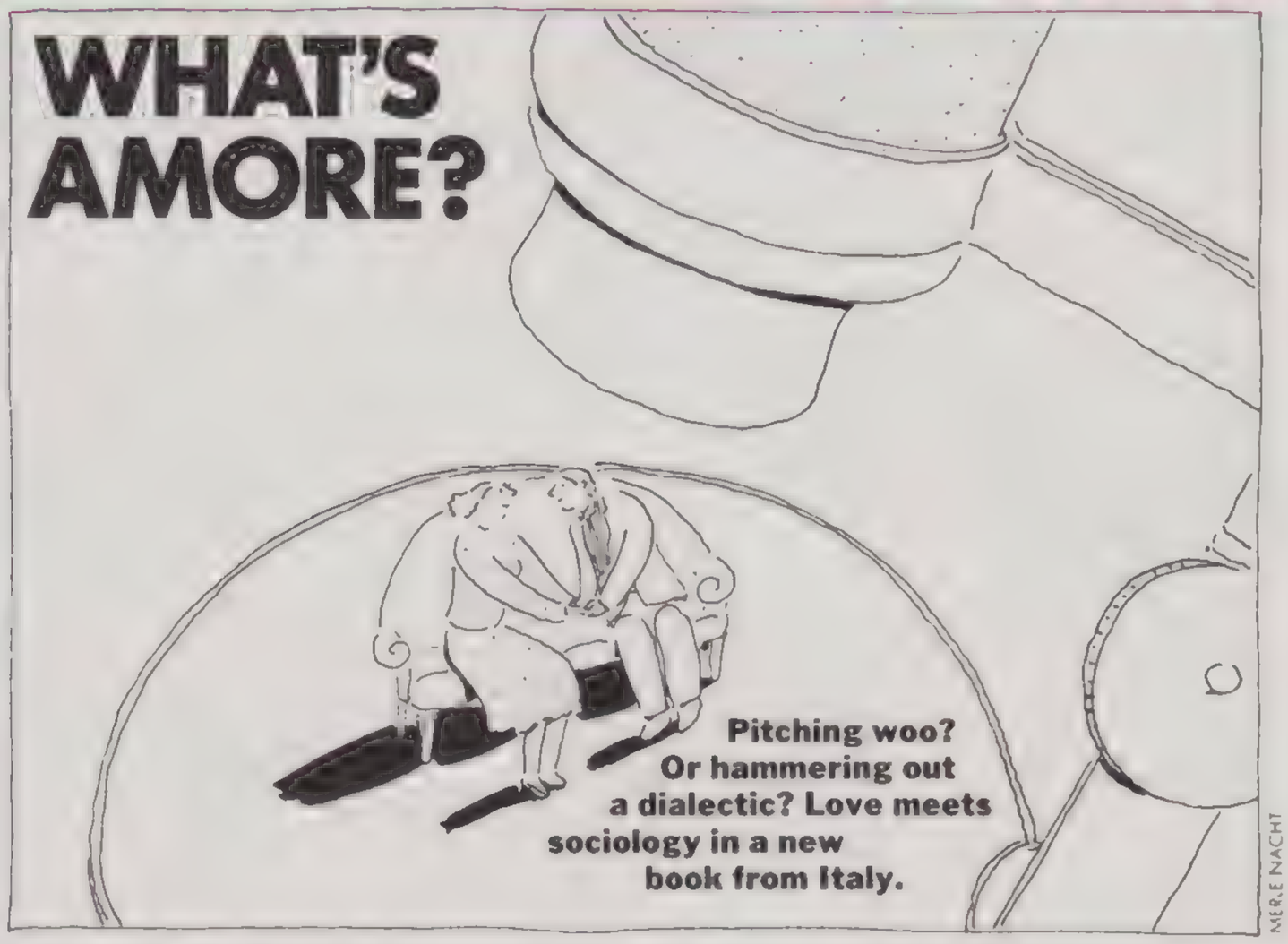

Falling in love is a torturous terrain where words often go limp and stumble. To describe love's ecstasies and torments, writers have ransacked the vocabularies of theology and mysticism, lovers have exhausted whole phylums of small animals and birds. But to resort to the language of revolutionary movements? Has it really come to this? Dante and Petrarch must be smirking from their graves. And to make matters worse, this subversive proposal comes from a fellow Italian.

Francesco Alberoni, professor of sociology at the University of Milan and author of *Falling in Love* (Random House) insists that the process of falling in love is neither mysterious nor ineffable but can be observed as part of "a class of phenomena already well-known": collective movements such as the French Revolution and the student revolts of the 'sixties. Love may take place between two people only, but, for Alberoni, it is the most basic form of social revolution—a desire to "remake the social sphere."

"Eros is a revolutionary force," he claims, with the goal of creating a paradise on earth. Just as a political zealot often will deliver himself over to his cause, so a lover is wrenched out of his everyday life into an intense new zone of feeling, confronting "the blinding light and absolute danger" of an all-or-nothing commitment to another person in whose face he reads the truth.

Every lover is a subversive who cuts across kinship and social lines to form a radical new community of two, often thumbing his nose at institutions like marriage that try to tame his revolutionary passion into a safer, more predictable mode. But one's lover can be just as repressive as an institution, notes Alberoni and, out of fear, may reduce "a marvelous, wild beast into a domestic pet."

Alberoni's sociological scaffolding annoys you—even bores you at times, but also makes just enough sense that it is hard to dismiss. It is when he sheds his revolutionary mantle and speaks from his not-so-semiological heart that Alberoni uncovers his own passion and is at his most convincing. His observations on the way a couple tiptoes into love are cannily on target: how a lover will administer secret tests to his mate, searching for signs that the other may not love as deeply or as endlessly—a symptom, Alberoni thinks, of the first lover's own unwillingness to take the risk of commitment. And how each lover maps out a "plan" for the relationship that may or may not fully integrate his lover into his life. Asking "Do you love me?" means "Will you accept my plan?" or even "Will you modify your plan for me, give something up for me?"

Can love sustain all this dissection? Maybe not, Alberoni airily admits on the last page. Books like his, he even allows, may be evidence that when it comes to romantic love in Western society, the thrill is gone.

As for the Italians? They've made a board game of the book. Talk about thrills.

—DEBORAH MASON

MARRY ME

said Louise Agar," frumpy and love-struck assistant to Giles Fox, blind, lecherous medievalist. Thus begins Englishman A. N. Wilson's sixth novel, and American debut, *Wise Virgin* (Viking). Giles and Louise pursue each other obliquely and ecstatically while Tibba, Giles's day-dreaming daughter, endures her first-love throes with an elegant public school boy. It is a wonderfully comic story, and the author provides an ironic counterpoint to these tales of earthly love by weaving throughout a fourteenth-century tract (the transcription is Giles's lifework) on the evils of sex. Wilson's deadly eye for the all-too-human antics of his characters is unerring—in the Waugh tradition—and he dissects them in a prose so witty and graceful it is a joy to read.

—P.R.

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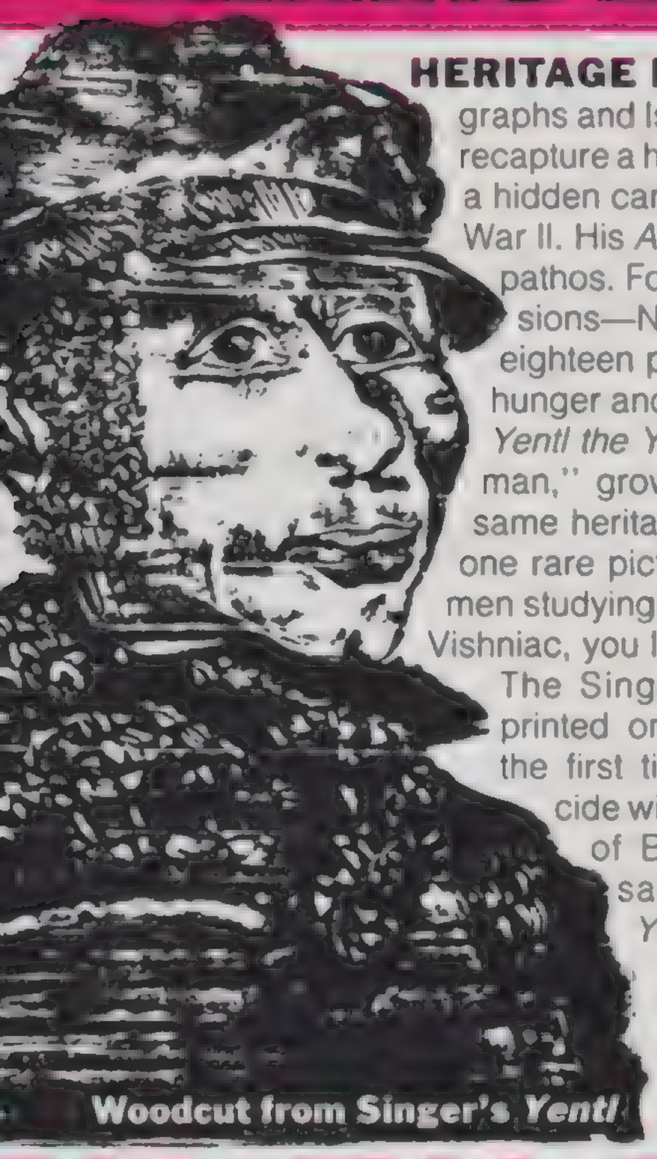

Woodcut from Singer's *Yentl*

HERITAGE IS HISTORY WITH HEART: Roman Vishniac's photographs and Isaac Bashevis Singer's stories of Jewish life in Eastern Europe recapture a heritage obscured. Vishniac took sixteen thousand pictures with a hidden camera as he walked through Jewish communities before World War II. His *A Vanished World* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) avoids anonymous pathos. For Vishniac, the people in the pictures have names and professions—Nat Gutman, the porter, or Mrs. Salzer, the lady who must sell eighteen pairs of shoes a day to feed herself—and individual stories of hunger and cold, isolation and liquidation.

Yentl the Yeshiva Boy (FSG), Singer's story of a girl with the "soul of a man," grows out of the same heritage. In fact, in one rare picture of young men studying at yeshiva by Vishniac, you look for Yentl. The Singer story, reprinted on its own for the first time—to coincide with the release of Barbra Streisand's movie, *Yentl* (see page 351)—has woodcuts by Antonio Frasconi. —D.B.C.

TV TV TV VIDEODANCE

A frame from Cunningham's videodance, *Fractions I*

THE CAMERA IS A SILENT BUT EQUAL PARTNER, WHO "DANCES" CLOSE, CHASES, CAPTURES, AND THEN ABANDONS THE DANCER . . .

If Merce Cunningham didn't make such great-looking dances you'd call him an alchemist. At sixty-four, the lean, elasticized choreographer is still tampering with the elements, coming up with new—usually "weird"—combinations of sounds, sets, costumes. All of which have made us rethink, redefine dance itself. One of the first to toss conventional music and storyline from modern dance, he was certainly the first—and only—to toss coins to determine sequence of steps. "Choreography by chance," it was called.

No surprise, then, that Cunningham tuned into video long before the current boom, making his first "videodance" eight years ago. Now: three of his most popular videodances (*Fractions I, Locale, Channels/Inserts,* all collaborations with filmmaker Charles Atlas) are available in take-home cassettes.

Neither a filmed dance performance, nor a dance-film like *Flashdance,* a videodance uses the camera as a silent but equal partner who "dances" close, then chases, captures, and loses the dancer in its frame. In *Fractions I* dancers move amidst several TV monitors that are transmitting—simultaneously—different angles of the same dance, views of several different dances, close-ups of a face, a leg, a torso. (But whose?) On-screen color changes to black-and-white and back; dancers begin, then break off phrases; a flute solo, too, plays "fractions" of a melody. . . .

"Grand entertainment," Cunningham noted in his diary during the making of one videodance. "[It] shocks the sense of time, and makes one aware of minute differences—like lengths of arms. How'd they get so long?" —J.C.

"[illegible]" © 1983 by Antonio Frasconi. Top right © 1983 by Roman Vishniac.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

SMARMY IS... AS SMARMY DOES

Buffalo Bill is television's latest sit-com creep

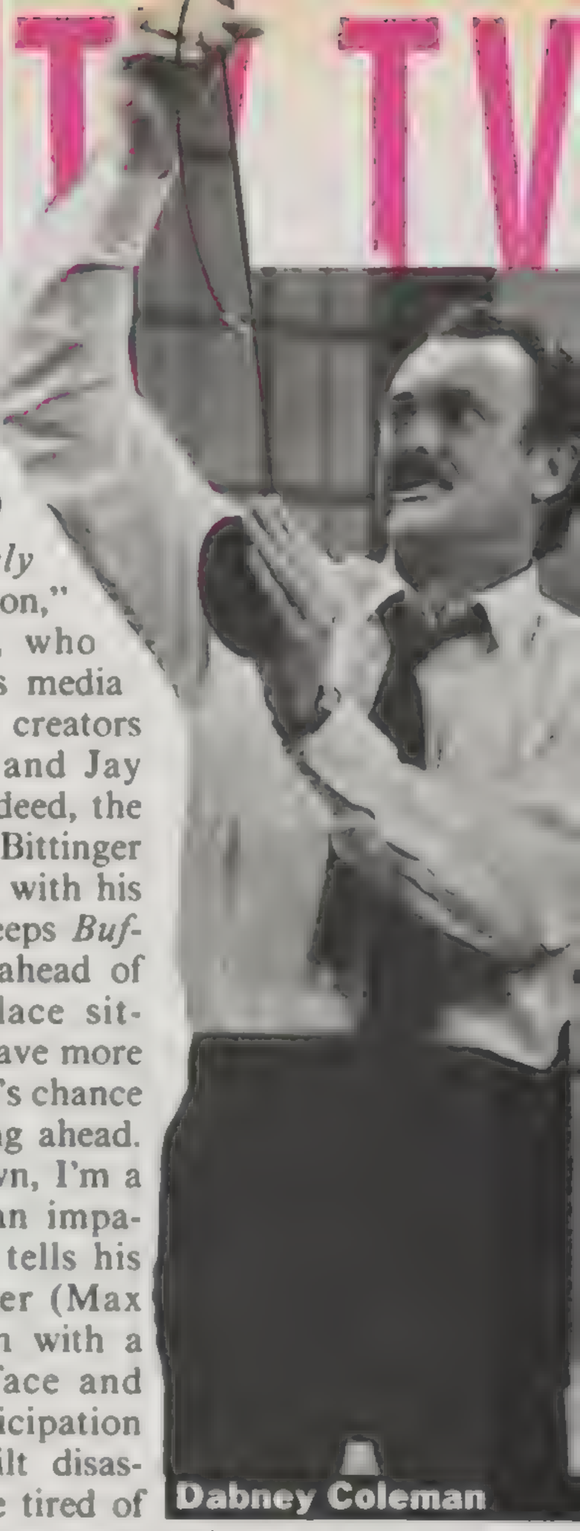
What *is* it about talk-show hosts that attracts and repels? They're so relentlessly congenial. So ersatz chummy. So backslappingly earnest. So artificially smooth. The more they're treated as stars, the more we suspect some of them are jerks. Enter *Buffalo Bill.* The NBC comedy series, which premiered last June as a summer what-the-hell, rings true and funny—especially with alumni of the Ted Baxter school of idiot on-air talent, who are now ready for a slicker, subtler, faster, cheerily nastier kind of media send-up. The show has taken off. Dabney Coleman has taken off, too, the series finally bringing mass recognition for his weasel's moustache and work-the-room smile.

Coleman plays Bill Bittinger, the glinty-eyed talk-show host of a local TV station. He's a shifty, scheming, soulless striver. He thinks he's too good for the upstate city in which he maladroitly holds forth, and he's probably right: He *would* be better off with Mike and Harry and Dan and the rest of the guys in network bigtime. (You can be sure he'd word it that way, too.) As it is, he's stuck in wintry Buffalo. "Guess we flew just a little too close to the sun," he concedes as he broods about a temporary dip in his ratings.

Coleman's Buffalo Bill is the fine-tuned creation of the Texas-born actor who has worked up the smarmy shifter role to overbearing perfection. In his rogues' gallery are the snake oily Reverend Merle Jeeter on *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman,* pompous soap director Ron Carlysle in *Tootsie,* and MCP boss Mr. Hart in *9 to 5.* Coleman's bad guys have more fun.

Buffalo Bill returns this winter with a stampeding B.B.Bittinger who's even more of a weasel.

"He's going to be more *effectively* sneaky this season," says Coleman, who dreamed up his media man with show creators Tom Patchett and Jay Tarses. It is, indeed, the possibility that Bittinger *might* get away with his bravado that keeps *Buffalo Bill* steps ahead of the commonplace sit-com. He *does* have more than a snowball's chance in hell of getting ahead. "I'm not a clown, I'm a *professional,*" an impatient Bittinger tells his station manager (Max Wright), a man with a hound dog's face and permanent anticipation of Bittinger-built disaster. "People are tired of Goody Two Shoes," says Coleman.


Dabney Coleman

"Most actors have more fun with villains. It's less restricted. I don't care whether I play the hero or not; I just want variety. If I'm going to play the villain, I want variations of villains. The show deals with frailties. Hardly any other TV show on today deals with that kind of reality. When we first came on, the problem we faced was the fact that it might not be what an average viewer would want. Now we've got viewers who won't watch any other kind of show." —LISA SCHWARZBAUM

OUR LADY OF PHANTASY

Carrie Fisher as *Thumbelina:* "And then I'm kidnapped by toa[illegible]"

It's easy to confuse actresses with their roles, and Carrie Fisher is fast becoming enshrined as Our Lady of Phantasy. She was, of course, Princess Leia in the *Star Wars* triplets, famed for her wound-tight Tyrolean braids—or "Please, the earphone look," as she puts it. And soon, she will appear as "Thumbelina" for Shelley Duvall's *Faerie Tale Theatre* on Showtime cable.

Over the telephone, we had a chance to talk to the talkative Carrie Fisher as she was preparing to leave on a honeymoon with her new husband, Paul Simon (Garfunkel's better half).

Vogue: *Tell us about "Thumbelina." It's one of the more obscure tales, compared to "Goldilocks" for instance.*

Fisher: Well, I get to hang out with my mother for awhile and get to like her. And then I'm kidnapped by toads. It's a mother toad and she wants me to marry Herman, her ugly son. And then these fish save me. . . . It's a lot of run-ins with animals.

Vogue: *How do you play something like that?*

Fisher: I spend a lot of time apologizing. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know anyone lived in this flower. Please forgive me." It's Dorothy in toadland, not Kansas. . . . You know, it's funny because that was always *(Continued on page 71)*

MICHAEL CHILDERS

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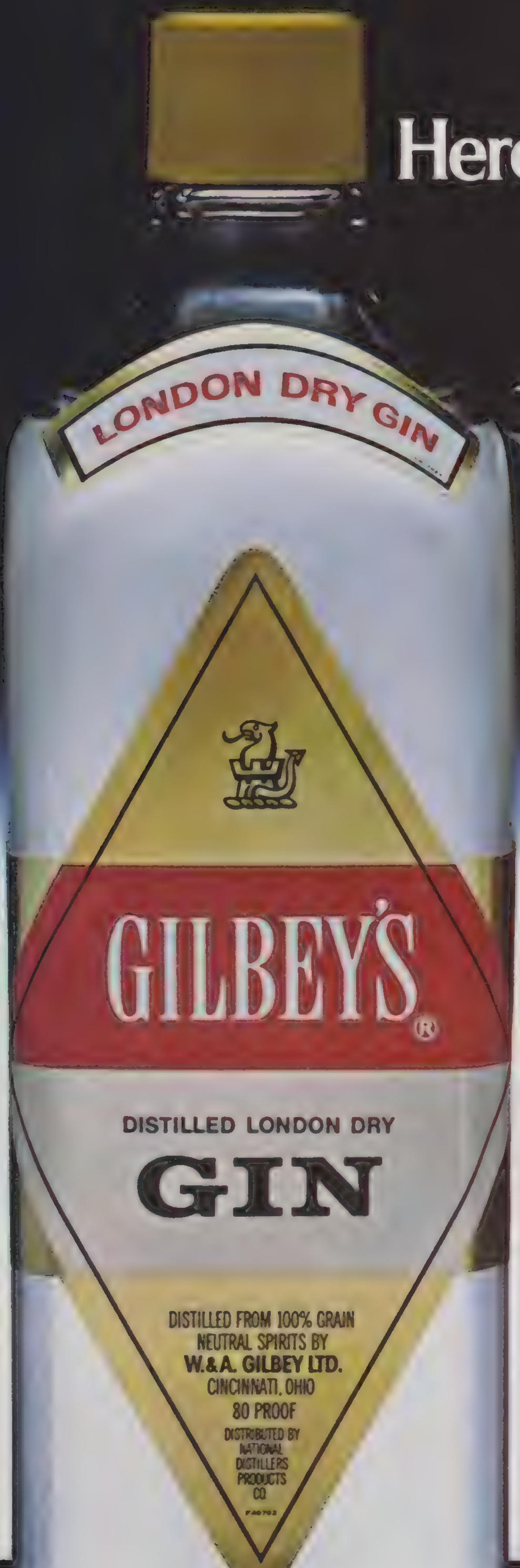

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

TV T

(Continued) sort of a fear of mine when I started acting, that I would come off like Tammy the eternal virgin, and in fact, the opposite has happened. Because I started out with Warren Beatty [in *Shampoo*], asking him "Want to fuck?" and now in *Jedi* I'm in space shooting people and saying "Got you, you asshole." In four movies out of seven or eight I've had major ammo. I'm usually under fire.

Vogue: *Something you'd like to break out of?*

Fisher: Being under attack? Well, how would you feel?

Vogue: *It seems like you've been acting out a boy's fantasy, getting guns and blasting Imperial Storm Troopers*

Fisher: Well, since we're all sort of, you know, yin and yang, I guess—part of me feels OK about it and part of me goes, "When does the cooking and sewing and gossiping and, you know, putting on makeup start to happen?"

Vogue: *Maybe now that the Rebellion is over, Princess Leia can relax a bit.*

Fisher: Well, first I think there should be a shopping planet or a beauty parlor planet. *Then* I'd get Han to marry me. . . . And see what his sign is. Look it up and all that.

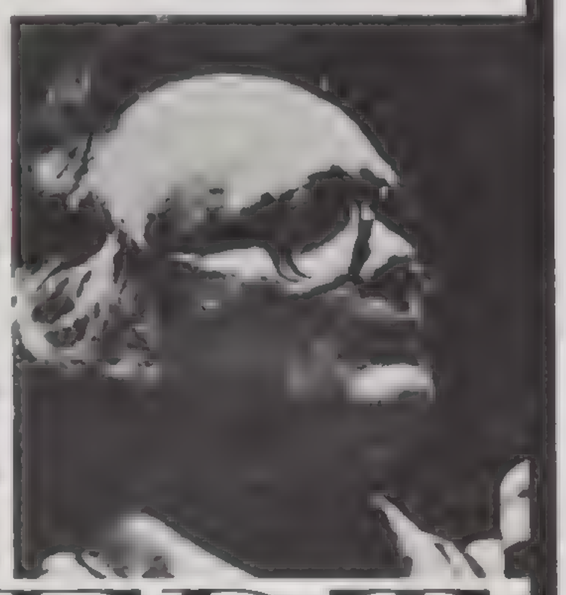
Vogue: *Plans for the future?*

Fisher: *The National Enquirer* says I'm three and a half months pregnant.

Vogue: *Already?*

Fisher: Oh well, I'm surprised too. They also say that I've quit show business, so I guess that's my plan for now. . . . Yeah [laughs], I believe everything I read. —B.H

MUSIC MUSIC



DEMORALIZED AND DECIMATED BY WAR, GERMAN CONDUCTORS LOST TOUCH WITH THEIR OWN MUSICAL HERITAGE. BUT A FORMER EAST GERMAN BRINGS PASSION AND AUTHORITY, AGAIN, TO THE MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN, BRAHMS, WAGNER.

TENNSTEDT

It seems difficult to realize that, a mere decade ago, hardly anyone had even heard of Klaus Tennstedt. His career in East Germany had not telegraphed his name worldwide. He labored in relative obscurity for a while after he came to the West. His real ascendancy, as perhaps the most admired conductor of the German symphonic classics, came with his guest appearances with the Boston Symphony in the mid-'seventies.

Since then, his fame has grown steadily. He has moved from orchestra to orchestra, currently heading the London Philharmonic but guest-conducting worldwide. He probably makes more records with the awesome Berlin Philharmonic than anyone except its music director, Herbert von Karajan. And this month, Tennstedt returns to his first love, opera, to lead "Fidelio" in New York during the Metropolitan Opera's centenary season.

Tennstedt has won his eminence by blending idiomatic grandeur with a distinctive personal intensity. The great German conductors of the past, while hardly identical, shared this ability to bring a magisterial authority to the music of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Wagner, and Bruckner while at the same time investing that music with passion, sinuous rubato, and/or mystical weight.

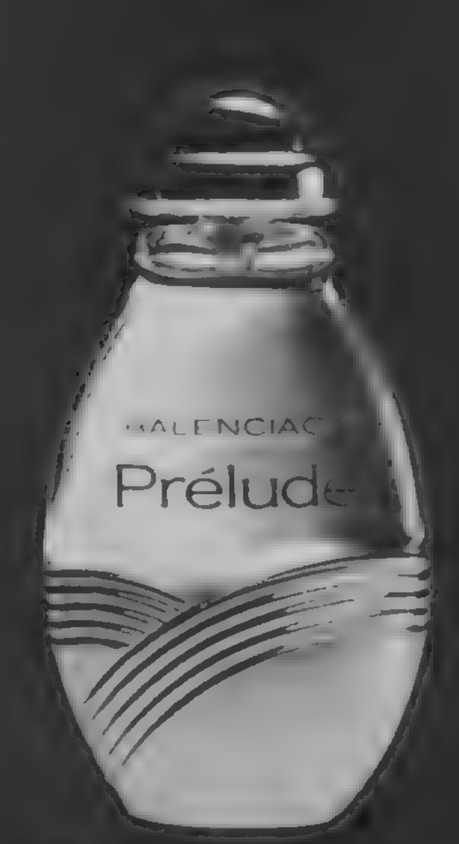
In recent years, two men above all have managed to carry that tradition into our own time, but both had won their first fame before World War II. Musically, the late Karl Böhm struck some as more bluntly direct than anything else. And Von Karajan, while magnificent in some music, falls victim too often to his penchant for enervated subtlety.

The younger generation, decimated by war and perhaps demoralized by Germany's loss of cultural centricity, had less to offer. Tennstedt was the first German conductor to convince the world once again that he could bring something authoritative to the music of his own cultural tradition, after four decades in which conducting was dominated by the Italians, the English, the Russians, the Japanese, the Parsis, and even the Americans.

To German music, Tennstedt brings a measured steadiness that seems to suit the Central European classics. But he also offers a febrile, almost improvisatory quality, a sense that the music is being shaped right there from the podium, moment to moment. In concert, this feeling of freshness seems to be just what the often-played standards require. On records, however, this magic isn't always present. As he has become more and more overextended, some of Tennstedt's more recent recordings have begun to slip back into the merely ordinary: the phrasing is not as focused as on his finest discs, the intensity is not as sustained—even the playing is not as pristine.

But at his best, Tennstedt is still a formidable conductor. One hopes the specialness of the Met performances—special for the Met, which rarely offers conductors of his quality, apart from the ubiquitous James Levine—will galvanize Tennstedt to a special effort. German conductors once owed their superiority, it was said, to their years of apprenticeship in the smaller German opera houses. Tennstedt has had just that kind of training; it will be fascinating to hear him practice his true craft in an opera pit. —DAVID SARGENT

MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC



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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

THEATER THEATER THEATER

THE THREE FACES OF SHOW

Stockard Channing is a smart, chirupy ex-Radcliffe girl who talks very fast and uses words like "Dionysian" and "Apollonian" about her acting, and "sequential monogamy" about her men. As Luba in Michael Cristofer's *The Lady and the Clarinet,* now off-Broadway, she gets to talk about men *a lot,* in a manic and tenderly funny recounting of her baroque emotional track record. Onstage with Channing throughout is a solitary clarinetist who listens, and occasionally warbles a response to her persistent question, "Have you ever been in love?"

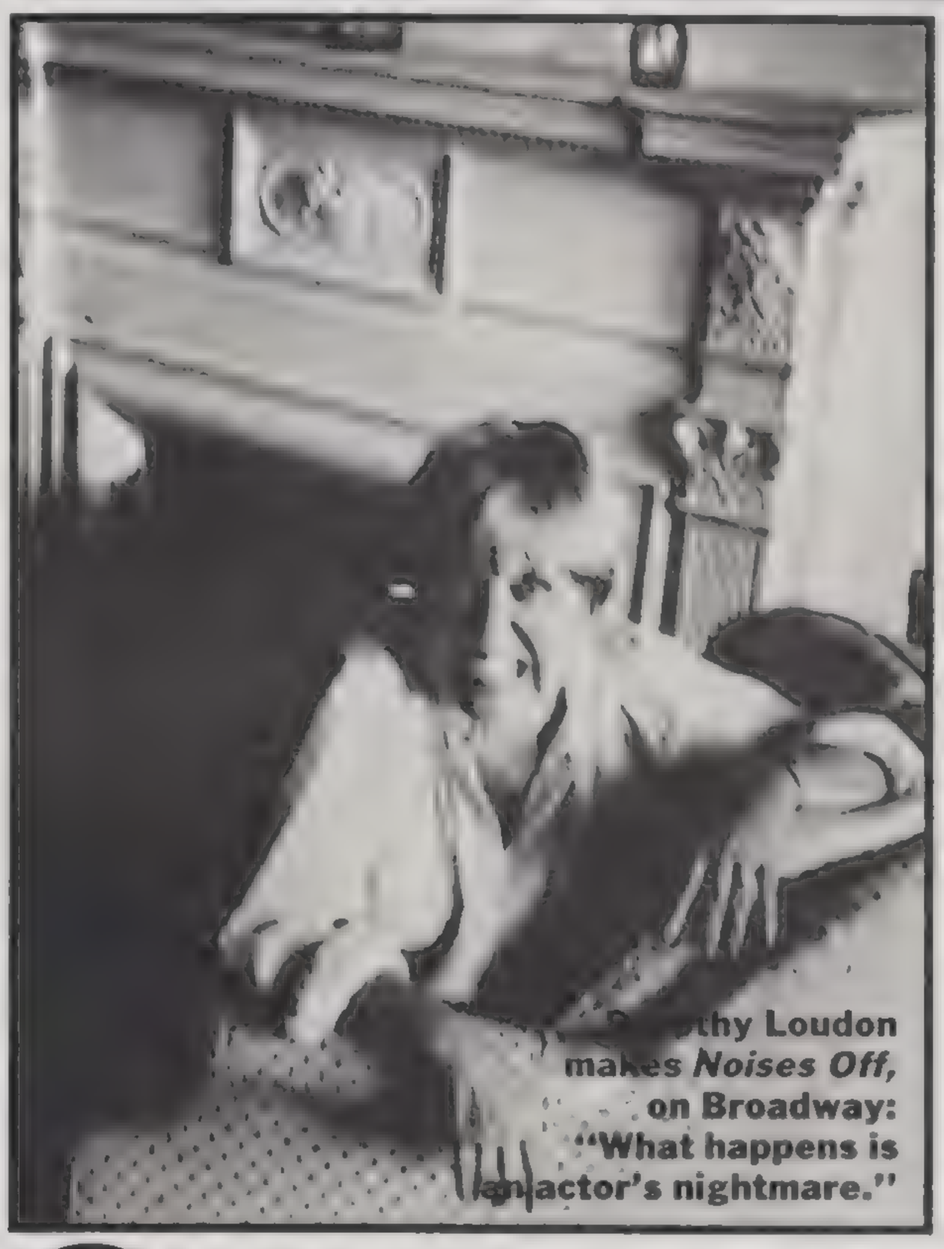
"You wonder if maybe Luba never really has," says Channing.

Now in her late thirties, Channing is a multi-married New York blueblood who mugs and quips like a Borscht Belt comedienne. She auditioned for, and won, her first major New York theater role in Joseph Papp's cheeky Latino version of *Two Gentlemen of Verona* by phonetically singing, in Spanish, a song she learned from her Venezuelan roommate in boarding school.

Channing's forays into television *(The Girl Most Likely To)* and film *Grease.* Mike Nichols' *The Fortune* with Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson, made her realize that, for her, New York theater is home. "I moved to L.A. and, I mean, I got stupid. It's very seductive out there being dressed up and carried around. But it was when I found myself standing on a TV soundstage with Bobby Vinton saying, 'Gee, Bobby, it's nice to be here tonight' that I said, 'You've gone too far.'"

Channing fled for the East. "Acting on a stage is a very mysterious process—so different from film and TV," she says. "I mean, here are these human beings onstage in a pool of light. And other human beings watching them. The audience is as much a part of it as the actor. It's not like making faces at a baby." —D.M.

Stockard Channing, the non-woodwind half of *The Lady and the Clarinet*: "What do I do with these memories?"



Dorothy Loudon makes *Noises Off,* on Broadway: "What happens is an actor's nightmare."

SYLVIA PLACHY

Dorothy Loudon likes all the women that she plays—even the ones audiences love to hate, such as the horrible, hilarious Miss Hannigan in the long-running version of *Annie.* "I loved her," she says. "I thought she was the heroine. Everybody knew Annie was going to be okay, but Hannigan was never going to get out of that orphanage. There she was with her bottle, her radio, her whistle; life had just passed her by."

This month Loudon's back on Broadway in the cheeky London hit *Noises Off,* as Dotty, the inexorably second-rate actress who takes on the role of the Cockney maid in the play's inner play, *Nothing On*—a door-slamming bedroom sex farce performed by a small-time touring company whose private jealousies and squabbles swamp the play.

Loudon began her career in those now legendary New York jazz clubs Le Ruban Bleu and The Blue Angel doing comedy routines she wrote herself ("I couldn't afford a writer") and singing and playing the piano ("I play rotten piano, but I developed a singing style so nobody would listen to my playing").

"There's nothing more exciting than the theater," says Loudon. "What else is there? There's television, but I don't understand it. You don't hear the applause . . . you don't hear anything. You just, in your head, hear all those people leaving the room."

There should be plenty of uncanned laughter at *Noises Off:* "What happens in the play within the play," says Loudon, "is an actor's nightmare, missing cues, coming in at the wrong time. I mean, they do everything wrong. But this situation isn't narrowed to the theater, it's universal . . . it's called disaster, when just everything goes wrong. You can do that in your kitchen, when you're having a dinner party." —S.B.

SCOTT MEDLOCK

Tom Stoppard, having a sip of *The Real Thing*

JILL KREMENTZ

One splash of the last London season, *The Real Thing,* by Tom Stoppard, is about to arrive in Coca-Cola land. Less philosophical, less surreal than his earlier works, *The Real Thing* is a witty treatise on Love. People say things like: "The trouble is, I can't find a part of myself where you're not important," while betrayal and divorce poke like snakes through the plot. Glenn Close, who returns to the stage after a medley of movie roles, and Jeremy Irons, who acted out *Betrayal*—Pinter-style—will star in the American version of *The Real Thing.* Said one Brit: "I went with two older ladies; they hated it. It's about adultery and swapping and all that. I think it shocked them. I loved it, because, you know, I'm familiar with all that." —D.B.C.

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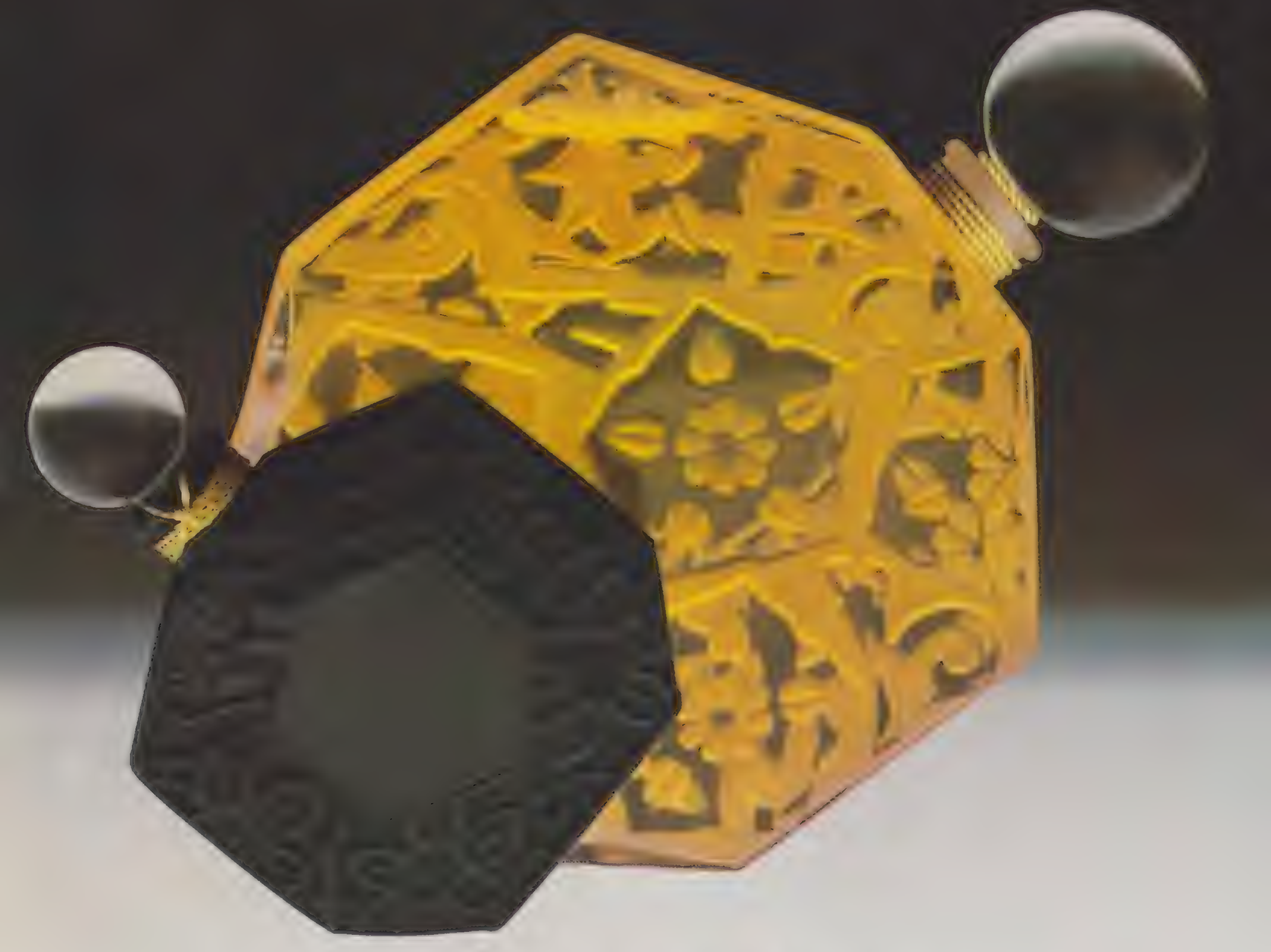

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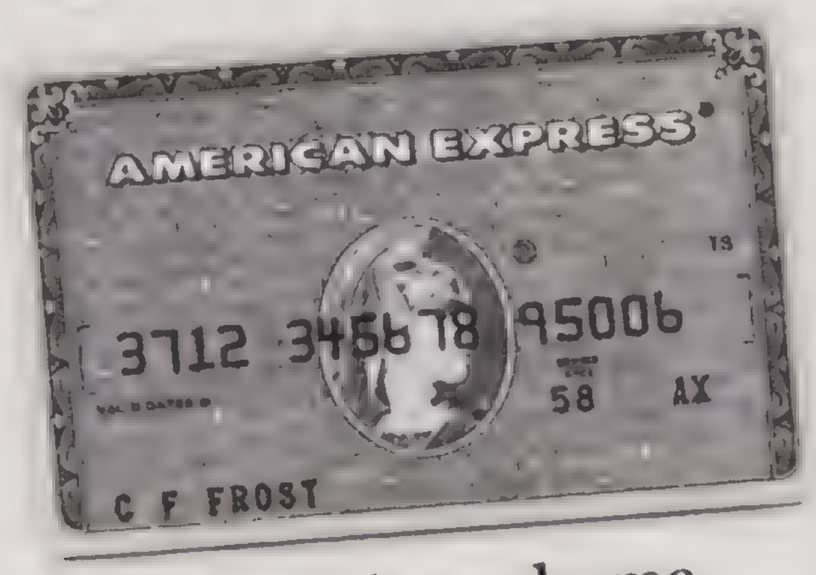

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REAL PLEASURES

To give at this time of year, designer objets that combine fragrance pleasure with most-wanted accessories. One such: Ralph Lauren's sleek brass obelisk filled with Lauren cologne, part of a trio of purse-size gifts. Or, the crystal-encased Halston Night scented candle. . . . Perfect for giving: an extra-generous bottle of a favorite scent, such as fresh green-floral Cie . . . gardenia-rich Sand & Sable.

Shades of soft pastels, almost sheer in texture, the color deepened only on the lips. It's a look that's softer . . . prettier . . . more unabashedly feminine than we've seen for a while. And one that, at this time of year, shows up the richness of holiday clothes and brings out the polish of well-cared-for skin. Above, and on our cover, model Isabella Rossellini wearing a meld of matte pinks from Lancôme: Camille Blushing Powder on cheeks, Tiara pink Maquiriche CremePowder EyeColour, and on the mouth, vivid Pink Ice Le Stylo LipColour. At night, holiday "finish": Magie Noire Parfum. Photo by Avedon. Hair, Garren of Garren, NYC. Makeup, Ariella. Hat, Jay Lord Hatters. Judyth van Amringe scarves. Details, last pages.

New makeup whimsy: wearing one offbeat, color-contrasting "element." Like the surprise of palest lilac nails when you're wearing brick-toned eye and lip colors. It's a subtle play on color that takes some getting used to, is especially dramatic with sleek black evening clothes.

Instant office-to-evening makeup change: apply deeper, more vivid lip color, "layer" over with golden lipgloss.

FOR MEN'S SKIN:

The accelerated skin exfoliation caused by daily/every-other-day shaving can leave a man's skin even *more* sensitive, *more* in need of conditioning than a woman's. And a high-alcohol after-shave will only further dry a man's skin. This, from Richardson-Vicks' director of dermatological research Sergio Nacht, Ph.D., whose latest skin-care studies led to the new Saxon low-alcohol, soothing after-shave lotion.

That's how Diane Von Furstenberg *(above)* describes her plans for 1984. First: a cosmetics partnership with Beecham that will bring ''more colors, a new and magical fragrance.'' Next: ''plush'' home furnishings for Sears, a DVF boutique in NYC's Sherry-Netherland Hotel.

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The "hot" cut now...evening style...a great men's haircutter

Some seasons, there's one hair "look," one length, that is utterly appealing, that works with every hair texture, seems to flatter every woman. Case in point: the cut first seen on model Laetitia Firman-Didot (above and right) at the Paris couture shows. Just edging the earlobes in front, beveled somewhat shorter in back, with full, layered bangs, the cut can be parted asymmetrically, sleeked over one eye, as in the big picture, styled by John Sahag. For more "shape" (small picture), Garren of Garren, New York used hair spray after blow-drying, then brushed hair up and out. More allure: a curl angled over one cheek.

The technique Italian stylist Sergio Valente developed to give chin-length hair--like the style *above*, seen at Valentino's fall/winter show--volume and fullness: "undercutting," snipping shorter layers underneath for added support.

ADDED BENEFITS More and more, hair-care products not only cleanse or condition hair but help to protect it from further damage. There are detergent-free shampoos that moisturize hair, like Reviva Labs Brewer's Yeast shampoo, Dr. Hauschka's rich coconut-oil Neem shampoo . . . Zotos perms are bolstered by their post-perm shampoo and conditioner . . . Even styling aids now help to maintain hair's shape *and* condition. To look for: Rave Soft hair spray, available unscented, and Ogilvie Conditioning setting lotion.

Pretty at night: Chin-length hair pulled off the face. Brush front and sides back, anchor hair with the thinnest black-satin ribbon tied as a headband, or with a pair of rhinestone-studded combs—

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In hair ornaments, at night, the appeal of the unexpected . . . like an outsize feather *(left)*—actually a single earring—"woven" through the crown of a short blunt cut. Adding more interest in front: haircolor subtly graded from pale, almost honey blond, on the bangs to soft brown in back.

Large photo *top* ARTHUR ELGORT.

Photo: Deborah Turbeville Jewelry: Sointu

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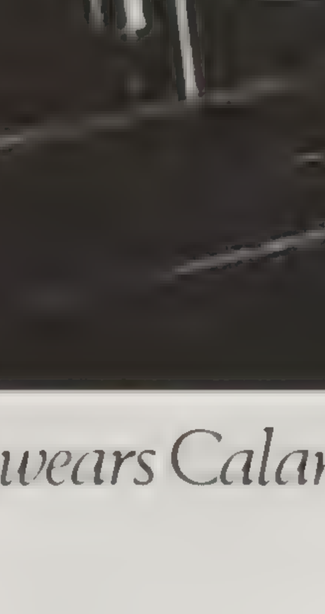

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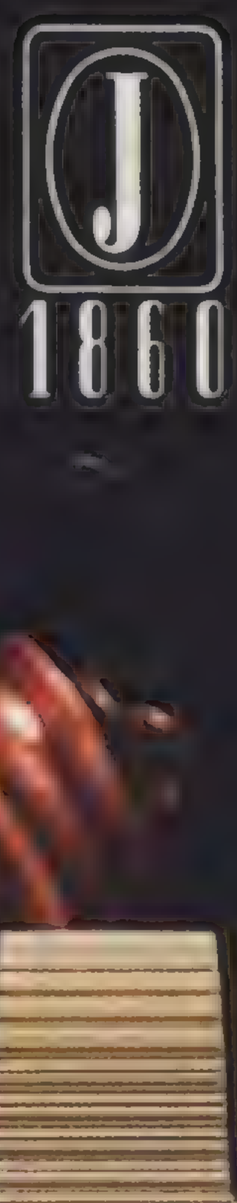

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Mind Health

What difference a drink makes... the true value of femininity... work—when the honeymoon's over...

By Carol Tavris

"LOOSEN UP" WITH A DRINK?

Here's a bit of scientific advice to get you through the holidays without excess calories or hangovers. You can feel high without imbibing anything that is immoral, illegal, or fattening: drink tonics with lime, and *imagine* the vodka. Your party surroundings and expectations will do the rest.

For years, scientists have sought the "chemical trigger" that alcohol supposedly releases—the trigger that makes people aggressive or sexy (or both) when they've had a martini or two. Alcohol is supposed to be a "disinhibitor," lifting the physical controls on socially unacceptable acts. But disinhibition turns out to be a matter of *thinking,* not *drinking.* Social scientists have found that when people merely believe they are drinking alcohol (but actually are drinking tonic and lime), they behave more "drunkenly" than do people who actually are drinking vodka—but believe they are not.

In a recent version of this research, published in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology,* David B. Abrams, Ph.D., and G. Terence Wilson, Ph.D., recruited fifty young men to compare the effects of real alcohol with those of assumed alcohol on their sexual fantasies and sexual responses to erotic films. The men who *believed* they had consumed vodka recorded more sexually explicit thoughts, were less embarrassed and guilty about them, and showed greater sexual arousal than their counterparts who believed they were sober. The *actual* amount of alcohol drunk—and some of those fellows were given a hefty dose—did not influence any of the tests of sexual interest. Of the men given vodka but told they had tonic, only one suspected that his drink was spiked.

This research shows dramatically that if liquor is quicker, it's because we want it to be. That's okay, as long as we recognize the excuse for what it is. When people say, "I just couldn't help myself, I had a few too many," it's their desires talking, not the alcohol.

ETERNALLY FEMININE? GOOD NEWS ABOUT "OLD" VALUES

Working women have long been lectured to about the importance of learning "masculine" strategies if they are to succeed professionally. Assertiveness, ambitiousness, and individualism to the forefront! Down with nurturance, sympathy, and warmth! But now comes good news for those feminine values: they are the essential elixir of happy marriages. For *both* sexes.

Family researcher John K. Antill, Ph.D., recruited 108 married couples, who rated the extent of their traditionally "masculine" qualities (such as aggression, individualism, ambition, decisiveness, dominance), and their "feminine" qualities (such as cheerfulness, loyalty, sympathy, warmth, tenderness, love for children). Those who scored equally high for masculinity and femininity were rated "androgynous."

Antill found that masculinity "bore no relationship to happiness—either one's own or one's partner's." The happiest husbands had the most feminine wives; the happiest wives had the most feminine husbands; and the happiest couples were those in which *both* spouses scored high on femininity. So much, says Antill, for the old "opposites attract" theory, which said that a traditional macho would be happiest with a li'l flower and vice versa.

And androgyny? Masculine traits do seem to be the key to self-confidence, achievement, and leadership in one's career, says Antill, if not the keys to a happy life or a satisfying marriage. Women and men who want both love *and* work need to keep the old values even as they learn new ones.

KIDS AND DIVORCE: THE FACTS

A major new study on the effects of divorce on children has some important findings. John Guidubaldi, Ph.D., professor of early childhood education at Kent State University, headed a research team that studied first-, third-, and fifth-grade children in thirty-eight states. Using tests, interviews with the children and their parents, and teachers' and psychologists' ratings of the children, the researchers compared 341 children from divorced parents with 358 children from "intact" homes. Some results:

- Children from intact homes did better on fourteen of sixteen classroom behavior ratings, on social adjustment (popularity, ability to communicate, getting along with others), and school work (they had higher IQs, better grades, greater self-discipline).
- Divorce is as upsetting and deleterious for children from affluent homes, or for those whose parents are highly-educated professionals, as it is for less advantaged children.
- Girls consistently adjust better and faster than boys do, both socially and academically—implying that boys may be suffering more from the absence of their fathers.
- First-graders show fewer adverse reactions than fifth-graders do.

To minimize the disrupting impact of divorce, the researchers recommend several strategies. They stress the importance of *both* parents' maintaining contact with the children, especially fathers of boys who are living with their mothers, and recommend that schools give progress reports to fathers as well as to mothers. Parents (naturally) should not confuse anger at the ex-spouse with anger at the child; but neither should they confuse "loving" with lack of routine and discipline. Children make better adjustments to divorce, say the researchers, when they have early and regular bedtimes, watch little television, have organized after-school activities, and stay in touch with the *relatives* of the absent parent.

IN SEARCH OF THE IDEAL JOB

You start your new job with high hopes: the people who hired you have told you marvelous things about their organization and you can't wait to be a part of it. Two months later, the work seems boring, the pay and promotion chances not as great as you thought, and you're thinking of chucking this entire career altogether. It may not be the job. You are, say organizational psychologists Roger A. Dean, Ph.D., and John P. Wanous, Ph.D., probably suffering from "reality shock"—the discrepancy between what you expected from the job before you accepted it and your perceptions now that you have it. The reseachers interviewed 109 bank tellers the first day they joined the bank, after they had completed three weeks' training, and after five weeks' work. Dean and Wanous found evidence of rampant reality shock. The tellers' initial expectations about the work itself, pay, promotions, co-workers, and career advancement had all been highly inflated—and were significantly deflated in just eight weeks. (The only aspect of the job that met their expectations was satisfaction with their supervisors.) "Reality shock" did not affect the workers' performance as tellers, but it deeply affected their commitment to work and their attachment to the organization. Dean and Wanous conclude that the first corrective to reality shock is realistic job interviews. If you don't want to suffer psychic letdown at your new job, make sure you are fully informed—find out, for instance, why your predecessor left. And be careful what you promise about your own abilities—you don't want your new employer to have reality shock about you.

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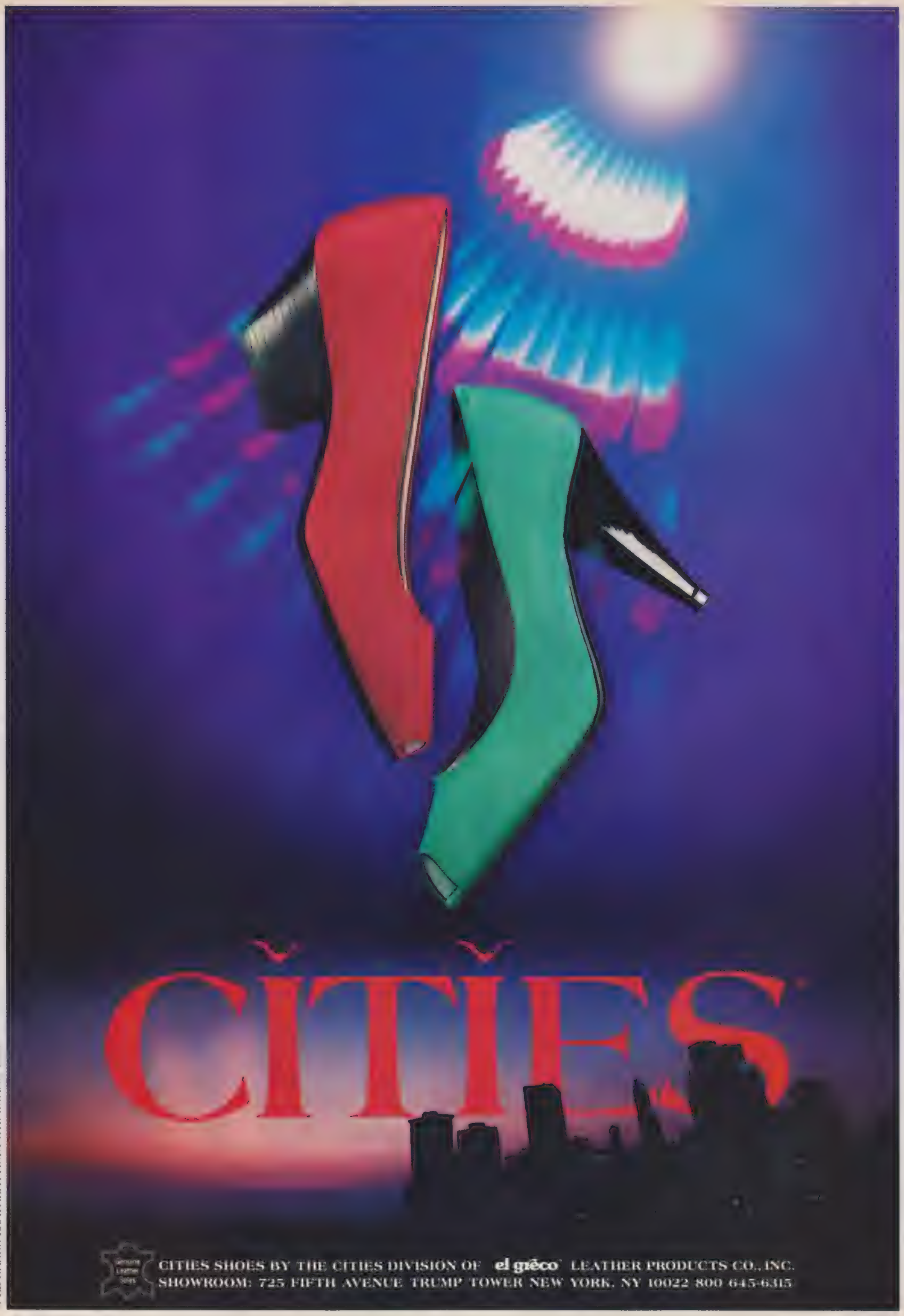

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Dressed for each other

Couples in love and clothes—the fine art of compatibility

BY MICHAEL SORKIN

"Must you?" wondered the wife not long ago as I prepared to slip into a favored hounds-tooth jacket admittedly grown somewhat long in same.

"*Trop* dog-eared?" I wondered back.

"Age is not the problem," she dogged me. "The problem is that it doesn't go."

"Doesn't go!" I shrieked, abashed, symphony of harmonious beige tones that I was. "It's perfect," I insisted, gesturing like Stokowski at my ensemble. "I adore it."

"You miss the point," she patronized. "It goes with your trousers. It goes with your current self-image. But it does not go with me. I am dressed up. You are not."

This incident—and numerous others—illustrates one of the unexpected consequences of married life: collective dressing. Marriage means that one must always dress for two. Twins also have this problem. But for twins the only real question is whether or not to dress identically. Marriage is more complicated.

The main thing is to avoid contradiction, especially in public. This calls for a consistent attitude in the dual departments of looking good and looking right. Final say as to looking good is ultimately the prerogative of one's mate who is in a privileged position to undermine any effort. There's just no adequate defense against the charge that your complexion always looks sallow in aubergine. One chooses accommodation or recrimination. Remember, your spouse's censure is likely to be genuinely motivated: we're always liable to be more embarrassed by others than by ourselves.

Looking right is another matter. Here, the wife and I have problematically different views. I'm totally contextual and think that minute semiological calculations must differentiate a costume suited to Great Neck from one apt to Teaneck. The wife describes this as "spineless pluralism" and "sartorial opportunism." Her view is that some values are just plain immutable and should be scarcely varied. For this I call her a closet Platonist, which sends her into a rage.

Still we mainly manage to get dressed. We do this by means of a system which we call "the dialectic of dressing." Imagine, for example, that in preparing to go to the movies both the wife and myself put on black trousers and a white shirt. While it might very well be that each of us was looking good and that we were individually looking right, it's an absolute of the collective dress code that both of us looking the same is always wrong. "Like twins for chrissakes," says the wife.

Let me quickly fill you in on something else. The wife *always* wears black and/or white. She is stimulated by the challenge of working within a rigorous system. This means that to solve the problem I can either go to an alternative system (a luau shirt, for example) or we can work within the system already chosen. In our particular case the latter is indicated, as we are likely to be in a hurry and the luau shirt is inevitably a matter of controversy. An obvious possibility is for the wife to change into a skirt. But this is both too schematic (a difference no subtler than that between the stick figures on a public bathroom door) and too reactionary (relying on traditional sex roles).

One of the wife's most brilliant resolutions of this recurrent dilemma was a switch in shirts to a starched, wing-collared number of the type generally worn with a tail suit. The success is complex. First, the conspicuously large and "mannish" shirt gives her that adorable gamine air, like Claudette Colbert in Clark Gable's pajamas. And, as the source of this impression is unmistakably the shirt, it marks her otherness from it. Second, the very clarity of this distinction enables her to dictate terms to the shirt: she conquers it and occupies its territory. Finally, since we are *together,* there is no mistaking that the shirt is mine. This makes me look slightly ridiculous and, by extension, mocks the frivolity of male manners in general.

Now that the system is clear, here are several additional examples which may prove to be useful:

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A Trip to the Country
Recently, we were invited for a day in nearby glades. Discussion fell along classic Dress Up/Dress Down lines. My initial thought was that we look "country" yet stop just short of the kind of casualness that might suggest that we really spend a lot of time out of doors. We were able to agree on this and I selected pleated chinos with a visibly fresh crease, a white shirt, and a sweater of an unmistakably urban magenta. The wife elected black pants, white shirt, and a pale grey cardigan, draped. All was compatible until we reached footwear. I donned my maroon tennis shoes, thinking they would convey a subtle practicality about country matters, showing me to be someone in whom art was tempered by common sense. She wore strappy little heels because her sneakers were wet and made her feet look big. While this choice was not wrong *ipso facto,* it was clearly inconsistent with mine. This divergence greatly weakened our capacity for collective action, a handicap that can be fatal in the country. In retrospect, my approach seems to have been correct. While the wife's shoesies did enable a certain *hauteur,* they also prevented us from being able to stride briskly off into the woods by ourselves, a move which, timed correctly, might well have spared us from having to offer to do the dishes.

A Scholarly Conference
During the wife's recent attendance at a conference in the city of my childhood, it fell to me to spend the major portion of the day squiring my mother and then to meet the wife at the end of the conference, from whence I was to take her to the restaurant appointed for a meal with my parents. This added up to five separate occasions: me with mother, me with wife at conference, me with wife and parents at dinner, wife at conference, wife with me and parents at dinner.

In cases of this complexity, we often get good results by ceding discretionary power to one of us and having the other dress off of a fixed image. As I felt no impetus to rise for an eight o'clock lecture, this deciding role fell to the wife, whose suitcase held a black and white skirt and white blouse and a modishly Japanese black dress. It was concurred that while the dress was more suitable to the evening it was probably a smidge *avant* for the scholarly crowd. We decided to just go with what looked good. After successive tryings-on, I offered that both alternatives looked fine. "Fine" is the word used when one has no desire to be helpful, suggesting disdain and trivializing the issues. My view was that I ought to have been asleep. The wife fixed me with a murderous gaze. I chose the dress. It was an arbitrary choice. She wore the skirt which I—bound to defend my seriousness—pronounced terrible. It was back to the dress and a chilly departure.

Finally arising, I was faced with a simple decision: to extend the morning's contretemps or to do the right thing. The former would have meant dressing down to the max and the latter dressing up. Then I remembered my mother (and ultimately my father), both of whom I was laboring to present with a carefully grown-up performance in anticipation of asking for a loan. I dressed up, thinking I might still offer discord and embarrassment at the conference by acting excessively garrulous or asking a philistine question. Unfortunately, when I got there the wife was at the front of the auditorium and the only empty seats were at the back, from which I would scarcely have implicated her with any outburst. Besides, we were both looking great. Too prosperous, alas, to even think of hitting the old man up.

A Trip to the Corner
When you honestly tally it, it seems that the place we go the most isn't the Four Seasons or Danceteria but the Korean greengrocer on the corner. I sometimes go two or three times a day, if only to hear the way they pronounce "arugala." The problem with the neighborhood is people get to know you. This means that even when you appear individually you get thought of collectively and must thus worry about what you were wearing yesterday or are likely to wear tomorrow. The family in the greengrocer's obviously remembers such things, never mind the people behind you on line.

The only guaranteed answer is collective shopping but this is hopelessly inefficient. We've developed a number of alternative stratagems. The first of these is raincoats. There are, however, times of the year when raincoats simply will not do. During these intervals we either do not shop or alternate shopping chores in patterns calculated to be confusing. For example, the wife might shop five consecutive days in the same black dress and buy only hearts of palm. On the sixth day I appear very late at night in my luau shirt and buy one endive and one medium size piece of tofu. Our aim is to distract with the strange pattern of our purchases, a pattern it's important to make extremely regular. Preoccupying them thus, we are able to slip in and out unexpectedly to pick up more quotidian necessities without really registering on anybody.

Another possibility is to have things delivered but I prefer to caress my own tomatoes and shake my own honeydews. The wife says I still manage to bring home lousy ones. ▽

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The following article is from an interview with one of New York City's best-looking women of any age, who has been in her fifties long enough to be familiar with the territory and who offers these suggestions in grooming, dressing, attitude and fitness to help a woman look—and live—up to her potential.

By fifty, a woman knows her best qualities; what to play up, what to underplay. That's assurance; you make mistakes, and you eliminate them. You are likely to have enough money at fifty to go to the hairdresser, to have your hair colored, to have a manicure; pedicure, and facial; we can be—should be—much more soignée, groomed.

Style is important: if you have beautiful legs, maybe you won't wear pants; but there's the woman who wears only pants because she looks great in pants—in a skirt, she doesn't move as "young." That's knowing your style.

The way you carry yourself, express yourself, move your hands—it can all read "young" if you do it with spirit.

Pay attention to compliments; they tell you a lot about yourself.

Makeup: use less; continue to use sunscreen. The opaque look is not good. Use less powder—a bit of shine is youthful. A woman looks her most beautiful after two sets of tennis coming out of a shower: she's perspired, she's exercised, she's *won*. That's a radiance no makeup can give you.

Certain fabrics—fabrics with life and body—and colors are especially becoming to skin. A charmeuse in a glowing peach color is sensational. Red is an upper: wear a wonderful red dress to a party. If you're blond, beiges are good. Black requires beautiful skin, and you need a little sparkle and glow next to the face. If you're wearing black, wear something white or pearls or a scarf between it and your face. A silk scarf around the neck is very becoming. Or cashmere in a great color—Bordeaux is good—to give a "flush" to the face.

You can create the most becoming light at home: pink bulbs, candles. Create an atmosphere with warmth: candles, color, heat. Use music to create atmosphere, energy.

Keep a good mood, a sense of pleasure. Work on it, figure out what gives *you* a sense of pleasure. It requires organization and thought. To be alone for a while every day is also crucial to one's well-being. Unplug the phone for an hour, and relax.

Health is most important, obviously. You can't lose sleep without catching up on it the next day—it shows in your face. After two late nights, on the third night, stay home. By fifty, you should be smart. . . .

Exercise is very important to women of fifty, more important than to younger women. It keeps both brain and muscles working. Moving with vitality makes you feel young, and the only way to maintain this feeling, to continue moving well, is to *exercise*. Organize your life to fit in exercise. You can feel better, look better; it gives you energy, helps to reduce stress in your life.

Have a sense of humor. Don't be afraid to be an original—that's something you've earned by the time you're fifty.

If someone asks your age, answer whatever you want. I sometimes say *sixty*; and they say, "Why, you look great, absolutely marvelous!"

DRY-SKIN REVIVERS

With today's formulations, every product that touches skin can be designed to protect against moisture loss and add extra moisture, even soap—usually avoided by women with dry skin. Olay Beauty Bar actually helps skin retain water for more than three hours after cleansing; new Soapure contains three emollients, no detergents. Winter-chafed skin is often a result of simple dryness and can be avoided with regular—up to several times daily—use of a rich body lotion (such as Orlane's Ligne Pure Compose Hydratant Pour Le Corps). When skin aches for more than a moisturizer, an intensive regimen—like Clarins Cell Extracts Beauty Treatment ampoules that speed natural skin cell renewal—may be called for.

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GUCCI

ARE OUR CHILDREN FIT?

Not really. Tests show that the majority of American school children fall well below the fitness level considered acceptable for their age. And adolescents--particularly teenage girls--have the poorest fitness profiles of all, despite the fact that they are at the age when their bodies have the greatest innate capacity to improve, according to tests of four million school children conducted by the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) under the sponsorship of Nabisco Toasted Wheat & Raisins.

Among reasons for this disappointing news: ''Budget cuts that have affected all educational programs have hit physical education departments especially hard. Too many adults consider phys ed an extracurricular activity rather than an intrinsic part of a child's education,'' said Sylvia Schechter, director of health and physical education, NYC Public Schools. Another problem: phys ed requirements vary from state to state. While Illinois, for example, requires a daily phys ed class for all students, Massachusetts sets requirements only for students up to tenth grade; eleventh and twelfth grade phys ed is left up to local school boards, giving the impression that physical activity is not a priority during the very years that experts feel it may be most important of all.

Positive signs for the future: the hope that the growing numbers of young adults participating in regular fitness programs now will pass on the fitness habit to their children. The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports was organized in 1956 to address the growing problem of unfit American children. And companies that profit from children's needs are doing their share. Nabisco, for example, taking into account the AAU test results, has created the Family In Training program with the help of Charles B. Corbin, Ph.D., Arizona State University, based on the premise that the family that starts exercising together will help each other to continue exercising. (For a free copy of ''Let's Get FIT,'' write Family In Training, 500 North Michigan Ave., Suite 200, Chicago IL 60611.)

new facts...

Why physical performance varies... children's fitness... exercise-induced asthma

Lack of evidence of improvement—being able to run farther, jump higher, lift more weight—is what keeps most women exercising month after month. But sometimes it seems as if, rather than making progress, the regular routine you've been doing for weeks is becoming harder than ever.

"Variations in performance are to be expected. The human body, while amazingly efficient, is not a machine and cannot duplicate exactly what it does one week to the next. Even professional athletes have their 'up' days and 'down' days, a result of factors ranging from competing in a new environment to having trouble sleeping the night before," said Richard H. Dominguez, M.D., co-medical director of the Sports Performance and Rehabilitation Institute, Carol Stream, Illinois.

"Fitness improvements tend to come in spurts. The most obvious benefits of beginning an exercise program won't appear until you've been working out for about three months. Once you've become fit, progress comes in six-week intervals, research reveals; expecting to see results any faster leads you to think you're not improving when you really are.

"One of the most frequent causes of poor exercise performance is overtraining, or so-called exercise burnout. This happens at every fitness level when you do too much too often. Most experts now recommend that *every* exerciser follow the hard/easy principle, alternating a day of hard, or most strenuous, exercise with a day of easy, meaning lighter or no, exercise. This allows your muscles to recover and refuel and helps to prevent injuries."

A poor night's sleep can easily de-fuse your energy and performance levels the next day and undermine your confidence as well. Water is also key to your body's performance; you don't feel thirst until you're already about 50 percent dehydrated. Dr. Dominguez advises emptying your bladder, then drinking several glasses of water or juice before every exercise period.

While a balanced diet is vital to maintaining stamina and general health, particular foods or meals seem to have no effect on performance. "As long as you wait a few hours between eating a large meal and exercising, it's fine. Most people eat a light breakfast before a morning workout, but your muscles have enough fuel to withstand two hours of exercise on an empty stomach."

Does heading for exercise class after a terrible day mean you're likely to perform poorly? "Apparently not. Studies show that exercise is a true mood-diffuser; exercisers who report being in a bad mood at the start of a workout do no better or worse than when they start out in a fantastic mood," said Michael Pollack, Ph.D., Mt. Sinai Medical Center, Milwaukee. "This assumes that you don't stew over a problem during exercise."

Because prescription or over-the-counter medications may affect performance, they should be discussed with your doctor. Being down for a week with flu means that you'll need about a week to work back up to your previous exercise level. *Never* work out while you're ill or have a fever.

ASTHMA AND EXERCISE

A sudden feeling of tightness in your chest plus difficulty in exhaling may be signs of exercise-induced asthma—a condition doctors are learning is surprisingly common among allergy-sufferers with no prior history of asthma and affects adult women and men equally. (Heart-attack pain is more severe and radiates throughout the upper body.)

Why does exercise bring on otherwise-dormant asthma? "The most common asthma trigger is loss of heat and moisture in the respiratory tract, often caused by breathing in cool, dry air through your mouth during strenuous activity. For some patients, all the 'cure' needed is to exercise in a warm, somewhat humid environment and to breathe through the nose, which naturally heats and humidifies air. A thorough warm-up period can also help to prevent exercise-induced asthma, as can breathing slowly and deeply to avoid hyperventilation, more frequently a cause of asthma than a result," said allergist Roger Katz, M.D., of UCLA School of Medicine.

What if you start wheezing or coughing, feel tightness in your chest during exercise? Stop and rest for twenty to thirty minutes, advises Dr. Katz, then slowly resume your activity. And see a physician, who may prescribe one of the new asthma-preventing medications. Intended specifically to be taken within an hour or so before exercise, these drugs are among those now accepted in international competitions and are making it possible for even young children with asthma to enjoy the benefits of regular physical activity.

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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **December**

Your Sagittarius profile: Sagittarius is the Renaissance Woman of the zodiac—on a never-ending quest for the finest literature, arts, the most challenging sports. Her characteristic wanderlust is the result of her impulse to pursue all these ventures. Don't be fooled by the Sagittarian's distracted air—her eagerness is really a natural optimism that tempers one of the most philosophical of signs

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

With its abundance of new professional offers, social invitations, December will seem to you one big gift in itself. Your secret benefactor: ruler Jupiter, "at home" in your sign. Great accomplishments during the first four days is the good head start that slates you as a winner this month. Best advice: don't slow down to overanalyze. Press on in all affairs that really intrigue you—especially business ones. Amidst a flurry of celebrating on the 24th, you enjoy a surprising quiet time—which you really need.

Capricorn
DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

Capricorn's key to success and happiness this month: communication. By nature cautious, conservative, you should make a point to extend yourself in business and in love. On the 7th, one of your lucky numbers—take action on a project you began last month; it should prosper on the 8th. Consult with your most trusted colleagues on the 14th, and on the 17th, with one who loves you. You receive a long-awaited message on the 27th that's full of good cheer.

Aquarius
JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

As the year comes to an end, ever-innovative Aquarius is in her element—making plans to embrace everything new. New fashions, new successes in professional and personal spheres. Social life in general is dazzling this month—with a dream long-dreamt coming true the first ten days. Words to the wise Aquarian: take the helm of a business venture on the 17th; success is a sure thing.

Pisces
FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

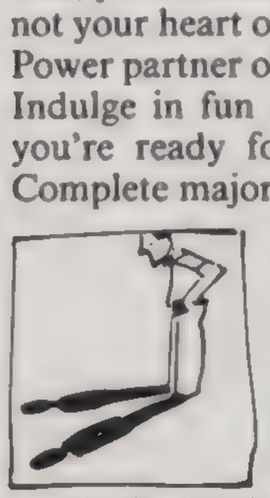
Astrologically speaking, you are right now enjoying the best of both worlds: your high-spirited ruler, Neptune, is leaving imaginative Sagittarius and just about to enter the get-things-done executive Capricorn. The result: even your most outrageous, idealistic plans could come to pass. Your personal muse this month is go-getter Jupiter, now in your sign, who prompts you to circulate among V.I.P.'s and put your best self forward.

Aries
MARCH 21–APRIL 19

With aggressive ruler Mars opposite your sign this month, you find yourself playing by somebody else's rules—which headstrong Aries can always live without. But there's reward in compromise, particularly on the 4th and 5th. In fact, you earn points in each new move you make in the business and the social arenas. Money's your goal until the 21st. Sweet success on the 29th.

Taurus
APRIL 20–MAY 20

With your passion-prone ruler, Venus, in super-achiever Scorpio this month, both love and power make your world go 'round. Still, your instincts counsel: follow your head, not your heart on crucial matters. When a Big Power partner offers advice on the 7th, take it. Indulge in fun on the 15th, for by the 17th you're ready for a long-term commitment. Complete major tasks by the 22nd.



Gemini
MAY 21–JUNE 21

December—hurrah!—you're in the winner's circle. You can't lose at love or work, the 1st through the 3rd especially. Your unbeatable prompter: Mercury, your clever ruler, now crossing savvy Capricorn. A lucky break on the new moon on the 4th gives you a good start; by the 13th you're moving at top speed, sighting all your prospects and then going after them. *(Continued on page 118)*

In 1907, while tobogganing, Millicent Eubanks shocked her fiancé when she lit up a cigarette.

It was all down hill from there.

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 116)

Cancer

JUNE 22–JULY 22

December—season of great get-togethers—finds Cancer the coordinator happily occupied with home and office gatherings. The first Big Event: the 7th. Exercise your imagination on this one for a superlative success. There's involvement on a personal level, too: after a rather hesitant romantic period, love comes on strong. You've every cause to celebrate: everything's going your way.

Leo

JULY 23–AUGUST 22

With Jupiter the zealot in your fiery, Sun-ruled sign this month, your professional and personal lives are set ablaze. Roads are wide open in every direction both in business and at play. Which to follow? Let your heart be your guide and you won't go astray—particularly if you get going before the 22nd. On a personal note: love is in the spotlight on the 24th—assuring a holiday season of great joy.

Virgo

AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

A December designed for Virgos. With your perceptive ruler, Mercury, in ever-dependable Capricorn, even the most daring business ventures should succeed. Have a go at Something Big. Good judgment days for financial matters: the 2nd and 3rd. The 17th is excellent for making investments and the 21st for drawing up new plans. Then, maintain your "old reliable" reputation—fulfill a promise exactly on the 27th.

Libra

SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

Good news: your magnetic ruler, Venus, is "home" in your sign, attracting a slew of new professional and social alliances. Finances soar on the 5th and 7th and you savor the security it brings. You regard the 8th as a mixed blessing with the appearance of a "solid" relationship as well as an old responsibility; but by the 17th the latter proves surprisingly comforting. The 27th restores a loved one, and the last day of the year, your spiritual balance.

Scorpio

OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

The eclipse of the new moon on the 4th espies the Scorpion congenial *and* constructive—you couldn't be in a better mood for professional planning. Two wonderful days for this are the 7th and 8th. But "all work, no play" has never been your creed, and by the 19th you are flushed with holiday spirit. On the 24th, lavish affection on your loved ones—and don't neglect yourself! Amidst the seasonal merrymaking, take a moment for deep reflection.

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Between Us

Women's special skills... mother/daughter words ...our kinds of books

By Lorraine Davis

IN HER OWN WORDS . . .

"In retrospect, my career and my life look a lot more planned than they really were. I always waited to see what was going to come along next. I was lucky in that I'm a high-energy person, had four healthy children."
—Roberta S. Karmel, partner in NYC law firm of Rogers & Wells; first woman on U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission, now a director of New York Stock Exchange as representative of the public

"Being a judge is difficult because your decisions have a tremendous influence on other people's lives. . . . You need patience and a great deal of self-discipline, an ability to be an arbiter rather than an advocate."—*Honorable Julia Gibbons, Memphis, Tennessee, youngest federal judge in the USA*

"We must make the 'gender gap' a 'gender gulf'; the gulf will become bigger and bigger as present policies continue and women get into more and more economic trouble."—*Denise Fuge, one of three Northeast Regional Representatives, National Board of National Organization for Women*

"I feel very loyal to the various colleges and schools that I and my children have gone to. I urge people to contribute to the schools of their choice, because they need our support to survive."—*Eugenie F. Doyle, M.D., director of pediatric cardiology, New York University Medical Center, and mother of five*

CONFESSIONS OF A WORK FREAK

"When I attack anything (and *attack* is the word because I go at it so single-mindedly), whether it's cooking or water skiing or whatever it is, nothing else matters at that moment." Inger McCabe Elliott first attacked photojournalism, lived for some years in Southeast Asia; back in the U.S., she put visual skills with administrative know-how to start her own business, importing and designing fabrics, called China Seas. "Your being a workaholic is a great advantage to you or your organization, but it's not such a great advantage to your children and your husband."

With her husband, dean of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism Osborn Elliott, Inger has "a total of about eight" children ("Once you get to know their names, you're okay"), two of them Chinese and each in a different pursuit. Now, she's letting business and family fend for themselves while she works on a book about one special China Seas fabric: *Batik: The Magic Cloth* (Clarkson N. Potter).

"I can be so maniacal that I don't sleep at all, just work. To balance that, in the country, I go out and play an hour's worth of maniacal tennis; in New York City, I go to Elizabeth Arden. I have my hair cut, I get my fingernails and my toenails painted. It's very relaxing. Nobody bothers you; you can get your work done.

"I think women on the whole are far more flexible than men and far more entrepreneurial because they are used to coping with so many situations, which is mostly the outcome of having a bunch of kids around. Women should take themselves seriously. They are capable of doing more than they think; but they should use their femininity more effectively. A man uses his sex as much as any woman should."

SYL'S SABBATH

Cartoonist Nicole Hollander's outspoken Sylvia is still mouthing her mordant views in various syndications (have you sent your best friend a Sylvia birthday card yet?); Hollander's latest book collects her Sunday comic strips. Syl seems to be letting up on men a bit in "Sylvia on Sundays" (St. Martins), but she's still great at trashing TV and hairdressers; and here's how she deals with the exercise question:

"Are you tired all the time? If your best friends moved to a third-floor apartment, would you stop visiting them? . . .

"If you would rather talk about exercise than do it, L.U.M.P.S is the group for you. Every Tuesday night we get together to watch films of athletic competition, to look at actual sports equipment, and then go home. 7:00 P.M., the locker room, Velma's Bakery."

FEMALE READERS, UNITE

"A tremendously exciting example of how networking among women can really work to achieve things that no single person or small group can do." That's the way Linda Gardiner, editor of new *The Women's Review of Books* (Wellesley Center for Research on Women, Wellesley MA 02181), described the genesis of this monthly tabloid dealing with feminist books, women's studies, and women's autobiography, fiction, poetry. An idea whose time had come. . . . More evidence: When the Modern Language Association first met in 1883, not one woman was present; but, at the meeting on December 27–30 in NYC (info: MLA, 62 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10011; 212/741-5587), sixty-four lectures and forums will deal with women's writing and scholarship. "Drawing Our Skirts Across History: Women Writing in 1883 and 1983," with Joyce Carol Oates among the speakers, will be open to the public; one session to be led by Sheila Delany, will deal with Christine de Pizan, thought to be the first woman to support herself by writing, after she was widowed, about 1405. More about her in Professor Delany's book *Writing Women* (Schocken).

PEN PALS . . .

A good wallow through other women's emotions could help your own perspective. In *Between Ourselves: Letters Between Mothers & Daughters* (Houghton Mifflin), editor Karen Payne introduces missives from not only the famed and the published but "ordinary" mothers and daughters writing about all too familiar problems. Exploring mothers' and daughters' unique abilities both to hurt and to comfort each other, these women work toward understanding (there's even a chapter on lesbian daughters), experience relief—joy—when they succeed.

One clear-eyed divorced working mother, whose only daughter at eighteen abandoned the care of her little brothers, writes to her:

"I don't think it was wrong for you to leave, I only wish you had chosen another way to do it. But, that was your decision. (Remember, it is as disgusting to be a manipulative *child* as it is to be a manipulative *parent*.) . . ."

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PERRY ELLIS

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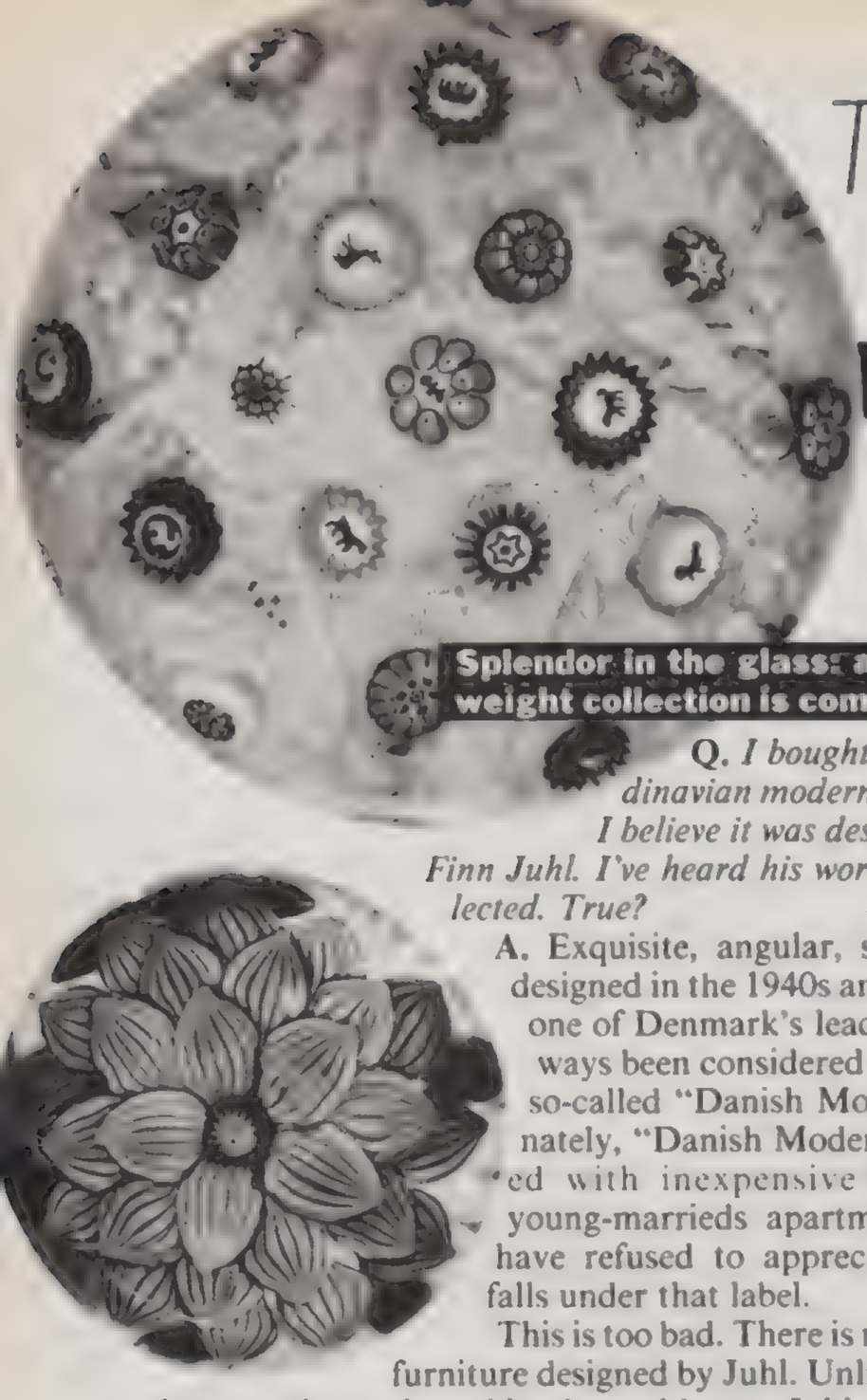
Talking about... Treasures

Our expert answers your questions about collectibles

By Jeffrey Hogrefe



Splendor in the glass: an important paperweight collection is coming up for auction

Q. *I bought this blond wood Scandinavian modern sofa in the early 1950s. I believe it was designed by a Dane called Finn Juhl. I've heard his works are now avidly collected. True?* —*A.O. Santa Fe, NM*

A. Exquisite, angular, subtle—fine furniture designed in the 1940s and 1950s by Finn Juhl, one of Denmark's leading designers, has always been considered among the best of the so-called "Danish Modern" style. Unfortunately, "Danish Modern" has been associated with inexpensive furniture found in young-marrieds apartments, and collectors have refused to appreciate anything which falls under that label.

This is too bad. There is nothing shabby about furniture designed by Juhl. Unlike his poor imitators who turned out cheap blond wood boxes, Juhl (born 1912) regarded furniture almost as a branch of sculpture, mixing light and dark woods with impeccable craftsmanship (even pieces "mass" produced in the 'fifties by America's Baker Furniture Company were painstakingly put together), making much free play with abstract patterns and unusual nubby fabrics.

Juhl's designs won numerous awards and design competitions. They furnished some of the offices at the United Nations in New York City, and they were included in nearly every important museum collection: In New York City at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art; in London at the Victoria & Albert.

Tip: Now may be the time to invest in some of Juhl's designs. Fine examples can be found (often for under one thousand dollars) in New York City at the following galleries of recent designs: Fifty-50 on lower Broadway; Barry Friedman, Ltd. on East Eighty-second Street; and Alan Moss Studios on Wooster Street.

Q. *Here's a picture of a highboy I recently inherited from my aunt. She was a descendent of some of the original settlers of Virginia. I believe the highboy was made there in the eighteenth century. Am I right?* —*S.A.R., Roanoke, VA*

A. Once overlooked, now eagerly sought—early Southern furniture, furniture handcrafted in Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Louisiana before 1820, has recently emerged in some very important collections (particularly in the South), and certain rare forms and styles now bring more money than their Northern counterparts, report dealers and collectors.

Like many other myths about the Old South, it was commonly thought that most good furniture was destroyed during the Civil War. Thanks primarily to arduous research conducted over the past ten years at a few Southern institutions, now many lively and even distinctive examples of early Southern furniture—Queen Anne, Chippendale, Federal—made with Southern woods by Southern hands, have resurfaced, laying this myth to rest.

Furniture types unique to the South include the cellaret, the prototype of the modern liquor cabinet, and the hunt board, the precursor of the modern buffet. More clues: Look for certain woods. Only pieces made in the Southern coastal lowlands were lined with cypress; while only those made in the uplands were lined with yellow pine heartwood, also known as "streaky pine."

Also look for family documents that verify the date and origin of the piece. In the late nineteen-seventies, a secretary-bookcase was consigned for sale at Sotheby's with family papers tracing it to a Virginia shop about 1800. The secretary fetched $40,000, about twice what it would have had it not been traced to a Southern maker, according to Sotheby's experts.

The real surprise has been uncovered at Colonial Williamsburg. Once all Williamsburg homes were thought to have been full of English furniture. But now it has been discovered that some of the key pieces in the restoration were actually made in Virginia!

Antebellum beauty: cherrywood cellaret for holding wines. Virginia, 1790-1810

Research at Williamsburg and at the Museum of Early Southern Decorative Arts in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, as well as at the Louisiana State Museum in New Orleans has really changed some Southern thinking.

Danish modern at its most classic: Finn Juhl's impeccably crafted teak chair

Paperweight Mania

No one knows exactly when the first ones were invented, or whether they were in fact intended for as prosaic a use as securing a stack of papers, but glass paperweights are now as popular as ever, particularly with the renewed style for Victorian table-top clutter. Their fascination lies in their profuse variety of devices: stardusts, honeycombs, pansies, baskets, butterflies, and even some gruesome likenesses of salamanders, snakes, and worms.

Sotheby's paperweight auction scheduled this year for December 2 in New York City, is an event eagerly anticipated by aficionados from around the world. Many "weights" are unique, and they range in price from fifty to over a hundred thousand dollars. You may be surprised to learn that some of the early antiques are less expensive than the new reproductions. One oddity, a glass paperweight encasing a mauve silkworm and a mulberry leaf is expected to fetch over $100,000, because it is particularly rare and fine.

Interest in paperweights, which enjoyed its heyday between the 1840s and 1860s, has been mounting once again since the 1950s. Collectors pursue rare examples produced during the peak years by three French glass houses: Baccarat, St. Louis, Clichy—although some fine new ones have been turned out recently. Collectors meet at Sotheby's special auctions and at biannual conventions of the Paperweight Collectors' Association; and in between events they buy, swap, sell through a lavishly illustrated catalogue—$10 from L.H. Selman Ltd., 761 Chestnut Street, Suite V, Santa Cruz, California 95060.

Courtesy Sotheby Parke Bernet New York Inc.; Eric Hansen & Reed Helmer-Peters

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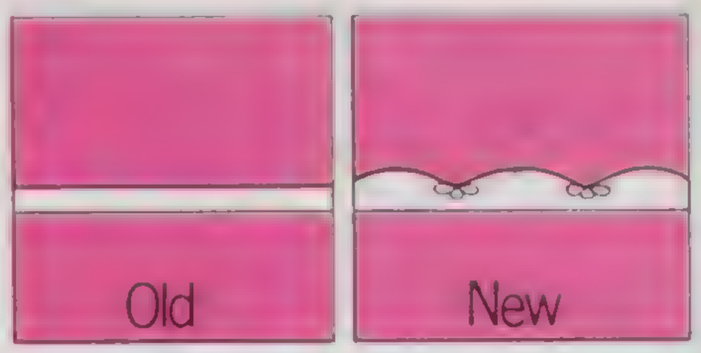

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Health

New way to rebuild bones...advice to anxiety patients...pill-takers' tips... a better diet without changing foods

By Melva Weber

TOOTHSAVER OF THE FUTURE?

New hope for sufferers of periodontal disease: At Harvard School of Dental Medicine, demineralized human bone material implanted in the tooth sockets has saved the loosening teeth of a series of patients who were not helped by standard treatment methods for periodontal disease. Stephen Sonis, D.M.D., D.M.Sc., performed oral surgery on the test patients, found the bone material safe and biocompatible. Examination by X-ray indicated that new bone was forming in deteriorating jaws, and not one patient who received the implant material has lost a tooth from the disease.

The method of preparing the bone material was developed by Julie Glowacki, Ph.D., a Harvard biochemist and assistant professor. In a putty-like form or in blocks, wedges, and chips, it's also being applied to orthopedic, plastic, and head-and-face surgery in associated Boston hospitals. The material is considered experimental by the Food and Drug Administration, but its possibilities are being pursued for skeletal reconstruction and for saving teeth from periodontal disease.

DRIVING WHILE MEDICATED

The number of people who drive automobiles while under medical treatment for stress--an estimated one hundred million prescriptions written each year for anti-anxiety drugs--is something to worry about. Drugs that calm you may also impair alertness needed for operating a vehicle safely. A new non-benzodiazepine, non-sedative drug, buspirone, tested in clinical trials for its effects on psychomotor performance, has been shown not to inhibit driving skills. In addition, the drug appears not to potentiate the effects of alcohol (though users should never mix driving and drinking, medication or not). Speaking at a psychiatric symposium, Samuel Gershon, M. D., professor of psychiatry at Wayne State University, Detroit, stated that while the ideal anxiolytic (anti-anxiety drug) has yet to appear, buspirone represents "an important first step and useful drug in the continuing search."

PROPER WAY TO POP A PILL

Taking any pill can be dangerous if it doesn't move rapidly through the esophagus and into the stomach. Caustic medications, says a medical research team in Washington, DC, can injure the gullet severely when the pill or capsule sticks on the way down. Gelatin capsules in particular can stay in the gullet for ten minutes or more when the person is lying down. The esophagus can become blocked, perforated, or may hemorrhage, and the patient may require surgery and chest drainage.

"Emergency Medicine" magazine reports a study of more than two hundred stuck-pill emergencies by the investigative group led by James Walter Kikendall, M.D., of Walter Reed Army Medical Center gastroenterology department, Bethesda, Maryland. Among the kinds of pills and capsules most likely to cause burn injuries on the way to the stomach: antibiotics, potassium chloride, iron tablets, quinidine, and various anti-inflammatory medicines.

Especially susceptible to injury is the person who, after drinking considerable alcohol, takes two aspirin with not enough water and goes right to sleep. The alcohol reduces the normal contractions of the esophagus, and lack of water and the supine position allows the pills to stick to the walls of the esophageal tube. Result—pain in the throat, difficult swallowing, ulcerated tissues. Sometimes the pain mimics that of a heart attack.

Four safety rules to remember: Always take pills or capsules in an upright position; drink half a glass of water with each pill; never dry-swallow a pill; and take pills at least thirty minutes before going to bed.

SECRET'S IN THE STEAM

To increase potassium and decrease sodium in your diet you may not have to change the foods you eat—only the ways in which you prepare them.

A medical research team at the University of Lund, Malmö, Sweden, reported in *The Lancet* that a favorable balance of sodium and potassium is important not only for people with mild to moderate high blood pressure, but probably also for the overweight and those with insulin-resistant diabetes. Yet food preparation today commonly destroys much of the potassium and adds to the sodium level.

The Swedish researchers found that potatoes boiled in water lose between 10 and 50 percent of their potassium and take up varying amounts of sodium from the cooking water. But when potatoes are steamed, only 3 to 6 percent of potassium is lost and no sodium is gained. The same results have been found for carrots, beans, and peas; and similar results could be expected for fish, which has a high potassium content.

The Swedish researchers now generally recommend steaming vegetables at home for patients with type II diabetes, hypertension, and overweight. Then they allow the patients to use some salt or salt-tasting products at the table. Steaming or use of the microwave oven, they believe, can result in desirable changes in sodium-potassium ratio.

DRUGS DURING PREGNANCY: ONE MORE CAUTION

Cimetidine, a drug prescribed commonly for gastric ulcers, should be viewed with caution for pregnant patients, warn University of Pittsburgh researchers S. Anand and D.H. Van Thiel, M.D. Study of laboratory rats shows cimetidine crosses the placenta freely and is excreted into breast milk, where it is concentrated at several times the levels of the mother's blood. And it is an androgen blocker, preventing fetal organs and tissues from taking up testosterone, the male sex steroid. Cimetidine was given to test rats early in pregnancy and continued until their offspring were weaned. Males born of cimetidine-treated mothers were compared with males born to untreated mothers. The male rats thus exposed to cimetidine had smaller genitals, much lower testosterone levels in blood, and when grown, lowered sexual motivation and performance. The Pittsburgh researchers believe cimetidine may have interfered with the imprinting of the animals' brains by the sex steroid during a critical phase of prenatal development. Until definite data are in, they urge caution in use of the drug by pregnant women.

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Food additives

Are they safe? Are they necessary? A nutritionist reports on two of the most common . . .

BY JUDITH S. STERN, Sc.D.

Any substance that is intentionally added to a food during production, processing, storage, or packaging is a "food additive." If you surveyed the contents of a large supermarket, you'd find roughly 2600 such additives.

Strictly speaking, no additive is necessary. Our ancestors survived without them, but then they had a life expectancy of forty-seven years at the turn of the century, partly owing to bad foods. In general, additives' risks are greatly outweighed by their benefits.

Two common additives that have come under increasing scrutiny by scientists and consumers are BHA/BHT—to preserve foods' freshness—and caffeine to provide a "lift." BHT/BHA, or butylated hydroxyanisole and butylated hydroxytoluene, are antioxidants, substances that prevent fats and oils from combining with oxygen and turning rancid. In use since the 1950s, BHT/BHA are added to foods such as dry breakfast cereals, chewing gum base, polyunsaturated fats and oils, instant mashed potatoes, crackers, and candy.

Not only do rancid foods taste bad, they lose vitamins A, C, and E (natural antioxidants); and there is speculation that consumption of rancid foods can lead to stomach cancer. BHT and BHA are more effective than the naturally occurring antioxidants since the vitamins can be destroyed at the cooking temperatures used in food preparation. Because of public prejudice against "chemical" antioxidants, however, some food companies have removed BHT and BHA from foods.

The late Ben Feingold, M.D., of Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center in San Francisco, claimed that BHT and BHA were two of the additives that caused hyperactivity in children. But, according to Victor Herbert, M.D., chief of the Hematology and Nutrition Laboratory, Bronx VA Medical Center, consultant to General Foods "Sane Talk" Nutrition Awareness Program, no valid evidence supports this claim.

Questions have been raised about possible links with cancer; but, while more studies are needed before this issue is completely resolved, the scientific consensus is that BHA/BHT do not appear to pose any serious health risks.

Curiously, when BHT is added in very large amounts to the semi-synthetic diets of laboratory rats, these rats live longer. Probably as a result of these studies, BHT is being sold in health-food stores as part of a "life-extension formula" (an ironic case of condemning your additive and eating it, too). Dr. Herbert stated that there is no evidence of its efficacy in humans nor of its safety in such concentrations, which are much larger than those present in processed foods.

CAFFEINE and related chemicals with similar physiological effects occur naturally in coffee, tea, and chocolate. Caffeine is also added to colas, pepper drinks, some other soft drinks; and it is part of the formulation of some headache, allergy relief, and cold tablets.

In some individuals, large amounts of caffeine can cause restlessness, stomach upset, insomnia, and more serious problems such as chronic headaches and rapid heartbeats, effects that can occur at levels of 600 mg per day, or six cups of brewed coffee, ten to twelve cups of instant coffee or tea, and fifteen twelve-ounce servings of some colas. Caffeine taken habitually in these large amounts is addictive; and headaches, a common withdrawal symptom, occur twelve to eighteen hours after withdrawal. According to a report issued by the American Council on Science and Health, "approximately eleven million people in the United States consume at least this amount of caffeine daily."

In 1958, when the FDA established lists of food additives "Generally Recognized as Safe," or GRAS lists, caffeine was included. In 1980, a committee of scientists established by the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology reviewed the safety data for caffeine for the FDA. While there is little evidence that moderate consumption of caffeine is dangerous to your health, there are people who should consider limiting their intake of certain caffeine-containing foods.

Committee members were concerned about

Additives' benefits outweigh their risks

caffeine's chronic consumption in colas and other soft drinks by young children. While there are not enough data to show that children actually experience adverse effects from too much caffeine, caffeine has the potential to affect brain growth and development.

Also, caffeine may pose special problems for women. Fed in very high levels to certain animals, it causes birth defects. Large-scale epidemiological studies in humans have not shown an association between caffeine intake and birth defects; but, since caffeine crosses the placenta and reaches the fetus, the FDA is advising pregnant women to "put caffeine on their list of unnecessary substances which they should avoid."

A preliminary report from Ohio State University's John Minton, M.D., links caffeine consumption with benign but painful breast cysts (fibrocystic breast disease) in some women. A subsequent controlled study, conducted over a period of four months, however, reported "little support for the claim that caffeine-free diets are associated with a major, clinically significant improvement in benign breast disease."

Each consumer has to perform her own risk-benefit analysis. Many people enjoy the stimulation that caffeine gives, but its consumption represents real risks to some. ▽

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YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 22)

difficult and rewarding adjustment working at home. And no amount of planning and forethought prepared me for the loss of human contact during business hours.

However, the satisfaction of seeing the beginnings of a manuscript and the approval of my peers when they read bits and pieces of it, makes the long mornings without a coffee break well worthwhile. Joy E. Stocke
Philadelphia PA

Redefining "private" clubs

Three years ago, I was part of a struggle within the City of Philadelphia to end the kind of private club discrimination you highlighted in your August issue on page 170 [Law & Women by Dana Shilling].

Women attorneys in our city approached me at the beginning of my first term in office, and asked if I could do something about the practice of discriminating against women applying for membership in Philadelphia's most prestigious private clubs. These women felt that by being systematically denied membership, they were really being denied equal access to the many professional advantages which were available to their male colleagues because of the contacts made through club associations.

On December 10, 1980 the "Specter Bills" were passed unanimously by the Philadelphia City Council. This city, which has always been characterized as a bastion of conservatism, now has a law which prohibits government from letting contracts with any business that pays dues or expenses in private clubs which have discriminatory membership policies.

Since the passage of the "Specter Bills," two of the private clubs in Philadelphia have changed their membership policies. The most exclusive clubs in Philadelphia still look like the one we saw in the movie *Trading Places*, except for one detail. Now women too occupy those plush red leather chairs.
Joan Specter, Councilwoman
Philadelphia PA

. . . Entry into the "old Boys Network"—that series of linkages with influential elders, ambitious peers, and younger men on their way up that men develop as they move through school, work, professional, and community service organizations and private clubs—provides men with knowledgeable allies who help them advance their careers. Women must have equal access to these networks and opportunities for skill development if we are to compete equally with men.

The business nature of many ostensibly private clubs and organizations is made clear by the fact that many derive a substantial portion of their income from dues and fees paid by employers or taken as individual business deductions and from the provision of rooms and refreshments for business functions.

The National Club Association recently estimated that 26 percent of country clubs' income and 37 percent of city clubs' income comes directly from employer-paid memberships. . . .

Several organizations and governmental agencies have adopted policies prohibiting meetings at clubs with discriminatory policies. Legislation pending in the New York State Legislature similarly seek to combat discrimination by private clubs which derive significant revenue from monies expended in furtherance of members' business or trade.

. . . Whatever the results of litigation or legislation, the message should be clear—women will no longer tolerate exclusion from important business opportunities and relegation to second-class citizenship. Judith I. Avner
Staff Attorney
NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund
New York NY

September—a stunner

I've never written a "letter to an editor" before, but I just had to write to tell you how fantastic your September issue was.

The pictures are amazing! I expect that you'll probably receive a lot of negative reactions to the Helmut Newton pictures, especially after reading how upset some people got by seeing a naked little girl. But, I loved those pictures. I'm an avowed heterosexual, but those pictures were sexy, daring and imaginative, exactly what fashion should be. And I loved that crazy picture of the eye with that wild contact lens. And those all white, all yellow make-up pictures. . . . I hope that Vogue continues in this direction because it is new and exciting and provocative. Hillary Marlowe
New York NY

Nudity—in fashion?

. . . It has become increasingly apparent to me that the standards of Vogue have been steadily declining in the last few years. Of major concern to me is the continued and increased amount of offensive "artistic" photography of nude men and women in situations which do not appear to be in keeping with fashions, accessories and femininity.

Vogue had always been to me the epitome of class and high standards of advertising and photography. . . . Perhaps Vogue would do well to re-evaluate its level of social and moral conscience to determine what "type" of reader it's attempting to attract and maintain in the coming years. Mrs. S. Stone
Huntington Beach CA

Mystery of the stars

I am an avid follower of Vogue magazine, and while I am a professional Astrologer, understandably, the first section I turn to, is the Astrological Forecast for each month. In the October issue, I was both surprised and disappointed to see the error in planetary positions, which would make the interpretation for various months given inaccurate. I refer to your Astrology writer stating Venus is in Aries beginning in October. I wish to correct that information: Venus enters Virgo in a direct motion in October after its retrograde pattern.

I continue to enjoy your publication month after month and compliment its high quality of presentation to each article featured.
Helene Adrian
Encino CA

Editor's note: *Our thanks to Ms. Adrian. Astrologer Maria Elise Crummere says some errors are completely inexplicable; this one is in that category.*

Correction:

In Vogue's October issue, with misplaced zeal, we managed to list the name, address, and telephone number of the horsebreeders' venerable Jockey Club instead of its namesake restaurant in NYC's Ritz-Carlton hotel. For diners-out, it's the The Jockey Club, 112 Central Park South; (212) 664-7700.

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— Shari Memmott
Vice President

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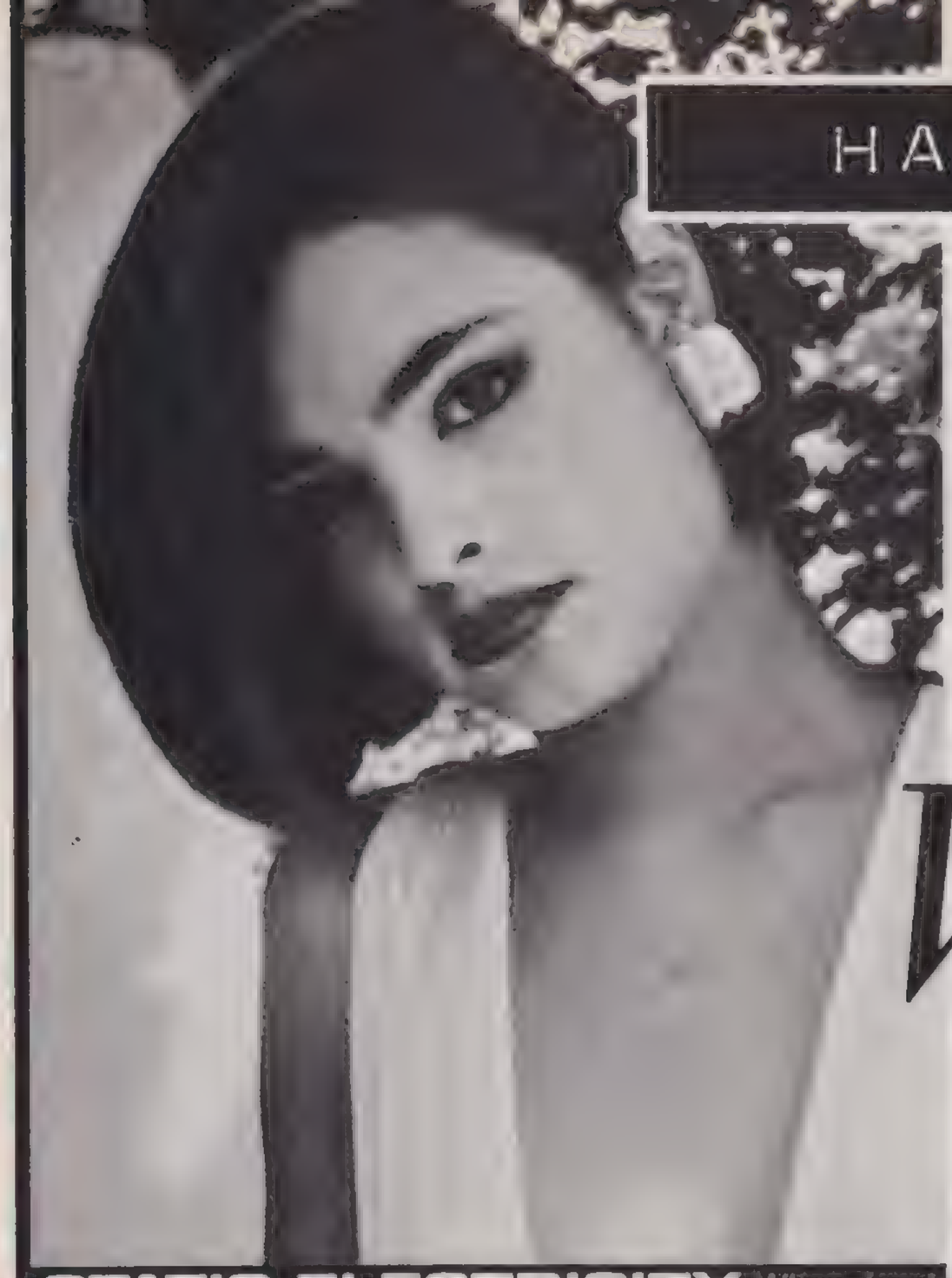

shape

Cuts: built-in style changes ... fixes for flyaway hair

Watch the change in hair: the blunt cut taking on new softness. Example: Two takes on one cut, left and below. Suga of Suga Salon, NYC, first shaped clean control in a blunt cut, then tapered the front pieces of hair. When hair is combed to the side, the pieces blend into the blunt line. For a distinct change, they can be lifted (with setting lotion) into a slight wave on top, sides behind ears, below. (Nice played against an oversized earring! . . .)

STATIC ELECTRICITY *When brisk combing in dry air changes hair's electrical charge, flyaway, uncontrollable hair is the result. To prevent static electricity, avoid overbrushing and overcombing, especially with tight-bristled tools. Instead, use hands to style and smooth hair, or choose one of the wide-toothed anti-static combs or brushes. (Good Italian wooden combs, brushes by Tek—available at Boyd's of Madison Avenue, NYC.)*

All-out evening hair has to hold its shape for hours. To keep hair ornaments in place, coat comb or clip with a generous spritz of hairspray before inserting.

What's wanted now:

a haircut with real style, that needs little maintenance, yet can be changed for different looks. Edward Tricomi of Pipino-Buccheri, NYC, bevels curly hair shorter-than-chin-length, leaving long layers on top. Added pleasure: hair grows out into wonderful face-framing layers. For straight hair, a short blunt cut softened with feathered bangs. Chin at Studio Chin, NYC, calls this a "triple cut." For day, bangs can be slicked back with gel; for night, brushed onto forehead; for an effect, lifted straight up with gel.

Striking change in curly hair: shorter at the nape, under long waves, with hair directed forward around the face, the way John Sahag cuts it, below. (More on hair, page 360.)

At-home hair removal, simplified

Tweezing temporarily removes scattered hairs from brow, chin, hairline. The best tweezer is neither too blunt nor too sharp. Revlon's Goldilock Tweezer catches tiny hairs gently and, like all Revlon implements, comes with a lifetime guarantee.

Waxing keeps hair away for about three to four weeks, works on just about any part of the body.

Depilatories chemically dissolve hair. To determine sensitivity to these chemicals, a patch test is essential. New depilatories come with skin-soothing cream.

(*Note:* Sally Hansen now has a complete line of safe hair-removal products.)

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One wonderful thing about Bleyle fashions is the wonder of Bleyle fabric. Imaginative in look, innovative in feel. Easy in care, easy in wear. And created by Bleyle with a close concern for quality that has always been the Bleyle byword.

Wonderful, because Bleyle gives you walk-around and move-around freedom. In a variety of comfortable, easy-care fabrics.

Wonderful, because Bleyle fashions are still made with the care and quality control that Wilhelm Bleyle insisted on nearly a century ago. Bleyle mills and finishes its own knitted fabrics, operates its own dye plant, and now uses computers to ensure uniformity in each individual loop stitch. And works from designs created by Bleyle's own designers in the fashion centers of Stuttgart, Paris, Milan and New York.

Wonderful is the word for the fabrics and fashions that come from Bleyle. Or should we say, "Wunderbar?"

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Q&A

Cold-weather tips for limp hair, dry skin... sunscreen advice for a mid-winter vacation

Q My fine hair, which is wavy in the summer, tends to go limp in winter. Anything I can do?

A The change is due to lower humidity in the air. Moisture in the air interacts with your hair's proteins to change its conformation, shape, according to David W. Cannell, Ph.D., vice president of research for Redken Laboratories, often causing fine hair that curls with the summer's high humidity to droop in winter . . . and the opposite reaction in coarse hair.

Dr. Cannell notes that changes in the way we manage our hair from summer to winter can also alter its appearance and condition. "In summer, women tend to shampoo their hair more often and then let it dry naturally because the air is warm outside. Also, they use less conditioner because of the high humidity in the air. In winter, they go from a wash-and-wear summer hairstyle to one that needs to be dried, styled, perhaps curled or permed. A woman can protect her hair against these anticipated changes by using a deep conditioner once a week or once every two weeks as the weather starts getting colder. In this way, winter can be a good time to get sun-damaged hair back into shape."

To revive limp hair, two suggestions from stylist Mary Farr at the Kenneth Salon, NYC: Highlighting just the top layer of hair can give it a sun-streaked look, healthy shine; a body wave, done early in the winter, will give hair the fullness it has naturally in summer. Most body waves last three to four months so, by the time it grows out, you're back to warm weather again!

Q How can I protect my skin from chapping and drying this winter?

A "We know from clinical studies that you can condition your skin and prepare it for winter by starting early in the season, applying moisturizer daily immediately after every shower or bath to keep the moisture in," said Edward Marlowe, Ph.D., president of Consumer Products Research and Development Division, Warner-Lambert Company (makers of Lubriderm Lotion). "Women using this method have found that their skin stays soft all winter."

In winter, lower humidity in the air causes the skin to be dryer. (Indoors, getting slight electrical shocks from walking across a rug then touching something metal tells you the humidity is low.) According to Dr. Marlowe, dry skin degenerates in three noticeable stages: it begins to feel rough, it looks scaly, then it begins to itch. Women who wear makeup usually have fewer problems with dry facial skin because the makeup acts as a protective film between skin and the elements, said Dr. Marlowe, who suggests rather than a more penetrating moisturizer, using an occlusive, non-greasy lotion all over the body, to form a similar though invisible protective film: "You need something cosmetically acceptable that stays on top of the skin and prevents the moisture from leaving it."

Q I'm planning a tropical vacation this winter, and I'm confused about SPFs in sunscreens. If I put on a sunscreen with an SPF 2 and then layer it with a sunscreen with an SPF 4, will I be protected with an SPF 6?

A "No," said Zenona Mally, M.D., clinical assistant professor of dermatology, Georgetown University Medical School. "Unfortunately the chemical reactions of SPFs don't work that way. The most protection you would have would be SPF 4. You've also got to be concerned about absorption," she added. "If you put on an SPF 2 and an hour later you begin to turn pink and add a layer of SPF 4, the four may take longer to absorb than usual because the first sunscreen may have saturated your skin to a point where it's not going to leave enough room for the four to be absorbed (unless the label states specifically that the product works on contact). You can run into real problems that way." Dr. Mally points out that SPF factors work to increase the *length* of *time* you can stay in the sun without getting burned, but not to lessen the *amount* of *color* you will get.

Best time to apply a sunscreen? The directions on the label should be your first guide. If the sunscreen works on contact, apply it in a comfortable surrounding where you can be sure you're covering yourself completely just a few minutes before you go outside. For a sunscreen that requires time to absorb, it's usually best to apply it at least an hour and a half before you go out in the sun. For ultimate protection before a day at the beach, apply an SPF 15 sunscreen all over your body at night after a shower and then again the next morning. "You really need to saturate the skin and you can never put too much sunscreen on if you want full protection," said Dr. Mally. "Any evidence that your skin has been touched by the sun is damaging. Even though a sunburn is more damaging than a suntan, there really is no such thing as a 'safe' or a 'good' tan." ▽

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BEAUTY NOW

assurance

A very personal diet... winning good looks—from a black woman's point of view

Vanessa Williams *(above)* is, at twenty, the first black woman to be Miss New York State, the first to win Miss America. She represents a special achievement as well as what's attractive in a black woman today: intelligence, vitality, assured good looks.

"Skin care is so important because skin really reflects what you're eating and how you feel. I had bad skin in high school; tetracycline cleared it up. Then I went to college; for two years, my skin was fine and then last year . . . stress, maybe, and the water in Syracuse is horrible for the skin so I use distilled water when I'm there. Basically, I try to keep my skin clean. Right now, I use a regimen of skin cleanser, scrub, astringent, and moisturizer. I think it helps to have a program, to do something the same way all the time.

"I don't use oily makeup, just loose powder on my face to allow it to breathe. And I try to use as little makeup as I can. Since I'm light-skinned, I use a lot of peach tones, no harsh reds. I like to stay with the warm browns and corals for my eyes, too, for daytime; and I've been experimenting with dark purples.

"The light color of my hair is natural, but I do have it relaxed about every three months just so I can do things with it. I got the blunt style so I can wear it curly or straight and not have to worry about sitting under a dryer or setting it all the time. This year, because I'm traveling, I'm going to have to learn to do my own hair and makeup a lot faster!

"For exercise during the school year, I dance an hour and a half every day. Now I'm either going to work out with exercise tapes or try jumping rope. These are things you can do in a hotel room.

"I don't really go crazy on banana splits or anything, but I think I'm going to start to watch what I eat. At school, I could just dance it off, but now I'm really limiting myself to chicken and fish, which I like anyway, and fruits and salads. I try to eat good foods—and I drink a lot of mineral water. I eat breakfast when I have time, usually just a cup of coffee and juice. I used to take a lot of different vitamins, but it's too much to carry around, so now I take one multivitamin. I hope that will help keep me active!"

AWARENESS DIET

Weight is gained more easily as we get older, but for black women, heavy hips seem to be a particular problem. Eating more sensibly is the best diet and here, Audrey Smaltz tells how she recently lost twenty pounds in two months with the help of Caryl Ehrlich, a NYC behavior-modification innovator in the field of weight control. Audrey:

"As Caryl will say, 'We are not on a diet; we don't count calories; we do not eat *diet foods*.' But I want to tell you that after going through her program, I have discovered myself. I have a better awareness of my body image. I have a new attitude, new behavior. I became *aware* of what I ate. I learned to make choices. I thought I knew how to eat, but I didn't.

"What you must do is *write it down.* Every day I kept a log, wrote down what I ate, what I drank, how much I ate, how fast I ate, and the hour I ate it. I found out that I was drinking a lot of orange juice, not enough water. So now it is automatic that I have water at my desk during the day, that I have water with every meal.

"You become aware of the amount of food you are eating; then, of the portion size. Do I need this much to eat? No, I don't. I started out feeding a woman who was twenty pounds heavier, I'm now feeding a woman who is twenty pounds lighter. She doesn't eat as much.

"A friend of mine had a birthday not long ago and, of course, I ate a piece of her cake. You don't have cake every single day. You don't have bread every day. But you enjoy. You learn to choose and vary your diet, so that you try not to eat the same foods more than four times a week. You watch out for whatever appears in your log more than four times. And when you write it down, it is a reminder. What is so wonderful is that I don't feel deprived. You create a new habit, and that new way of eating becomes so comfortable that you don't realize it.

"You must weigh yourself, and you must acknowledge that there is a problem. Some people won't. You must break the problem down in segments and address each one. Think of things to do instead of eating. Take physical action. And you must ask yourself, am I hungry? If you are not hungry, don't eat. Make a phone call, walk around the block. If the answer is yes, then you must commit yourself to a meal, which means you set the table; sit down; take twenty minutes, and eat this meal. Because you're not eating in-between meals, you look forward to your three meals. It's the most terrific awareness I've found for myself." —Contributed by AUDREY SMALTZ

LYNN KOHLMAN Fashion, Calvin Klein. Hair by James Harris; makeup by Alfonso Grundy for Audrey Smaltz, Inc

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Creative thinking

Can imagination be learned?

BY PATRICIA O'TOOLE

When I told people I was going to spend five days at a seminar on creativity, the reactions ranged from disdain to discomfort. One friend said he wouldn't waste his time: "Being creative is like being French—either you are or you aren't." Another friend—a highly inventive, original woman—confided that she would never take part in such an event for fear of finding out she was less creative than she thought.

Undaunted, I set out for Innovative Problem Solving, one of the many workshops offered each year by the Center for Creative Leadership in Greensboro, North Carolina. The clientele at this educational and research institution comes from all corners of the corporate world, and I vainly imagined that middle managers went there in the hope of learning how to be more like—well, like us writers, artists, and other unfettered spirits.

The fall that goeth after such pride arrived quickly, in the form of results from a test all twenty-four of us had taken before the seminar. The instrument of my undoing, something called the Kirton Adaptation-Innovation Inventory, placed each of us on a continuum, with Resourcefulness at one end and Originality at the other. Resourcefuls tend to accept problems as they're given and to love structured situations. Originals redefine problems, enjoy doing things differently, and thrive on the absence of structure. No right or wrong way to be, Kirton insisted, and every organization needs both. But, as Joan Crawford once said, "Whom is kidding whom?" If you think you're creative, you want to place high on the Original end. Though I did land on the Original side, my score was a puny nine out of a possible sixty-four—and two points lower than the average for the group. I knew I should feel humbled, but I didn't. Sullen was more like it. And worried. If my editors found out I wasn't really the imaginative misfit I'd led them to think I was, I'd be ruined.

But I couldn't throw in the towel. In the first place, Stan Gryskiewicz, the center's director of creativity development, runs the seminar at a pace that leaves no time for pouting. Beyond that, nearly everything I'd read about creativity said "psychological openness" is critical: Unpleasant information, ambiguity, shapelessness, paradox, impossibilities, difficult people—all are to be given warm and fearless embrace. Even though I couldn't change my lousy Kirton score, openness was there for the taking.

From the start, Stan has been talking about the importance of "breaking set"—of overcoming the habits of thought that keep us from seeing new connections, generating fresh ideas, and finding novel solutions when problems arise. Young children, who have not yet acquired the adult's stultifying rigidity of thought, are master set-breakers. Stan tells of his six-year-old daughter looking at a starry sky and calling it a "vanilla-chip cookie."

How do we lose that lovely fluidity? Or, to paraphrase Marilyn Ferguson in her book, *The Aquarian Conspiracy* (J.P. Tarcher), why do human beings start out as butterflies and end up in cocoons?

One big answer seems to be that education, work, and life in general ask us to be convergent rather than divergent thinkers—to home in on a single "right" answer rather than to stroll through a garden of possibilities. Research has shown that 84 percent of five-year-olds' thinking is divergent. By second grade, divergence drops to only 10 percent; and, by age forty-five, a scant 2 percent remains. Even Picasso struggled against convergent thinking. "I used to draw like Raphael," he said, "but it has taken me a whole lifetime to learn to draw like a child."

Determined to rouse our slumbering children, Stan throws us a problem that demands divergent thinking: how to sell pantyhose to men. After hearing talk-show interviews of perfectly normal men who wear pantyhose for perfectly sensible reasons, Stan is convinced the idea has great business potential. Football players wear pantyhose so that when they remove adhesive tape wound around knees or ankles, they won't rip the hair from their legs. Construction workers like pantyhose because they dry faster than longjohns. Outdoorsmen value their light weight and compact size. The only problem is the purchase. The thought of being caught buying pantyhose strikes terror in even the stoutest of male hearts. How to overcome that obstacle?

A question that demands divergent thinking: how to sell pantyhose to men?

We tackle the problem in a brainstorming session modeled on the ones described by advertising executive Alex Osborn in his 1950s best seller, *Applied Imagination.* In brainstorming, anything goes; all suggestions are written on a flip chart or blackboard so everyone can see them and all criticism is put on hold. (Osborn cut off judgmental remarks by ringing a bell.) The idea is to generate as many suggestions as possible, the more freewheeling the better.

In fifteen minutes, we come up with sixty or seventy ideas for selling pantyhose to men. Among them: dye the stockings masculine colors, add fly-fronts, eliminate the feet, sell the hose by mail, call them Jox Sox, market them to both sexes in sporting-goods stores. Our ignorance of the pantyhose business is marvelously freeing. We have no preconceptions about what can't *(Continued on page 153)*

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CREATIVE THINKING

(Continued from page 148)

be done. I think of Paul MacCready, the prize-winning inventor of human- and solar-powered aircraft. "My secret weapon was complete naïveté," he recently told an audience at Yale. "The experts' extra knowledge made them have blinders on."

The value of naïveté aside, I am amazed by the creativity of our pantyhose group. As someone who enjoys working alone, I'd generally considered "group creativity" a contradiction in terms. Brainstorming sessions and other collaborations are necessary for complex endeavors like sending men to the moon, sure, but no way to write *Moby Dick*. But my narrow either-or thinking about the matter failed to encompass the vast range of challenges that

> ***The prime requisite for creativity is courage—to fail, to ask dumb questions***

lies between *Moby Dick* and the moon.

Before the creativity seminar would be over, brainstorming groups would have a go at more than two dozen of these in-between problems, including how to eliminate cigarette odors, change careers in midlife, and attract more runners to a race. No challenge is more moving than a young designer's request for help devising play equipment for the severely retarded. He shows slides of places where these people are typically locked away. Everything is hard—cinder-block walls, tile floors, windows barred and curtainless. All of it is easy to clean and impossible to break, but I have been in prisons more humane. As for play equipment, mostly there isn't any. The poor coordination common among the severely retarded makes conventional slides dangerous. The preferred form of recreation at such places is digging in the dirt. A close second is self-mutilation. "They would rather feel pain than nothing," the designer explained.

Our suggestions come pouring out. Build a low slide that can be approached by a ramp instead of a ladder. Cover walls and floors with tough inflatable plastic to bring some softening to this world. Put televisions and radios in indestructible Plexiglas cabinets. Make playhouses or small caves of foam. The designer takes home a portfolio of new ideas.

"None of us is as smart as *all* of us," says an alternative-school poster quoted in *The Aquarian Conspiracy*. After seeing the range of experience applied to the play equipment and other seminar problems and watching the speed with which one idea triggers a dozen more, even this fervid individualist has to concede the creative power of groups. It is also heartening to discover that self-reliance isn't everything, that asking other people for suggestions is neither a sin against the imagination nor a sign of immaturity. So much for the romance of solitary creative agony. Even though other people can't do my work for me, it feels great to know I don't have to slug it out completely alone.

But as imaginative as groups *can* be, they rarely *are;* and, away from the ideal conditions of a seminar, most groups stand obtusely in the way of creativity. They discourage innovation by penalizing failure, they value pragmatists more than dreamers; and the hierarchical structures of most organizations sharply limit the flow of ideas. How can an individual be creative in such an atmosphere? Courage is a prime requisite—the courage to fail, to withstand group pressure, to ask dumb questions. Stan tells of a little girl asking her father why she couldn't see the snapshot he had just taken of her. Her father was inventor Edwin Land, and her question led to his set-breaking Polaroid camera.

As important as courage is a high tolerance for ambiguity and paradox. Jung believed that human growth requires the reconciliation of such opposites as thinking and feeling, and that creative growth depends largely on coming to terms with several pairs of opposites: creation and destruction, passionate involvement and cool detachment, spontaneity and discipline, concentration and relaxation. Creativity exploits the tension between these poles, and creative solutions almost always pull harmony from discord. As *The Aquarian Conspiracy* points out, the U.S. Constitution has worn so well because it synthesizes opposites, balancing state and federal authority as well as executive, legislative, and judicial power.

Of all the blocks to individual creativity, probably the least discussed are what physical fitness expert Martha Kaley calls "negative health behaviors"—everything from lack of exercise to poor eating habits. A consultant to the Center for Creative Leadership, Martha shows up several times during the seminar to teach us relaxation techniques and stretching exercises, to take us on walks, and to impress upon us the importance of oxygen in nourishing the body's basic component, the cell. Exercise moves oxygen to all parts of the body, including the brain. Martha's point is simple and unassailable: we expand our thinking by learning to make better use of all our resources; if we overlook physical resources, the expansion will be limited. "Whatever your creative potential is, it can't be developed anywhere except within your own body," she says.

Martha, like Stan, has asked us to make a link—this time between mind and body. If creative acts have anything in common, it is this link-making. Creativity integrates, synthesizes, replaces *either-or* with *and*. Five days at this North Carolina spa for the mind didn't turn me into Virginia Woolf; but I came home with the corners of my mind aching pleasantly, like underused muscles the day after a good workout. For weeks before the seminar, I had struggled to write the last part of a book. The pieces didn't fall into place the minute I unpacked my new bag of tricks, but things did begin to happen. Again and again I had tried to force a writhing heap of contradictions to lie still and be nice, to turn themselves into tidy conclusions. Now, with my new appreciation of opposites, I wondered what would happen if I stopped trying to get rid of the contradictions. As soon as I opened my mind to them, the logjam broke. I began to understand that the contradictions not only belonged, they were the whole point of what I wanted to say.

I could hardly wait to call my friends and give them the news: what the creativity test scores took away, the seminar gave back a hundredfold. And an astonishing number of people are French—more French than we ever imagined. ▽

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Money

Where to buy stocks... fast-track tax shelter... at-home work–good news

By Lisa Gubernick

STOCK SHOPPING AT THE BANK

Now that banks are able to offer no-frills, discount brokerage service (just carrying out your transactions, not giving advice), it's become almost as easy to buy and sell stocks at your local bank as it is to cash a check. Does it make more sense to do your securities transactions with a discount broker or with your banker? While brokers tend to be slightly less expensive, banks seem to provide their customers with a greater sense of security. Sally Tsiang, vice president of the treasury division at Chemical Bank, says, "The simple fact is that many people are much more familiar with their banker and therefore more comfortable doing brokerage business with her." The higher fees at many banks are also offset somewhat by the convenience they offer. Most banks credit proceeds from stock sales and dividends directly into money-market funds, so that you don't lose interest waiting for securities transactions or checks to clear. One caution: although any banking system should be perfect from the very instant it's installed, the fact is glitches in computer operations can mar opening day. Gerald Perritt, executive director of the American Association of Individual Investors, recommends waiting six months or so after a bank has launched its brokerage service before trying it out—just to insure that all systems are in order.

INSURED—YOUR INCOME

In addition to auto, medical, and life insurance, says the nonprofit National Insurance Consumer Organization, every working woman should figure long-term disability insurance at the top of her list of expenses. Long-term disability insurance guarantees a continued income should injury or illness prevent a policyholder from working or earning her full salary.

An insurance purchaser should shop around before she signs a check. Not only do benefits vary from company to company—and from policy to policy—but the definition of "disability" may change. In some instances a policyholder becomes eligible for benefits when her income decreases substantially, while in others she receives no payments unless she is altogether unable to work. Robert Hunter, president of NICO, suggests that you look for a policy that will provide five years of benefits if you're partially disabled, after which payments continue only if you cannot work at all.

NICO recommends that whatever policy you buy, you push back the time that you would begin to collect as far as possible—the longer you can last before drawing on your benefits, the less expensive coverage will be. "Also, make sure that your coverage lasts until you reach sixty-five," Hunter says. "Even five years' coverage is hardly adequate if a woman's salary totally disappears. It doesn't cost that much more to insure your entire working life."

It's almost impossible to insure 100 percent of your pre-tax income, because insurers believe that that would provide an incentive not to return to work. However, it is quite possible to find coverage that would match your take-home pay—and disability payments are not taxed.

FINDING AN APPRAISER—WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW

It's imperative to establish how much your valuables are worth if you want to sell them, make a charitable donation, or simply get adequate insurance—but getting an accurate appraisal isn't easy. Shirley Belz, spokeswoman for the American Society of Appraisers, says the best way to find a good appraiser is to collect referrals—from friends, bankers, insurance agents, or museums. Find out if the appraiser belongs to a professional organization like the ASA or the Appraisers Association of America—both organizations provide continuing education and screen members to ensure that their knowledge is up to date.

When you speak to an appraiser, ask her what her background and education are, and be specific about the nature of your valuables—someone who is qualified to evaluate your Chinese ceramics may not know the recent value of your Art Deco jewelry. If you ask for references, don't be surprised if an appraiser refuses to furnish a list of her clients: often this information is kept confidential to protect collectors from would-be burglars.

How experts determine their fees is also key in establishing their professionalism. Charging a percentage of the value of the objects is considered unethical, since it encourages the appraiser to inflate their worth. By the same token, it's generally ill-advised to ask your appraiser to sell the objects she's assessed for you, because that could result in an undervaluation. Belz recommends using an appraiser who charges either a flat rate, or an hourly fee which can vary from $50 to $250 an hour, depending on where you live.

When the appraisal is completed, you should receive a signed and dated document stating the value of the objects, the purpose of the appraisal, and the fact that the appraiser has no personal interest in the particular property. Belz suggests that the document be updated every three to five years so that the appraisal reflects the current market value of your valuables.

("Money" continued on page 157)

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(Continued from page 154)

A DAY AT THE RACES

Through private partnerships, thoroughbred horse breeding has become accessible to everyone—well, almost everyone. The partnerships buy and raise either breeding or racing stock. They are essentially tax shelters: during their five- to seven-year life spans, investors can write off expenditures for feed, training, and veterinary bills, plus depreciation of the horses (which means loss of value over time—this is not logical, but it *is* legal), effectively reducing the cost of the thoroughbreds by half for anyone in the 50 percent tax bracket—and anyone who isn't should not consider this investment.

Thoroughbred partnerships require initial investments of twenty-five to several hundred thousand dollars. The payoff comes when the partnership disbands and the horses are sold—and this is when the difference between racing and breeding partnerships becomes important. Although breeding partnerships are far more likely to be profitable, racing is where the real money is to be made—a likely winner can sell for millions.

While you do have a chance to make a killing, horse partnerships of any kind are risky business. The quality of stock must be superb, because the market for middle- and lower-quality horses has softened in recent months. Moreover, the rising popularity of horse breeding has drawn a new and unscrupulous type of deal-maker into the market.

To insure that a partnership is sound, Richard S. Burns, vice president in charge of thoroughbred lending at European American Bank, recommends getting a good lawyer *and* a good accountant to look over the prospectus, then investigating the general partner's reputation through horse-breeders' journals or The Jockey Club in New York City. "There are a lot of barracudas out there," said Burns.

Despite his caution, Burns is enthusiastic about horses. "There are very few tax shelters that offer this much potential for profit—and this much fun," he said. "Watching a thoroughbred run is a lot more thrilling than watching an oil well pump."

AN OFFICE OF ONE'S OWN

The Internal Revenue Service has just made it a lot easier for free-lancers and the self-employed to declare an office at home as a tax deduction. Until now, in order to write off a room it had to be used exclusively as a work space. "If you had a desk and a piano in the room, it used to be ineligible," says a spokesman for the IRS. The new ruling specifies only that a space be used regularly and exclusively for business—it need no longer be a separate room. You're permitted to write off whatever fraction of your mortgage or rent your work space occupies. As in the past, if your at-home work is not your primary income source, the amount you deduct can equal, but not exceed, earnings accrued from work accomplished in your office.

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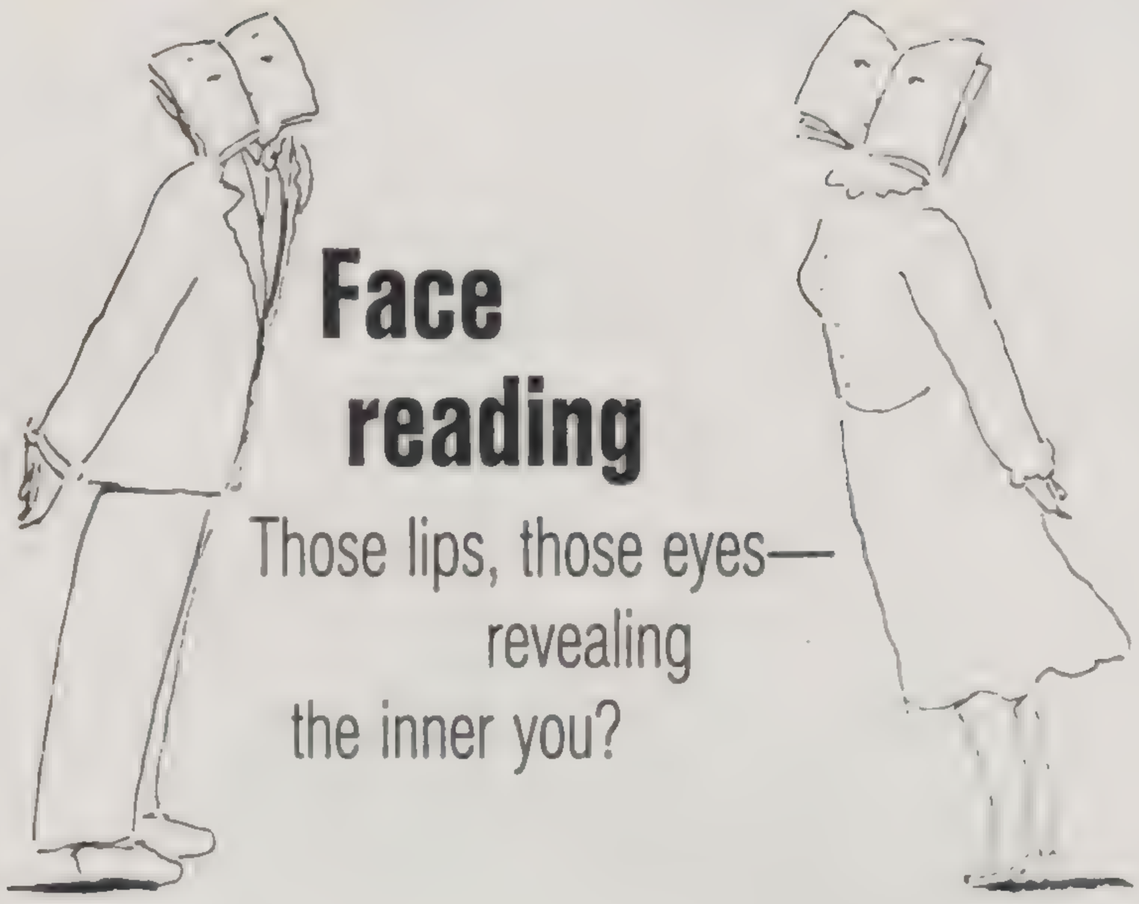

Face reading

Those lips, those eyes— revealing the inner you?

MERLE FACH

BY MAGGIE PALEY

I was brought up by progressive parents who taught me it was shallow—if not prejudiced—to judge people by the way they look. Of course I judged people by the way they looked all the time without admitting it to myself. Then Dr. Leopold Bellak's book, coauthored with Samm Sinclair Baker, *Reading Faces* (Bantam) arrived in the mail. Here was an authority figure—a Viennese-American psychoanalyst who teaches at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine—who said appearances were important. You could discover people's hidden feelings, Dr. Bellak promised, if you looked at their faces one side at a time. I thought about all the connections scientists were finding between mind and body. Wouldn't it make sense that your face is a map of who you are? What does that mean?

The idea that the face represents the inner person has gone in and out of fashion in the Western world. The most famous European physiognomist was Johann Kaspar Lavater (1741–1801), a Swiss pastor whose *Essays in Physiognomy,* published in 1772, aroused such passion that, according to the eighth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, "the people went masked through the streets." Lavater's work could be consulted before you hired a servant or agreed to marry a suitor, but he presented no coherent system for judging a face, and of course his assertions couldn't be proved.

In China, face-reading has been part of the culture since the fifth century B.C. "We believe that your outer features show what your inner structure is," Peter Shen explained to me. Shen, a New York makeup artist and author of *Make Your Face Your Fortune* (Everest House), studied physiognomy in China in the mid-'fifties. Like any Chinese face reader he can tell you that a nose with a round tip indicates a talent for making money; high-set ears mean brilliance and early achievement; and protruding eyes show a taste for gambling.

"It's true," I said, "I imagine I see things about a person in the light in his eyes, or the curve of her lips. But I can't believe ears mean anything."

"You can pretend with your eyes and mouth," Shen said. "You can't pretend with your ears." There was craftiness, he said, in a small, tight, sharp ear. At the other extreme, it was no accident that Buddha statues had elongated earlobes. "They represent that loving quality. People who've lived a full life to their eighties or nineties always have large, wonderful ears. You can't survive without them."

Chinese physiognomy, as Shen explained it, emphasizes character and wisdom and, like astrology, allows for the exercise of free will. Beautiful features are not always physiognomically fortunate: "For instance, a thin, little nose is exquisite, but especially if it's pointy, the person usually becomes very self-centered. All features are earned: you're born with certain potentials and your face changes according to the way you use them. Fortunate features have substance to them and grow better with age. Not only big ears, but long laugh lines, noses that spread, jaws that grow jowls are considered signals of success."

Today in the West we have psychologists rather than physiognomists. Those who are interested in linking faces with personality and character have typically studied what people *think* faces indicate, avoiding the subject of what they might *actually* mean. It seems clear to everyone your face expresses you in some way, but no one can measure how, exactly.

The American scientist who came closest to correlating face and body type with temperament was William Sheldon, M.D., of Harvard, who observed that the world was divided into three kinds of people: the thin, the fat, and the muscular; and that everyone was a combination of the three basic "somatotypes." The thin people, or ectomorphs, had triangular faces with receding chins and small, delicate features; they carried around more nervous system in relation to mass than other people and were consequently high-strung. The fat people, or endomorphs, had round, soft faces and their preponderance of digestive tract in relation to body weight rendered them relaxed and pleasure-loving. Bones, muscles, and connective tissue predominated in the muscular people or mesomorphs, who had jutting chins and energetic, aggressive dispositions.

Sheldon's *Varieties of Human Physique* was published in 1940. His statistics are quite detailed; his conclusions feel right. However, they've been disproved.

One of those *(Continued on page 166)*

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FACE READING

(Continued from page 164)

who helped disprove Sheldon's theories was the author of *Reading Faces,* Leopold Bellak, M.D. "I did some rather dry research on a hundred corpses," he told me when I visited him at his office, "measuring them to see if indeed schizophrenics differed in somatotype from other people. The only way they differed was the longer they'd been in the hospital, the more ectomorphic they seemed to be."

Dr. Bellak looked at me searchingly. I sat in the patients' chair and looked back. His head was totally bald. His ears were set high, at a rakish angle. His mouth looked amused, his eyes were penetrating, his nose appeared to be slightly rounded at the tip. Would his Zone System of face reading make him rich?

"That doesn't mean I don't believe that there's something to bodily structure, but it must be more complex than a one-to-one relationship," he said. "I still speak of a 'mesomorph face' to describe the typical marine sergeant with the sort of chin that could stop a truck."

That jutting chin is one of the few features that means the same thing (an aggressive nature) to all face experts—probably with some reason, according to Dr. Bellak. For one thing, there may be a correlation between high testosterone or steroid level and heavy bone structure and musculature, "and that might have a certain effect on personality." In addition, people who weren't born with mesomorph chins may develop them through aggressive feelings that cause them constantly to clench their teeth and jut their jaws.

As opposed to the mystical Chinese system, Dr. Bellak's physiognomical explanations appeal to the rationalist. He says faces look the way they do because of the "habitual pull" of facial muscles accustomed to forming characteristic expressions. For an example, full lips belong to someone who habitually relaxes the *orbicularis oris* muscles that "set the shape of the mouth," Bellak says. A baby has to relax these muscles when it nurses; a full-lipped person, then, probably continues to enjoy satisfying her sensual appetites as an adult. Someone thin-lipped, he says, habitually tightens the *orbicularis oris* muscles, perhaps out of fear of intrusions, which is why most of us associate thin lips with a rigid personality. And so on.

Dr. Bellak's Zone System of face reading, based on the work of the German gestalt psychologist, Werner Wolff, Ph.D., offers a further opportunity for psychological detective work. During the 1930s, Wolff produced some extraordinary composite photographs. By printing each side of a face twice, he created a left-left face that was significantly different from the right-right face. One composite—usually the right-right—was always more like the original photograph; it had what Wolff called the "dominating expression."

With the benefit of modern brain research, Dr. Bellak speculates that the deeper emotions come from the *right* brain and tend to be expressed on the *left* side of the face. The more conscious responses—"the civilized social mask"—come from the *left* brain, and are more likely to show up on the *right* side of the face. All you need to do is divide a face in half vertically, then horizontally (to isolate individual features), and read one side at a time, he says, and you'll recognize the traits that are otherwise obscured by the dominating expression.

Dr. Bellak says he reads the faces of politicians in newspapers and magazines, of customs officials at airports before getting on line, and of his patients in his office. He told me I had some sadness in my right eye.

Since reading Dr. Bellak's book I've observed the sadness in my right eye myself. I've noticed that usually in men the right—public—side seems stronger than the left, and in women the right side seems weaker, as if they'd been admonished not to show strength in public. I've seen sadness in photographs of my friends, as well as anger, meanness, petulance. These are qualities I'd be just as happy not to deal with, if the friend agrees to keep them hidden. In any case, I'm not convinced that what one person means by a facial expression is the same thing someone else sees in it.

Dr. Bellak, too, is puzzled by the profusion of signals that can animate a face. "What makes us judge that one person is intelligent and that another is a dull son of an ox?" he said to me. "My wife and I often play that game in a restaurant. You get an instant feeling."

When he was young, Winston Churchill used to declaim his fiery speeches into a mirror, according to his personal physician. Dr. Bellak also recommends the mirror as a good companion for a face reader. "Very often you are not fully aware of your underlying mood. . . . As you routinely study your face in the mirror, try to assume the normal expressions that others see in you. . . . Make an effort to assess candidly the prevalent facial expression: Is it downbeat or uplifted?"

Trying out expressions in front of a mirror works especially well if you take it for granted that appearance is the same thing as reality, or at least a perfectly good substitute. This is exactly the position cheerfully taken by the image consultant John Molloy. Having discovered through extensive research that success in the corporate world comes much easier to those who appear to belong to the upper middle class, Molloy wrote his *Live for Success* (Bantam) to urge the ambitious to learn upper-middle-class table manners, posture, verbal skills, and, yes, to carry their face muscles in an upper-middle-class manner.

The upper-middle-class face, he told me, is in control of its movements. "Lower-middle-class people, when they're not speaking, let their mouths hang open slightly on occasion, and upper-middle-class people almost never do this." Women at the top don't smile as much as other women, he said.

(That night, I happened to see an interview with the American-born Queen Noor of Jordan; in her queenly way, she hardly used her face muscles at all, giving an impression of constant serenity.)

When we look in the mirror we all see something that's intimately us, yet it's more than we can possibly describe. To judge people by appearances isn't shallow—it's about as simple as grasping the meaning of life at a glance.

Arthur Schopenhauer, the nineteenth-century philosopher, put it this way in an essay on physiognomy: "As a matter of fact, the face of a man gives us fuller and more interesting information than his tongue; for his face is the compendium of all he will ever say, as it is the one record of all his thoughts and endeavors. And, moreover, the tongue tells the thought of one man only, whereas the face expresses a thought of nature itself: so that every one is worth attentive observation, even though every one may not be worth talking to." ▽

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VOGUE FICTION SPECIAL

Ladies' Hairdresser

Under the dryer in the USSR— from one of Russia's most popular novelists

BY I. GREKOVA

EDITOR'S NOTE: *With illuminating warmth and humor, I. Grekova (a pseudonym that means "Miss X") unfurls the day-to-day life of a successful woman in Moscow. Miss X leads us to the little-known, higher levels of the Soviet bureaucracy, as we follow Professor Kovaleva, to her office at the Cybernetics Institute as well as to an epiphany at her hairdresser. From "Russian Women: Two Stories," to be published next month by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.*

I came home dog tired. The boys, of course, were playing chess. Seems to be some kind of male disease.

"What the hell is going on here?" I said. "Again those stupid chess pieces! How long is this going to go on?"

As usual, the table was a pigsty, littered with half-empty beer bottles and cigarette butts from an overflowing ashtray. Gigantic bubbles slowly swelled and burst in the beer bottles.

"Pigs," I said. "Don't you have anything better to do, with your exams right around the corner?"

"Gimme your paw," Kostya said fawningly.

"No paw for you. Pigs, that's what you are! I come home to a place that looks like a saloon. Just for once you could clean out the ashtray! Really, do I, an older woman . . ."

"Objection, Your Honor," said Kolya.

"Knock it off!" I shouted.

"Gimme your paw," demanded Kolya. I certainly shouldn't have smiled, but somehow I felt my lips parting and gave him my hand.

"Wrong one!" yelled Kolya in a frenzy. "The left one, the left one!" (The left is worth more because it's got the birthmark.)

"The right one's fine by me—I'm a nobody," Kostya sighed.

I gave him the right one, and each planted a kiss on the hand given him. Two bent heads, straw blond and coal black. My clowns. My sons. But you're not getting off that easy. I'm still mad.

"Clear the table this minute!" I shouted, trying to keep a straight face.

Kostya, groaning, loaded the ashtray onto his shoulder and Kolya began wiping the table with a pair of pants. I realized I was hungry as a wolf.

"Have you had dinner?"

"No. We were waiting for you."

"Is there anything to eat in the house?"

"No. We'll run down to the store right this minute."

"Really, this is too much," I said, again working myself into a rage. "Really, do—"

"Do you, an older woman," Kolya prompted helpfully.

"Yes! I! An older woman! Yes, damn it all! Old! And working! And bringing you up, you clowns!"

"But kindly note that, alas, you haven't brought that off," Kolya interjected with mock humility.

"God knows, that's true! My whole life's shot to hell! Down the drain for nothing!"

"Cool it, sweetie," said Kostya serenely.

I picked up a bottle and felt like smashing it on the floor, but didn't.

"No, I've had it. I'll take off and leave you to make it on your own."

"Live and let live," Kostya proclaimed in that same imperturbable tone of his.

"Cut it out. I'm serious. Life isn't a circus!"

"What was that you said?" Kolya inquired. " 'Life—is not a circus?' Permit me to make a note of it." He took out his notebook, licked the tip of his pencil, and took aim. "Life—you can see for yourself—is not a circus," he wrote down.

"And what's more," I interrupted him very loudly, "I'm fed up with everything! Fed up! Got it? I'll go to Novosibirsk. Or, better still, I'll get married."

"Well," exclaimed Kolya. "Now we're talking!"

"And why not? You think I'm so far gone I can't find someone to marry?"

"Only a lion tamer," said Kolya.

The hell with it! I slammed the door and went to the refrigerator to look for some milk. It was empty and encrusted with grime, with one solitary wilted radish on the second shelf. More like a crypt than a refrigerator. Not a drop of milk in sight, of course. But this morning there'd been some. "Down the hatch," as the kids' nurse used to say.

I've had it. I've had it, I thought, angrily combing my hair and tearing out whole clumps in the process. Two young idiots who can't take care of themselves, let alone their mother. Imagine, they stuff their faces while their mother goes hungry. I'm fed up with everything, everything. And this stupid hair—looks awful—half grown out, bedraggled, and how many gray hairs I've got now! All of it in such awkward places, like behind my ears. Other people go elegantly gray at the temples, but I can't even get gray hair properly—dull, dumb me! And those homemade bangs on my forehead! Well, you old fool, you set them yourself. And the rollers hurt when you sleep, so you can't even get a good night's rest.

I've got to do something about my hair. Seems a pity to get it cut after letting it grow for three years—all that work for nothing. The hell with that, I'll get it cut. Let the boys make their own dinner tonight. "I'll have a haircut and get down to business," as my dad used to say. My father had a rough life. Right up to his death he kept waiting to "get down to business."

"I'm going out," I said to the boys.

(Continued on page 170)

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"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 168)

"Where?" asked Kostya.
"To get married," answered Kolya.

The street glistened with fresh drops of rain. The leaves on the lindens were shining, newborn, and the streetcleaning truck rolled by, for some reason spraying its rainbow of water on asphalt that was already wet. I bought an ice cream and walked on, biting off the hard top with its candy rose decoration. My teeth ached dully, but I enjoyed eating lunch on the run like this—a bit like my student days.

I hurried along, the spring day was still young and people hurried by, including lots of pretty girls. I'll have a haircut and get down to business.

The enormous beauty salon window displayed long rectangular photos of girls intensely conscious of their coiffures. "All kinds of services rendered," read the caption. "First come, first served. No exceptions made."

Now or never. I tugged at the tall heavy door with the vertical inscription, "Pull." Inside was a repulsive smell of sweetish eau de cologne, singed hair, and something else. About two dozen women were sitting or standing around.

God, what a line. Maybe I should leave. No, I've made up my mind and I'll stick it out.

"Who's last?" I asked. Several heads turned and didn't answer.

"Could you kindly tell me who's last in line?"

"Here there are no last ones," joked a brunette with a protruding front tooth.

"Looking for the end of the line, citizen?" asked a middle-aged lady in light blue socks and with hair like a gray loofah. "The last one was standing behind me, but I guess she's left." Her hands were red, worn, and lay heavily on her knees.

"I'll get behind you, then, OK? What do you think, comrades, how long will it be?"

"Two hours at worst," answered the middle-aged woman. The others remained silent, but one of them, a pale, imposing blonde with a swanlike neck, turned to look me over with her bright blue eyes, and then turned away.

I'm not particularly shy, but for some reason women intimidate me, especially when there are a lot of them and they're involved in some peculiarly feminine ritual. It always seems to me that they must be passing judgment on me. Why? What for? For my glasses, for the English book in my net shopping bag, for whatever reason. I guess that's why I immediately felt attracted to that middle-aged lady in the socks. And she seemed to have taken note of me . . . another grandmotherly type. She moved over on her chair, making room for me.

"Come on, sit down. Standing won't prove anything." I carefully settled myself on the very edge.

"Don't worry, sit on your whole rear end. We'll fit. Mine's pretty skinny. Used to be bigger but it dried up." We made ourselves comfortable.

"I want a six-month perm," she said. "I'm afraid my husband's falling out of love. He's started flirting with a young chick."

"Got any children?"

"Sons. Two of them."

"Me, too." *(Continued on page 172)*

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"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 170)

"Does your husband play the field?"

"I don't have a husband."

She fell silent for a moment.

"That's the way the cookie crumbles. Sure, mine plays around, but he doesn't drink, and you don't have one at all. But don't give up. You're not all that old and you've still got meat on your bones."

"I'm not giving up," I said.

"Next!" shouted the plump hairdresser in a white coat and bright green tie from behind the door. The brunette with the tooth dashed forward.

"It's not her turn! Don't let her through!" the other women bellowed.

"But I'm here for a six-month perm," she retorted.

"Everybody's here for a six-month perm!"

"Me, too," I squeaked.

"The sign says 'all kinds of services . . .' "

"Yeah, first come, first served! In one orderly line, no exceptions made! You call this order?" The one orderly line roared in agitation.

"Don't cause trouble, citizens," said the plump hairdresser. "We'll take care of everyone, no favorites. Please believe me."

The brunette slipped into the salon. The clamor continued.

"He's sleeping with her," said the pale, blond, swan-necked lady.

"Big deal. You still have to keep some kind of order. What difference does it make who's sleeping with whom?"

"We'll demand the complaint book."*

"The manager."

"Call the manager!"

The gray-haired lady behind the coatroom railing took up her knitting, and in the cashier's cage, the pink-cheeked cashier in a white coat gone blue from starch yawned, took out a pocket mirror, frowned, and began putting mascara on her thick eyelashes.

Those eyelashes were the last straw. Goodbye intimidation—I marched up to the cashier.

"Give me the complaint book." She gave me an unfriendly look instead.

"What for?"

"None of your business. Any client at any time has the right to demand the complaint book." The line began rumbling, this time against me.

"The slightest little thing . . ."

"They take one person and she wants the book . . ."

"She'll write that complaint and people will get into all kinds of trouble. . . ."

"After all, you have to have some sympathy . . . they've got to make a living, too."

Complainers aren't popular around there, but I was mad.

"Citizen," I said like a policeman, "if you don't give me the complaint book this minute . . ."

The cashier emerged from her cage and walked to the back of the shop, saying, "I'll give you the manager this minute." Out came a dark and curlyheaded young hulk with the face of a butcher.

"What do you want, citizen?"

I explained to him *(Continued on page 174)*

*All Soviet shops have a "Book of Complaints and Suggestions," which clients may request in order to write down criticism or praise of the establishment or individual workers. (Tr.)

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You owe it to yourself

"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 172)

that the hairdresser had just taken a woman out of turn, and pointed to the other witnesses, but they weren't talking. He listened to me with no expression on his face and then shouted into the salon as though calling a dog. "Rosa!" Out came a freckled and pockmarked hairdresser in a gauze turban.

"Rosa, take this citizen out of turn."

"Yes sir, Ruslan Petrovich."

"You really think that's what I'm after?" I said to Ruslan, who shrugged and walked back into the salon. "You really think I need to be taken out of turn?"

"Rosa," I said to her, "please understand. I wasn't trying to get myself waited on. I just don't like chaos."

"It's you who cause chaos, you irresponsible and unreasonable women," said Rosa and also exited.

I returned to the line. The women were silent. Even the middle-aged one in the socks didn't budge and sat as though glued to her chair. Well, let her sit there, it was going to be a long wait. Leaning against the cool paint of the wall I stood and dreamed. It would be nice to go to Novosibirsk.* I could get a one-room apartment, better still, a room in the hotel in which I lived last time. It wasn't really a hotel, more a cute and funny little house, with green ears and a pink tummy. There are forests all around, and meadows with grass up to your neck. Birds sing in the streets, and the sidewalks are crowded with young scientists, spectacled, bearded, and happy . . .

And after all, maybe it would be nice to get married, get hitched to my old friend, my childhood friend, and go off to the Crimea to him, to Eupatoria. He's loved me his whole life long, still loves me, I know. Now he's already old—maybe ten years older than I am? As they say, somebody's old when he's ten years older than I am. Well, why not—go get married and get out. Let my two clowns finally learn how to take care of themselves.

I'll find an easier job. Or maybe I won't work at all, just go swimming in the sea, plant flowers in the garden, raise hens. Why not? I'll do the laundry, hang it out, starched and blue, in the sunny backyard covered with pebbles. And then he'll come toward me, with my soapy hands and wet, tousled hair, pat me on the shoulder and say, "Aren't you tired, my dearest? Relax, darling."

"No, I'm doing fine."

Nonsense. Madness.

"Who wants to be next?" called a young lad in a sharp voice. I started. Next to the line stood an eighteen-year-old kid with a tuft of hair sticking up on top of his head. He wasn't just thin, he was all angles: slim arms bare to the elbow, and a pale, wild face with fiery dark eyes. Like a young deer or a wolf cub.

"Who wants to be next?" he repeated. He looked at the ladies on line with contempt, as though they should be serving him and not he them.

"I do."

"So do I."

"Me too."

"I got here first!"

"No, I did."

"Incidentally," *(Continued on page 176)*

*Novosibirsk—the reference is to Akademgorodok, a major university town near Novosibirsk. (Tr.)

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"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 174)

said the kid, "I am obliged to inform you that I am not a full-fledged hairdresser—I'm only a trainee and am quite capable of disfiguring you."

The women fell silent.

"No, thanks. We'd better stay in our nice little line," sighed the middle-aged one.

I made up my mind. "Let's go for it, disfigure me."

The kid started to laugh. There was something wild not only in his eyes but also in his smile. He had sharp, bright white teeth.

"I like the way you put that—'disfigure me.' I shall do my best not to do so. Come in."

He took me into a rear cubbyhole instead of the salon. Two hairdressers in black instead of the familiar white coats were muttering incantations over two female heads bent back over tarnished iron basins. One was applying coloring with a shaving brush while the other scrutinized a green liquid in a measuring glass. Do they really dye hair green?

It smelled different back there, pungent and stuffy. At the rear door, two suspicious-looking punks in tight pants and with slanting sideburns were carrying on a cryptic conversation in low tones that reeked of the black market.

"Thirty bottles of the blond stuff and fifty setting lotions along with them," said one.

"Don't worry," said my trainee, "I'll do your hair behind this screen."

The flimsy blue screen wobbled unsteadily. On the wall in a cheap gold frame hung a certificate, "A Leader among Enterprises." I sat down in the chair.

"Take out the pins," the kid ordered. I took them out. He picked up a lock of hair, felt it, ran it through his finger, and tested another one.

"Your hair is splitting," he said, "the result of curling it yourself. What would you like?"

"A cut . . . and a six-month perm, if that's possible."

"Everything is possible, including a six-month perm. But I warn you that in today's world that method is old-fashioned. If it were up to me I would suggest a chemical wave."

"A chemical wave?"

"Precisely. It's the most modern kind of coiffure. Kindly remember that they've practically stopped doing the six-month perms abroad; they've all gone over to chemical waves."

"How's that different from the six-month one?"

"Day and night. The six-month perm makes one look like a ram. Perhaps some people are fond of rams, but personally I'm opposed to them. Chemical waves give a more interesting line to the coiffure, as though it were fluttering in the wind."

I suddenly wanted my hairdo to flutter in the wind.

"Well, go ahead with it," I said. "Will it take long?"

"At least four hours. You can do hack work in two hours, but I'm not in the habit of doing hack work."

"That means till eleven?"

"Or eleven-thirty."

I thought of Kolya and Kostya sitting at home with no dinner, and wondered if those dummies were bright enough to buy themselves something. *(Continued on page 178)*

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"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 176)

Well, they had to get used to it sometime.

"OK," I said, "let's get going."

"Don't worry," the kid said suddenly, "my qualifications are equal to those of a full-fledged hairdresser, perhaps even better. Right now it's more profitable for me to be a trainee than a full-fledged hairdresser. I don't have to fulfill a plan,* I've got less responsibility, and I can experiment freely with anyone who gives me her head to practice on."

"I'm not worried," I replied. "The stakes aren't high this time around. Just think what great beauty you could destroy."

He again laughed his peculiar laugh, flashing his teeth for a second.

"You put that nicely. 'Just think, what great beauty.' That's true."

Well, so much for that. I was asking for it.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Vitalik."

"I can't stand those diminutives: Valerik, Vitalik, Vladik, Alik—all you hear is ik, ik, ik. That kind of hiccuping noise sounds terribly strange in Russian."

"What's that? Sounds strange in Russian? Why?"

"There never used to be such strange endings in Russian, and now they're all over. There's something sentimental about them, like baby talk. Just try to imagine the characters in *War and Peace*—Nikolai Rostov, Andrei Bolkonsky, Pierre Bezukhov—what if they had been named Kolik, Andrik, Pierik?"

He laughed again. "That's interesting. So you shouldn't say Vitalik?"

"You can, but it's better if you don't."

"Then what should my name be?"

"Just 'Vitaly.' It's a nice, euphonic name. 'Vitaly' means 'vital.' "

"Just a second, I'll make a note of that." He took a large, dog-eared notebook out of his coat pocket. "Vitaly—vital. Incidentally, I write down various ideas in my notebook."

"What kind of ideas?"

"Different kinds, dealing with various aspects of life. For example, the following notion: He who does not respect his own time does not respect himself. Incidentally, that's true."

"Who's idea is that?"

"Mine. Is your hair clean?"

"I guess so. Washed it yesterday."

"I'll have to take your word for it."

Boy, I thought, is he strict. I felt like a patient in a surgeon's office, and timidly examined the unfamiliar instruments.

"And what's that hatchet?"

"A razor, for ladies. A chemical wave is always done with a razor on wet hair. Lower, please."

His curt orders ("bend lower") had something stiffly formal about them, not like the usual hairdresser. Most hairdressers are nicer when they talk about your hair. He sternly chopped off the wet locks, raised them, pinned them, combed them out, cut them again. Half an hour passed.

"If I'm not mistaken, you said that one shouldn't say Vitalik," he said. "And what about Edik? Is there such a name as Edik?

(Continued on page 180)

*Plan—the production quotas, assigned in advance, that all Soviet enterprises must fulfill. [Tr.]

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"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 178)

I've got a friend named Edik."

"He's probably Edward."

"Isn't Edward a non-Russian name?"

"Right, it isn't Russian."

"From where do we Russians get names like that?"

"They were fashionable for a while, and I think that was a stupid fashion."

"Do you have children?"

"Two boys."

"How old?"

"The older one is twenty-two and the younger is twenty."

"Like me. I'm also twenty, going on twenty-one. What are their names?"

"Kolya and Kostya. Plain Russian names, the best kind."

"I thought Tolik or Edik were more interesting. Or even Slavik."

"It just seems that way to you. When you have children I suggest you give them the simplest kinds of names—Vanya, Masha . . ."

That amused him. I don't know whether it was the idea of simple names or that he would have children.

He kept on cutting. Turns out it takes a lot of time to do in one female head.

"Much longer?" I asked.

"Lower, please. Yes, quite a while to go. It's a complex procedure. Excuse me for asking—you referred to several first names and last names—Nikolai, I think, Rostovsky, Andrei Bolkonsky, and then Pierre. I think it was Pierre. What's his last name?"

"Pierre Bezukhov."

"Right. I wanted to ask you, is Pierre really a Russian name?"

"No, it's French. In Russian, it's Pyotr."

"But I think you said that Vitalik or Edik doesn't sound Russian. And yet you yourself mentioned that French name Pierre."

The kid had me there! He'd mulled it over and nailed me.

"Yes, you're right. I didn't choose the best example."

"And who are these people you're talking about? Andrei and Nikolai and Pierre? Are they Russian?"

"Yes, but at that time, you know, the upper classes usually spoke French."

"At what time?"

"The time of *War and Peace.*"

"What war? The first imperialist one?"

I almost burst out laughing, but he was deadly serious. I saw his stern, anxious face in the mirror.

"Vitaly, have you really never read *War and Peace*?"

"Whose book is that?"

"Leo Tolstoy's."

"Wait a second."

Again he took out the notebook and began flipping pages. "Got it. Here it is: Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace.* That work is included in my plan. I'm following a plan for my intellectual development."

"Didn't you read *War and Peace* in school?"

"I wasn't able to finish school. Life made too many demands on me. My father drinks a lot and my stepmother's too religious. I had to get away from them, so I wasn't able to finish my education. I barely got through seventh grade, but finishing *(Continued on page 182)*

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"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 180)

my education is part of my plan. So far I've been unable to devote myself to this in earnest because of my housing problem, but I've still managed to make progress. I follow my plan and read assorted books."

"What are you reading now?"

"I'm reading Belinsky."*

"What of Belinsky?"

"The complete collected works."

He opened his soft leather case and from under a heap of curlers, wooden sticks, vials, and other things pulled out a heavy brown volume. I opened the book to the title page: *The Complete Collected Works of Vissarion Belinsky, Volume I. Menzel's Critique of Goethe.*

"Vitaly, are you really reading all this?"

"Chronologically. I don't like jumping around. By the end of this year I should have finished the complete collected works of Belinsky."

"And who makes up the plan for you?"

"I do, with advice from older friends. I went to see my old Russian teacher, and she gave me a couple of names. Some of my more cultured clients also help me work on my plan."

"But a year for Belinsky! That's an awfully long time, Vitaly."

"What's a year? I'm still young."

The haircut seemed to be coming to an end. I was afraid to look in the mirror. Every inch of my head felt that I had gotten a short, ugly, obscene cut. Well, the hell with it! I'll shave my head to spite them.

"Vitaly," I asked, "what are you planning to do later on?"

"Wet it with the chemical solution and set it."

"I'm talking about your life, not about my hair. What are you planning to do later on?"

"I've also thought through that question. I'll continue my intellectual development, take the high school equivalency—"

"And then?"

"And then I'd like to go to college."

"What college?"

"I don't know yet. Perhaps you could suggest one?"

"That's rather hard, I don't know your interests or talents. What do you think you'd like to do?"

"Dialectical materialism."

My mouth fell open. Interesting kid!

"What would you do with that, Vitaly? Do you want to teach, be a theoretician, do scholarly work?"

"No, I don't think I'd like to teach. I don't feel a bent toward teaching. What I'd like to do is precisely what you said. I'd like to do scholarly work."

"What reasons do you have for thinking you're capable of that? It's not so easy!"

"I have lots of reasons. First of all, from earliest childhood I've enjoyed reading political literature, like *New Times*, the *Unesco Courier*, and other publications. In school I was always one of the best at current events."

"That's pretty far removed from scholarly work. But . . ." I hesitated. He was staring blankly at the mirror and at the rollers, the vials, the scissors.

"I think," he said *(Continued on page 184)*

*Vissarion Belinsky (1811–1848), a famous Russian critic who judged art only in terms of its social value. (Tr.)

HALSTON

PHOTO: DANIEL DE AZOULAY AT THE BOCA RATON HOTEL

Lillie Rubin

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XVI

"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 182)

firmly, "I could be useful working on dialectical materialism. Do you know where people get training in that?"

"Yes," I said. "Moscow State University, the philosophy department."

The setting procedure was a long one, and we spent the whole evening together. Vitaly worked carefully on my hair, set it on wooden sticks like sexless hyperboloids, wet it with the solution, covered it with thick, foaming soapsuds, rinsed it once, rinsed it again, set it in rollers, dried it, and combed it out. He was getting tired, and beads of sweat appeared on his narrow forehead and on both sides of his long straight eyebrows. It was already a quarter to eleven when he ran his comb through my hair for the last time, stepped back, and I permitted myself a glance in the mirror.

Good God! So that's what it's all about, those chemical waves, a shining, vibrant mass of dark hair in which my gray hairs were submerged like glittering white threads. It didn't even look like hair, but rather like expensive fur—a big, full cap that sat lightly on my head. And that curving little lock that seemed to fall casually from the left side of the coiffure . . . as though the coiffure had just been blown by the wind.

"Are you pleased?" asked Vitaly.

"Fantastic! You're really an artist!"

"It's too soon to call me an artist, but if I take up this profession I'll really try to become one."

"Thanks, many thanks! How much do I owe you?"

"Five rubles—pay the cashier. Anything more is purely up to the client."

It was hard to tell from his expression whether he was satisfied with the client's contribution. He simply took the money and said a stiff "Thank you."

"Goodbye, Vitaly," I said. "I'll drop in again sometime, OK?"

"I'm going to stop working here," he said. "I'm going back to my old shop. I've already picked up everything I could from the hairdressers here."

"Where's the old shop?"

He gave me an address and telephone number. I wrote them down.

"Vitaly, what's your last name?"

"Vitaly Plavnikov."

"Vitaly Plavnikov," I wrote. "I'll keep you in mind. You're a good kid, Vitaly Plavnikov. Let me introduce myself. I'm Marya Vladimirovna Kovaleva."

He gave me his hand and said, "I've also picked up something from you."

I went home. The apartment was quiet (the bums were asleep), but the light was on in my room. I went in, and on the round table under the old-fashioned orange lampshade was a bouquet of flowers surrounded by bottles of milk. Sandwiches had been carefully laid out on a large plate—good Lord, what sandwiches: ham, smoked sturgeon, caviar. . . . In the bouquet was an envelope, and in the envelope was a letter. They were feeling repentant, the little devils.

The letter was typewritten, two pages long. What the hell? *(Continued on page 186)*

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"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 184)

"All pigs on this earth are similar both physically and in terms of their character. The pig's voice is a strange grunt which cannot be termed pleasant, even when it expresses satisfaction and spiritual contentment. . . ."

Damn, what nonsense. What next?

". . . Female pigs are not as irritable as males, but are just as courageous. Though their small fangs cannot inflict serious wounds, they are no less dangerous than hogs, since they will not let go of the object of their wrath, but will trample and bite it, ripping out whole chunks of flesh. . . ."

So that's what they're getting at!

". . . Small piglets are very cute indeed. Their youthful exuberance and agility are in sharp contrast to the sluggishness and clumsiness of old pigs. The mother gives them little care and often does not even prepare a suitable litter before giving birth. Frequently, when tired of her crowd of piglets, she eats a few, usually strangling them first." (Brem, *Life of Animals,* Vol. 2, pp. 731-745.)

"You scoundrels, you jerks," I groaned, but I couldn't keep from laughing, and even from shedding a few tears. Something fell down in the boys' room and in came Kostya in his undershorts, very sleepy.

"So?" he asked. "Got it?" Then, suddenly seeing me, he howled, "Mother! What a hairdo! Yipes! Nikolai, move it! Just look at mom!" Kolya crawled in, also in his undershorts.

"On behalf of the scolded pigs," he mumbled. Then he froze. "Well, well . . . Uh well," was all he said. "Gimme a paw."

I gave them each a paw, the right one to Kostya, the left to Kolya. Once again each kissed the hand given him. I looked down at the two heads—straw blond and coal black. My dear, dear fools. How on earth could I possibly leave you?

The next day I went to work, just as I always did. Well, not quite as always. On my shoulders was a head, and on the head—a hairdo. I took that head with the hairdo to wor...

My secretary, Galya, looked at me with surprise—I would like to have thought with admiration—but she only said, "Oh, Marya Vladimirovna, you had calls from somewhere, either the Council of Ministers or the Council on Cybernetics, I forget which."

"What did they want?"

"I forgot that, too . . . I think they asked you to call."

"What number?"

"I didn't ask."

"Galya, how many times do I have to tell you, if you can't remember something, write it down."

Galya was embarrassed. Her round, blue eyes had a damp, guilty look.

"Excuse me, Marya Vladimirovna."

"OK, Galya, but be sure this is the last time."

"The last time, Marya Vladimirovna, on my honor, the very last time." She left.

Everybody tells me to get rid of Galya, but I can't. I know that she's no secretary. She's a problem, a burden, but I still keep her. I probably love her. I never had a daughter and I really like her. I like her china blue eyes, slim waist, plump calves on chunky legs. Also, she interests me. *(Continued on page 188)*

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"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 186)

I had to make a couple of phone calls, and picked up the receiver. As I expected, Galya was chatting with her Volodya. They were making a date to go to a mindblowing film this evening called *Fanfares of Love.* They'd been tying up the phone a long time, but never mind, I had time. Fanfares of love . . . I put down the receiver.

What's Galya's life all about? That's what I'd like to know. Is there really nothing more than that outer shell? Wait for the workday to end, and then the movies, Volodya, dancing, clothes? Well, why not? After all, that's living, too. She'll marry her Volodya, she'll carry a bright satin bundle. There was a time when I carried those bundles, but not satin ones, not in the midst of the war. Maybe I didn't quite bring off bringing them up, but they're still good kids, my boys.

My deputy director, Vyacheslav Nikolaevich Lebedev, came in. Once, when we were trying to do away with "superfluous expenses," we decided to share an office. A stupid old man, he jabbers away and dyes his hair.

"Marya Vladimirovna, you look stunning today!"

He kissed my hand. Usually he doesn't do that.

"I've had my hair done, that's all."

"No, no, really. Our 'old guard' is doing fine."

Sure, "the old guard." I imagine him slinking into a cubicle just like the one I was in yesterday, and behind the plywood screen an athletic Ruslan applies the dye to his hair. Brrr . . . But why not, after all? And if he had been a woman?

"How about the budget request for the laboratory?" I asked coldly.

"Not approved."

Well, I figured that. If you want to be sure of a refusal just give any matter whatever to Lebedev. One look at him and everyone wants to give him a kick in the pants.

"What did they say?"

"Review the request for foreign equipment, and replace fifty percent of it with Russian equipment."

"Did you tell them that Russian equipment of this type doesn't exist?"

"They say that our industry's getting there."

"Getting there? And how long will that take?"

Just try and work with colleagues like that. I lit a cigarette and started to look over the estimates.

He nervously waved the smoke away, saying, "Why do you smoke? It's crude, unfeminine."

"Perhaps, but you're *too* feminine."

I was sorry as soon as I had said it. Lebedev turned pale and said, "Marya Vladimirovna, it's sometimes very difficult to work with you."

"Excuse me, Vyacheslav Nikolaevich."

Now he's sulking. He made a reasonable excuse and left. I remember how my nurse once said to me, "Marya, your tongue trots ahead of your mind." It's still that way.

I can't stand it when people are angry at me, it really makes me ill. Now that Lebedev had left I felt totally stuck. Where had he gone? Was he roaming *(Continued on page 190)*

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Paul Barton

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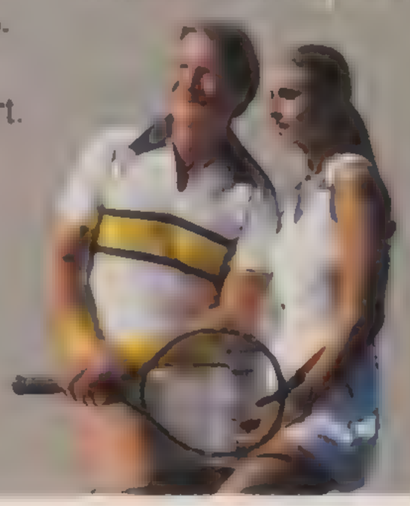

"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 188)

up and down the corridors somewhere, pale and upset? Or complaining to someone who'll tell him, "What do you expect? A dame is a dame."

Galya came in, her eyes lowered, embarrassed.

"Marya Vladimirovna . . ."

"Have you forgotten something again?"

"No, Marya Vladimirovna, I wanted to ask you something. Could I go downtown, just for a little while?"

"To see Volodya?"

"No, how could you think that? It has nothing to do with Volodya."

"Well, what for, if it isn't a secret?"

"They've gotten in some one-size-fits-all stretch stockings in GUM."•

"All right, if that's the case, run along."

Stockings, of one sort or another, have always been in short supply. There used to be shortages of imitation silk stockings, then of imitation nylon ones. Now it's one-size-fits-all stretch. During the war, of course, there were shortages of everything.

"Marya Vladimirovna, maybe I could get some for you, too?"

"Absolutely not."

"Then I'll get going."

"Go, but go right away."

How inconvenient. She's usually of no help whatsoever, but just today I did want her to get someone on the phone for me. I should have thought about it. A natural human need—sometimes just to think.

I haven't been doing any research work for a long time now. When they saddled me with the Institute I knew that I'd have to stop my own research, and I told them that. "Don't be ridiculous, Marya Vladimirovna, we'll give you a first-rate deputy." And where is he, my first-rate deputy? Sulking away—hope it won't be for long.

If you count in absolute, astronomic time, then I guess I'm not so terribly busy. I could grab two hours or so a day for research. But it doesn't work. A research problem requires total concentration, and I've got to pay attention to a thousand little trifles. I'm all over the place. For example: there's no plywood for the work cubicles; engineer Skurikhin's got two wives; the military wants a report on problems of modern cybernetics; in a week they're planning to tear down the garage. Where will I put the cars?

Shredded attention, shredded time. Perhaps there's not so little of it, but I never get it in a big chunk. As soon as I'm ready to work, in comes a visitor. It's no use sending him to Lebedev. He'll just bounce him back to me. It used to seem to me that the Institute was always on the verge of running smoothly, and soon I'd get my big chunk of time. But eventually it became clear that that was a utopian dream; I'd never get my big chunk of time.

There was a knock at the door. The girl from the dispatcher's office stuck her head in.

"Marya Vladimirovna, excuse me. Galya isn't here, and I've got a document for you. They said it's very urgent."

"Hand it over."

I took the document. "On May 21, 1961, at 10 P.M. on Gorky *(Continued on page 192)*

•GUM: Gosudarstvenny Universalny Magazin, the largest department store in Moscow. Tr.

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"LADIES' HAIRDRESSER"

(Continued from page 190)

Street, Citizen Mikhail Nikolaevich Popov was detained; said citizen was behaving totally irrationally, and declared that he was employed by the laboratory of the Institute of Computers. On being brought to the police station Citizen Popov relieved himself against the wall and the surrounding area. . . ."

"All right, I'll take care of it," I said.

The girl left and again I tried to concentrate. Something glimmered faintly. Again the telephone—the hell with you, you goddamn epileptic! I took the receiver.

"Yes."

"Miss," said a self-confident voice, "give me Lebedev and be quick about it."

"Yes, indeed," I said, "but I suggest that before you call someone 'Miss' you find out if she is or is not a 'Miss.' "

"What's that?" asked the caller.

"Nothing," I said maliciously. "You are speaking to the director of the Institute, Professor Kovaleva, and I can assure you that I am not a 'Miss.' "

The voice emitted a gurgle. I hung up. A minute later the phone rang again. It rang for a long time, insistently, but I didn't pick it up. So he wants to apologize, the boor. Let him worry.

But I really shouldn't have done that. He's not actually to blame for anything. Carrying on pompously like that: "Director of the Institute, Professor Kovaleva." An old fool, that's what I am, a vain old fool. When are you finally going to wise up? "I'll have a haircut and get down to business." Well, I'd had the haircut, but I hadn't yet gotten down to business.

After that call I calmed down, sat quietly by the phone and politely said, "Marya Vladimirovna isn't in. Would you like to leave a message?" and wrote it down. I was that ideal secretary I would have liked Galya to be. By the way, Galya didn't come back. Nor did Lebedev.

It was more difficult with visitors. I couldn't tell them "Marya Vladimirovna isn't in," and each had his own problem, as sticky as electrical tape. As usual, my time was completely shredded, but somehow I kept working, writing, scratching things out and rewriting, my free hand clutching my hair, smoking, crumpling papers. The phone calls had finally stopped, and when I came to it was ten o'clock in the evening. The solution to the problem was working. I checked the computations once more. It worked. Good God, perhaps it's for such minutes that life is worth living. I've lived a long life and can state authoritatively that nothing—neither love, nor motherhood—nothing in the world yields as much happiness as those minutes.

Once again I had forgotten to have dinner. I locked the safe and went down the hall. Everyone had left a long time ago, and in the coatroom my frayed raincoat hung in splendid isolation. I stopped at the mirror. Terrific; a pale, old face, dark circles under the eyes, not a trace left of yesterday's hairdo fluttering in the wind. It looked as if a herd of monkeys, not the wind, had taken charge there.

I put on my coat and went home. A brief shower pattered like a tap dance on the little leaves in the trees. And as always, I splashed the backs of my stockings.

—Translated by MICHEL PETROV

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LETTER FROM ITALY

European women—how they feel about men, success, the good life—from feminists to Princess Caroline

BY SUSANNA ZEVI

Princess Caroline wore a strapless black dress, a dark suntan, a white bouquet, bright-red lipstick, and an implacable smile. She was flanked by a young lady-in-waiting who jerked about like a puppet, clutching the Princess's elbow and turning frantically in every direction to smile for the press. Prince Albert was gracious, calm, blond, smiling shyly from time to time behind his gold-rimmed glasses; he wore a blue blazer and white pants and looked absolutely American. The crowd—that is, The Press and The Money invited to the opening of Monte Carlo's *Biennale Internationale des Antiquaires, Joailliers et Galeries d'Art*—were all dressed to kill and even though they should have been blasé about seeing the Monaco royals (who appear every single week in all Italian popular magazines since the marriage of Grace to Rainier), they went instantly gaga at the arrival of the group.

Chairman of the Biennale, the charming antiquarian Jacques Perrin, greeted the royals and led them through the exhibit. The tour began with Boucheron's stand, where the Princess took the arm of smiling, blue-eyed Alain Boucheron who swept her along his bullet-proof showcases full of big multicolored jewels one felt like eating, like candies. There were rock crystal rings, and necklaces with carved emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, and bands of diamonds and gold; rings and earrings with color couplings that would tickle a punk youth, like the walnut-sized acid-yellow diamond earrings with two triangular bluish-red rubies on the sides. . . .

But the crowd had their eyes glued on Alain and Caroline, their little laughs and whispered conversations, as well as on Albert, who now looked bored, so they managed to overlook some of the finest pieces of eighteenth-century French furniture ever—as well as paintings and carpets and objects all thrown in and offered with nonchalance to the immensely well-off visitors. That was quite some marketplace. For example, Maurice Segoura's, Jacques Perrin's, and Daniel Malingue's stand. The three old foxes had arranged their things together so the stand really looked like some magnificent home. Segoura's seventeenth- and eighteenth-century signed furniture—like the exceptionally rare rosewood writing table inlaid with flowers—were mixed with Perrin's Louis XV pieces and Malingue's *(Continued on page 196)*

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LETTER FROM ITALY

(Continued from page 194)

Impressionist-and-after paintings. Modigliani's "Lucienne" hung over a big table, Cézanne's "Portrait of Madame Cézanne" was over a lovely commode. The prices alone would have lifted anybody's mood: that commode is $300,000, one was kindly informed; the Cézanne, $2 million; the Modigliani, $1,100,000. But you could take away Marie Laurencin's delightful "Two Girls" for a mere $70,000. High life!

Daniel Malingue, playing host in the stand, was witty and happy: "The market is very good," he said, "the only difficulty is finding enough good pieces." As for the carpets, Yves Mikaeloff had a selection of silk Oriental beauties to suit the most delicate foot. One example in his $30,000 to $500,000 array was the rare "Polish" carpet of silk, gold and silver, one of those the Emperor of Iran used to offer as diplomatic gifts in the seventeenth century. It was $500,000.

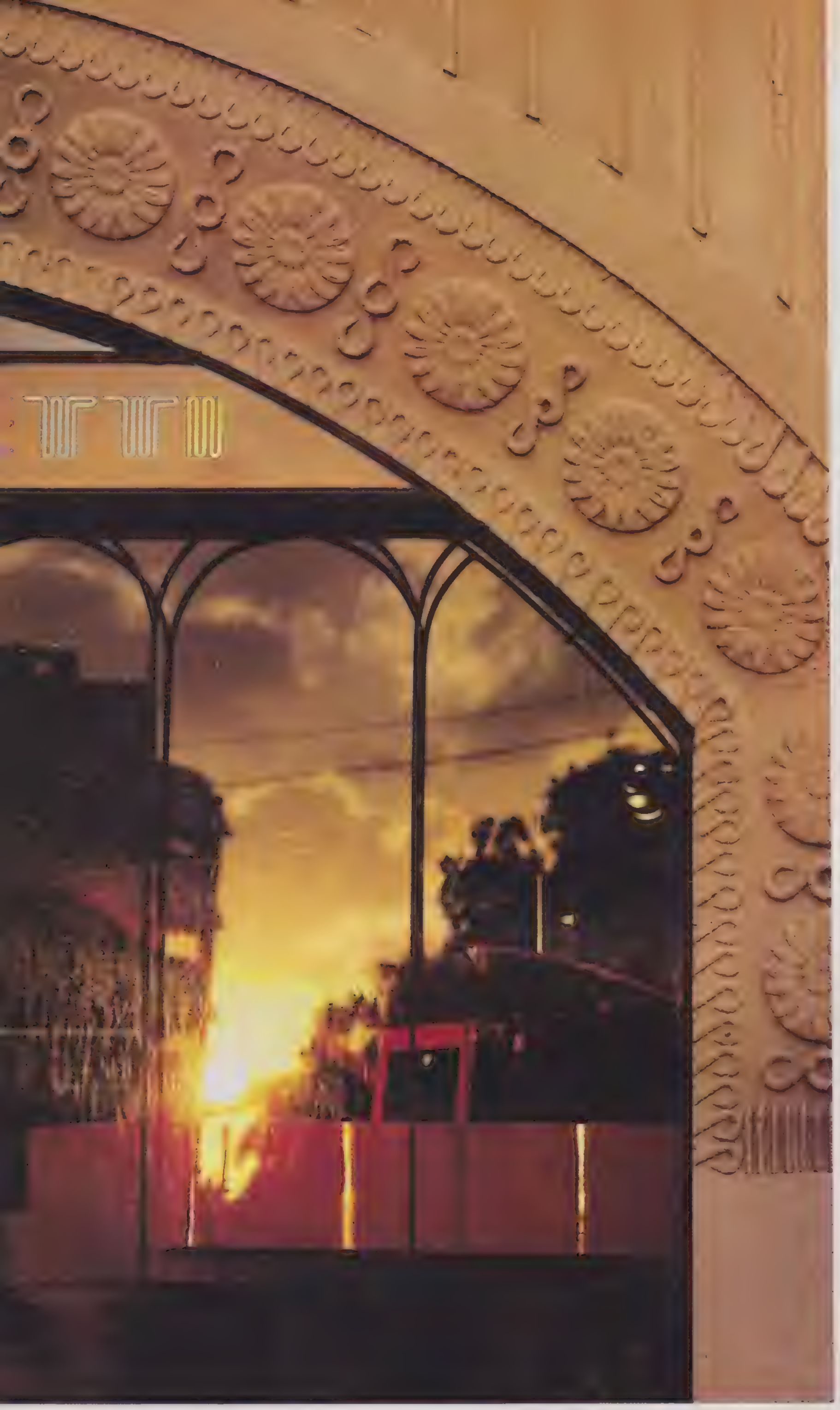
A refreshingly understated stand, for a change, was that of Ariane Faye's Gallery, owned by the most beautiful and elegant exhibiter at the Biennale: Ariane Dandois. She had brought from her Paris gallery many Chinese and Japanese chairs, tables, chests, and screens—and an extraordinary seventeenth-century Japanese wooden tiger, life-size.

Emeralds and sapphires one felt like eating, like candies

Who are the biggest buyers at this Biennale? Mostly Italians, I was told. Who knew we were so rich?

Actually, we *are* grand. Italy's the only country that has three First Ladies instead of one. There is the President's wife, mysterious Miss Carla Voltolina (Mrs. Pertini), who keeps such a low profile she refuses to live in the Presidential residence. Then we have the new First Lady, Anna, wife of the Prime Minister, Mr. Craxi. A newcomer to the public scene, an efficient cordial woman, she is organizing a big dance at La Scala—the first in history—for the middle of December. Benefits will go to the Cancer Research Fund. Maria Pia Fanfani is a former First Lady, but as Chairman of the Italian Red Cross she is so active it's as though she were still in office.

So much for First Ladies, but how about regular Italian women? As Lorelei Lee in Anita Loos's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* judiciously put it, "The central [sic] of Europe is no country for us girls," and this 1920s statement still holds. Nevertheless, some women have made it, either to powerful positions in politics or industry, or to an intelligent way of life. Senator Susanna Agnelli, entrusted by the Foreign Office with the bilateral relations between Italy and the Americas, and member of the Executive Board of Cultural Affairs of the Foreign Office, has an unflattering idea of us though. She tells me, "The main difference between Italian and *(Continued on page 198)*



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LETTER FROM ITALY

(Continued from page 196)

American women is that the major interest of Americans is the community, the country where they live, its functions and the way they function within it—whereas the main interest of Italian women is their own little personal life. . . . The outlook for working women here is quite dark: Italian laws concerning women's work have become too progressive. Take for example the six-month, fully paid maternity leave, which makes women's work cost more to employers than men's work. This way, whenever an economic crisis occurs, women will always be the first to be fired. . . ."

Christiane Collange, writer, TV celebrity, feature editor, for fifteen years, of France's *L'Express* magazine, author of European polemical best sellers *Je veux rentrer à la maison* [*I want to return to the home*] and *Ça va les hommes?* [*How are you, men?*] thinks that the difference between European and American women concerns their relations with men. "We have more intense, though less aggressive, relationships with men: we are not ready to pay for our independence by breaking up with them. We try to join efficiency with charm."

Christiane knows what she is talking about: four beloved sons, eight grandsons, two ex-husbands, a current companion, and an in-

> ***"We have more intense relationships with men"***

tense Parisian social life have not hindered her brilliant career. "Competition should not lead necessarily to sentimental disaster; or at least let's hope!" she laughs with her customary high spirits. To the contrary, it's rather frightening to see the kind of relations there are now between men and women in the United States. A sort of underground warfare seems to be the norm, with an intolerance for feminine values, no complicity between the sexes, no warmth . . . Not amusing!

Laura Lepetit, a Milanese publisher, seems to have obtained the best of two worlds—and she has been doing this with such lighthearted coolness she radiates well-being. Her one-woman publishing house dishes out twelve little masterpieces, handsomely wrapped, each year. For the moment, she publishes only women; she will publish men if they use a feminine pen name. Dorothy Parker, Grace Paley, Jean Rhys, Edith Wharton, Stevie Smith, and Ivy Compton-Burnett are among her authors, as well as a series of underrated Italians and Europeans. Lepetit does everything herself, between her tiny office and her lovely large house with a luxuriant terrace, overlooking a green little piazza.

The mother of two boys whom she calls Troglo and Dyte (together, they spell "troglodyte"— she disapproves of their lack of manners), mother, also, to a dog, a witty cat, and a horse, Giulia, Laura *(Continued on page 202)*

Bill Blass at John Baldwin

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LETTER FROM ITALY

(Continued from page 198)

Lepetit started her company in 1975 and she directed her life against the stream—in the sense that she always made it a priority, while running the company, to respect the quality of her life. She considers this almost a political issue. It was not easy for her to reach a balance: it is not accepted, in the male-dominated business world, to give priority to certain values, such as believing in the ideals of culture instead of money, and being ready to defend those at the cost of a lesser productivity.

"But to go against the stream is exactly what women should do," says Laura unhurriedly, "each one keeping in mind she is not alone but part of a great community. Women who adopt men's values are losers: they find themselves in an environment that doesn't respect their way of being. Society has this schizophrenic division, with men taking care of business, destruction, and war; and women in charge of mending the mess. This crazy division should be ended, and a way to do it would be for women to gain awareness of the importance of both their work and their personal values.

"Italian feminist militants actually tend to focus on awareness more than on concrete political demands now. It is important that women don't feel isolated but part of an effective solidarity of ideas. What we should learn from American women, though, is a more pragmatic approach to life and business: we tend to be too philosophical. The ideal would be a combination of the two."

While women think, men govern. Newly leading party PSI (Partito Socialista Italiano), eyed with more than the usual amount of suspicion and distrust by the rest of the country, is busy building a new image. Says Bruno Pellegrino, member of Milan's City Council and of the Executive Board of the Socialist Party, in charge of the Party's cultural policy: "The malaise felt about politics and political class in Italy is the main concern of our cultural work. Our country needs institutional as well as political and economic reform. [True.] The goal of the present administration is a freer, more Fabian society, where parties have a less invading role.[Sounds too good to be true: political parties have been sharing control of all activities and services, from health care to TV, from education to opera houses, from transport to art shows—with hair-raising results.] So on one side we want our society to become more involved, more responsible, and more pragmatic, and on the other we want parties to become less invading, more modern." . . . Big date for the ruling PSI is the beginning of 1984 with the party's Convention, which should mark the passage from ideological to a pragmatic culture in Italy. Long live the experts in every field!

While we wait for the miracle (Italy's specialty) to happen, the sky is grey, and the season is frantic with work, fights, parties, traffic jams, and rushes that eat up our lives. Fortunately, Italians have a tradition of a ten-day break at Christmas. So, with the last gasp, dark circles under our eyes, grey faced, we drag our things into a car and drive to the mountains. The crisp clean air will repair our souls and bodies and make us fit to survive the year to come.

Favorite destinations are, first, St. Moritz. Though geographically in Switzerland, St. Moritz really is in Italy. All natives speak Italian and most chalets are owned by Milanese who ski a bit, then have a sauna with family and friends, dress up, invite twenty for dinner, and end up dancing at the Hotel Palace's King's Club. For Romans and Venetians there is Cortina d'Ampezzo, where one hardly skis, rather spends the day drinking at Caffé Posta, the evening at dinner parties, and always wears something Cortinese, maybe a trimmed shirt. For those who had a German nanny *and* didn't refuse to talk to her during their childhood there are German/Swiss Milanese resorts like Zermatt and Gstaad and Kitzbühel.

For the real sport lovers and nature lovers, South Tyrol is that strange charming place on the Austrian border of Italy: a region where the natives, officially Italians, look and behave like the most intensely German of all Germans. Mostly dressed in traditional folk clothes, such as dirndls and lederhosen, they'll give you a dirty look if you address them in Italian. They live in Hansel & Gretel cottages; the place is movingly beautiful and well kept. A suite of valleys with huge forests, medieval villages, chalets with plenty of flowers; and everything from the castle to the humblest, most archaic farming tool is maintained in perfect condition. South Tyrol is a paradise for cross-country skiing, intarsia knits, *apfelstrudels,* and other marvels, all in a blissfully un-touristic atmosphere. Only somehow, you can't help thinking of all the "witches" burned right in front of the same sixteenth-century straw-roofed houses so perfectly preserved with tender loving care. Happy Christmas! ▽

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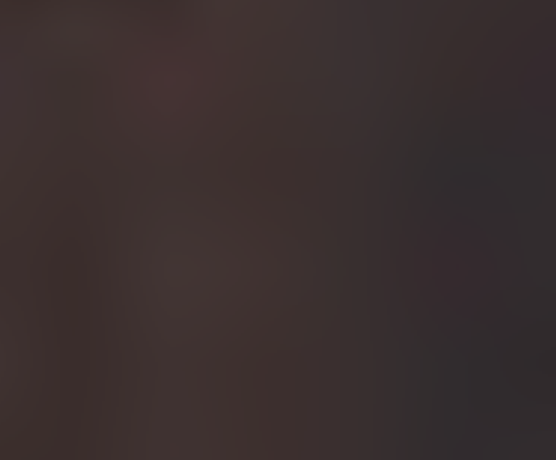

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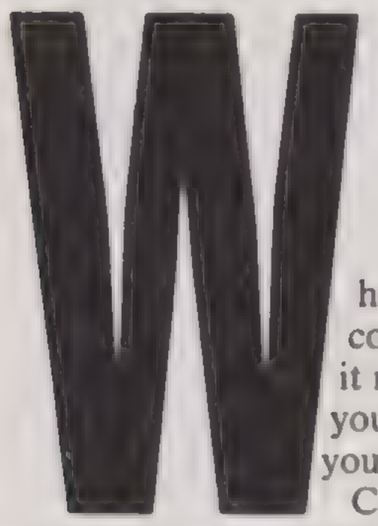
Your Well-Being

By Barbara Lang Stern

Ways to interpret a compliment, come up with the best response



When is a compliment not a compliment? Often, when it makes you uneasy: "Oh, you're so much nicer than you used to be!"

Contrary to what you've probably been taught, you don't have to respond to a compliment with a smile and a "Thank you." When your intuitive reaction is negative, a lot of the time you're right and can find another answer.

"Compliments are not always straight-forward; they can be disingenuous, or carry barbed innuendos, challenges, or putdowns along with them," says C. Tracy Orleans, Ph.D., clinical psychologist and assistant professor of medical psychology at Duke University Medical Center, in Durham, North Carolina. "My favorite illustration of the putdown form of compliment is the classic 'You don't sweat much for a fat girl!' What can you say to that? I think often you need to separate different aspects of a compliment, and respond one way to the favorable or praising part and differently to the negative message. So with this extreme example you might reply, 'Thanks, I *don't* sweat much; and I don't think it's your business how fat or thin I am!' "

Once you separate the positive and negative aspects of a compliment, you can decide whether to respond to one or both parts. Suppose your supervisor says dubiously, "This is quite a good job you did, especially for a newcomer." ("Especially for a girl" might have been tacked on a few years back.) Do you smile and say thank you to a halfhearted compliment? One alternative is to concentrate on the praise: "Thank you, I'm glad you think it's a good job." Or you could continue, addressing separately the doubt and challenge you heard: "I *am* a newcomer, but of course I had three years' experience with Astor and Brown."

Most people have been disconcerted by left-handed compliments that cast an aspersion while they praise: "Oh, your hair looks so much better this way!" Just how you take such statements depends on your relationship to the speaker. To a close friend who you know likes you, wants you to look your best, and is attempting to make you feel good, you might say, "Thanks—but I never knew you didn't like my other hairstyle." And a quick discussion might follow. But when you sense some real hostility behind the so-called compliment ("You're so much nicer than you used to be!"), you can always answer with a question: "Am I to take that as a compliment?" Or you can rephrase a universal judgment and make it one person's opinion: "Oh, you think I've changed?"

A senior law partner reports her experience while briefing a client: "I was explaining the legal points of a corporate question and giving my recommendations. I was doing a good job, and I thought I had his rapt attention, but in the middle of what I was saying, he said, *'You're a charmer!'* And he meant it. And it threw me off my course completely. I was so upset and angry and insulted that he was admiring and complimenting the cuteness or the manner, rather than hearing and respecting the substance; but at the same time I was complimented! I *am* a woman and this was a man. I heard myself saying 'Thank you,' and I knew instantly that that was a real violation of myself; it was such a wrong thing to say at that time. In a way, what he had done was similar to the man who wants to trivialize an angry woman instead of dealing with her outrage so he compliments her: 'You're so pretty when you're angry!' Anyhow, I managed to continue talking, but I'd lost my beat and my confidence.

"Later, I thought, 'It would have been better for me to say nothing, just look at him long enough to make him wonder, and then go on.' After all, what I wanted was not to make a scene, just to be able to continue. But if I'd had the aplomb, I'd really have liked to give him a mixed compliment in return: 'How nice, if you'd only said that at a different time.' "

Dr. Orleans observes, "Compliment-giving meets many different needs. Somebody who is feeling insecure may offer compliments as a way of trying to get on a better footing with the person he or she is insecure with." In one sense, the compliments may be sincerely meant; yet they have an ulterior purpose. Depending how you feel toward the individual, you might accept the compliment and add reassurance that enables the individual to feel secure and stop the complimenting: "I'm happy you like my apartment, and I'm really *glad* you're here." Or you might offhandedly deflect the compliment to maintain distance or superiority: "I owe it all to my decorator." Showing you really appreciate someone's compliments means admitting that this person's approval, and by implication, disapproval, is meaningful to you.

One caution: if you seldom or never feel that compliments are deserved, chances are you're so self-critical that whatever is being praised already has fallen short of your own inner standards and feelings of worthiness.

Finally, modesty is a doubtful excuse for rejecting sincere compliments. It's not even modest! You're imposing *your* opinion or standards on someone else and causing both of you to feel let down. Furthermore, modesty can be a way of angling for more praise. So why not savor the accolade? "I can live for two months on a good compliment," wrote Mark Twain, who had high standards: he also said compliments "always embarrass me: I always feel they have not said enough." ▽

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Vanity Fair

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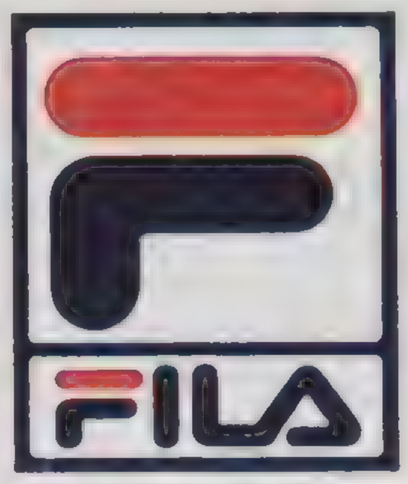


Women & Cars

By Lillian Borgeson

Winter threats: ice, snow, sleet. Are your brakes ready for them?

In winter, safe driving has as much to do with the stopping as with the going. Knowing whether, when, and how to brake on slip-and-slide surfaces can be extremely helpful to your health. Some tips:

● You need more room to stop on slippery roads, so avoid sudden maneuvers. Abrupt changes in speed or direction can put you in big trouble. Moving smoothly, slowly, and in controlled fashion keeps you out of it. Stay on top of what's happening by shifting your eyes from the close view directly ahead to the far view down the road and then to the rear view, so you can anticipate lane changes, turns, and stops and make them gradually. Be on the alert for other drivers' panicky, uncontrolled braking or lane changing . . . which can trigger your own need to stop or maneuver more quickly than you want; try to make your own slowdowns and stops as smoothly as possible.

● Slow down well ahead of icy intersections, where the "polishing" created by other cars' starting and stopping makes the surface as slick as a debutante's dance floor. Stopping safely on ice means you'll *never* slam the brakes hard; that invites skidding and loss of control. Instead, gradually increase pressure on the brake, releasing before the brake locks. "We call it 'squeezing' instead of 'pumping,' " says Ray W. Burneson, coordinator of winter-driving programs for the National Safety Council. "Squeezing works as well with older drum brakes as with newer brakes; it's a good habit to develop no matter what you drive."

● Tune in on subtle situations that may demand your smoothest, most alert braking response—for example, light rainfall and fallen leaves. The road may look dry, but moisture trapped under the leaves can make it slick and treacherous; drive and brake with caution.

Another unexpected danger: "patch ice." Weeks after most of the road is clear and dry, there may be shaded spots that have frozen up again during the night. When you see a shady stretch ahead, slow down and be prepared for ice-oriented braking. Frost can also form sooner and last longer on bridges and overpasses, so here again, slow down ahead of time.

Keep in mind also that light rainfall after a long dry spell can make a slippery, dangerous surface when new moisture mixes with old oil and dirt. Slow down and brake carefully until heavier rain washes the film away. At the other extreme, when rain water is deep enough to get the brakes wet, be prepared for uneven or nonexistent braking until you dry them out. Do it by applying light pressure on the brake pedal as you drive forward very slowly.

● *Don't* brake when you skid on a slippery surface; braking only makes the slide worse. Instead, take your foot off the gas and turn in the direction of the skid: if the rear wheels slide right, turn your front wheels right; if the rear wheels slide left, turn your front wheels left.

Taking care of your brakes

Every time you step on the brake pedal, you activate a series of connected parts that are like many other car systems: complex in some ways but simpler than you may think. You'll be way ahead this winter if you know the names and functions of the parts most likely to need routine and emergency attention:

The *master cylinder* stores the *brake fluid* that makes the whole system work. The pressure of your foot on the brake pedal sends fluid out of the master cylinder through the *brake lines*—hoses and tubes that go to each wheel. That fluid pressure is then transmitted to metal pieces—the brake shoes in drum brakes, the discs in disc brakes—that produce the friction that slows or stops the wheels. To keep the friction from wearing out the brakes prematurely, the metal pieces are buffered by a heat-resistant material called *brake lining.*

To maintain the system in top shape, have the brake fluid in the master cylinder checked once a month; fluid level should be kept at a quarter-inch from the top. Have brake lining checked every ten thousand miles; though it can last for forty thousand miles or more, you have to expect a much lower number when you do a lot of stop-and-go in-town driving. Watch for these signs of real brake trouble:

Brake fluid has to be added frequently or in large amounts. Suspect a leak in the fluid system, probably one of the brake lines. See a mechanic immediately.

The brake pedal goes all the way to the floor. Probably caused by loss of brake fluid; may indicate worn-out brakes. Either way, have the brakes serviced immediately.

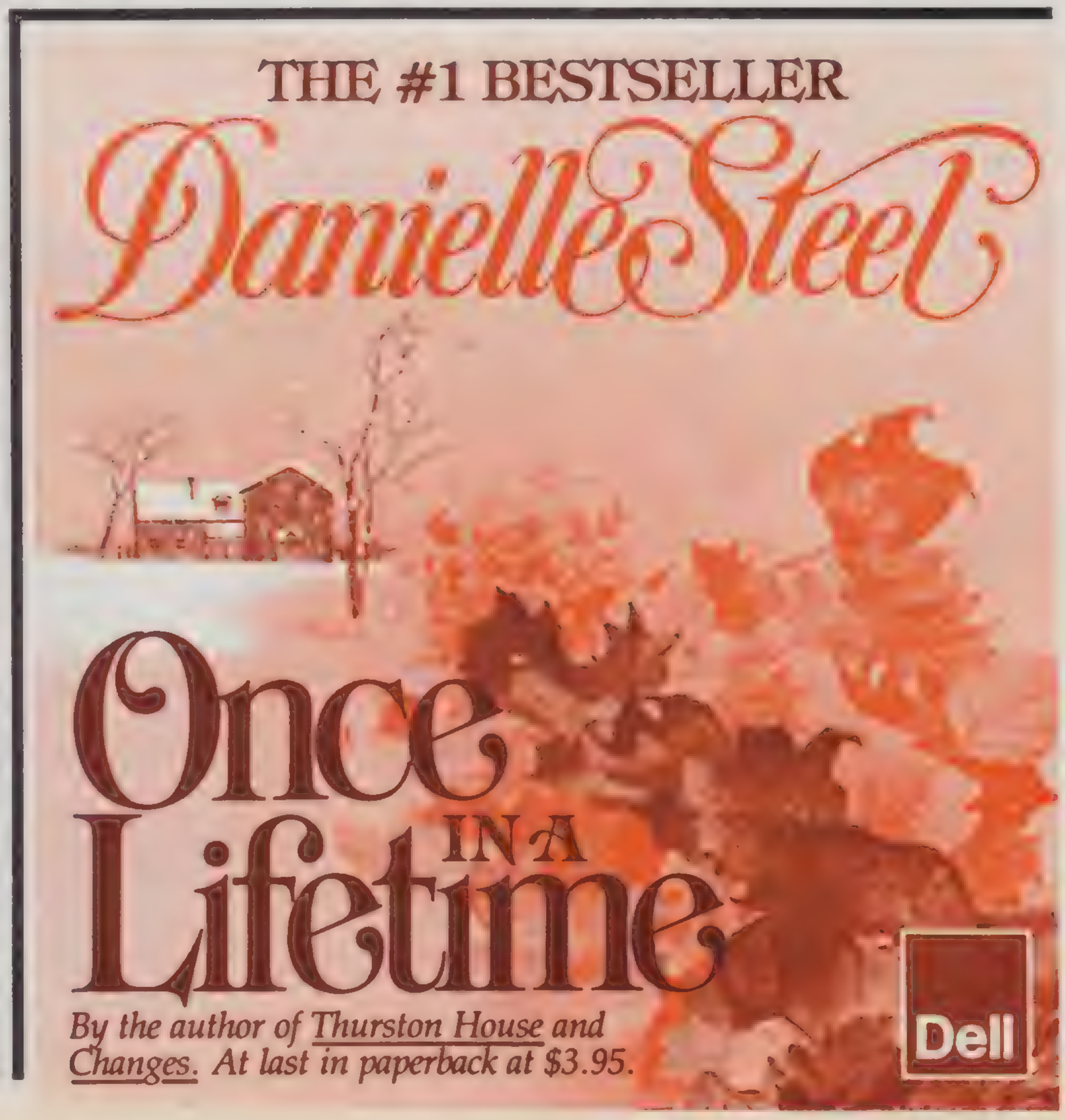
There's a spongy feel when you press the brake pedal. It's caused by air in the system, usually in the brake lines. Have the air "bled out" of the lines and the brakes checked.

The brakes make a chattering sound. Maybe the brake lining is loose, or one of the metal pieces is warped. You need immediate service.

There's a grinding-metal squeal when you brake. This can be caused by normal wear and may not be as deadly as it sounds. But have the brakes checked as soon as possible.

The dashboard brake light stays on. First be sure your parking brake has been released all the way. If it has and the light stays on, DON'T DRIVE. There may be a break in the fluid-pressure system. Have the car *towed* to a mechanic.

The car pulls to one side when you brake. This is usually caused by normal wear, but it can't be tolerated in wintry weather. Says Burneson: "You need equal braking on all wheels to avoid a skid," so get the car to your mechanic right now. ▽



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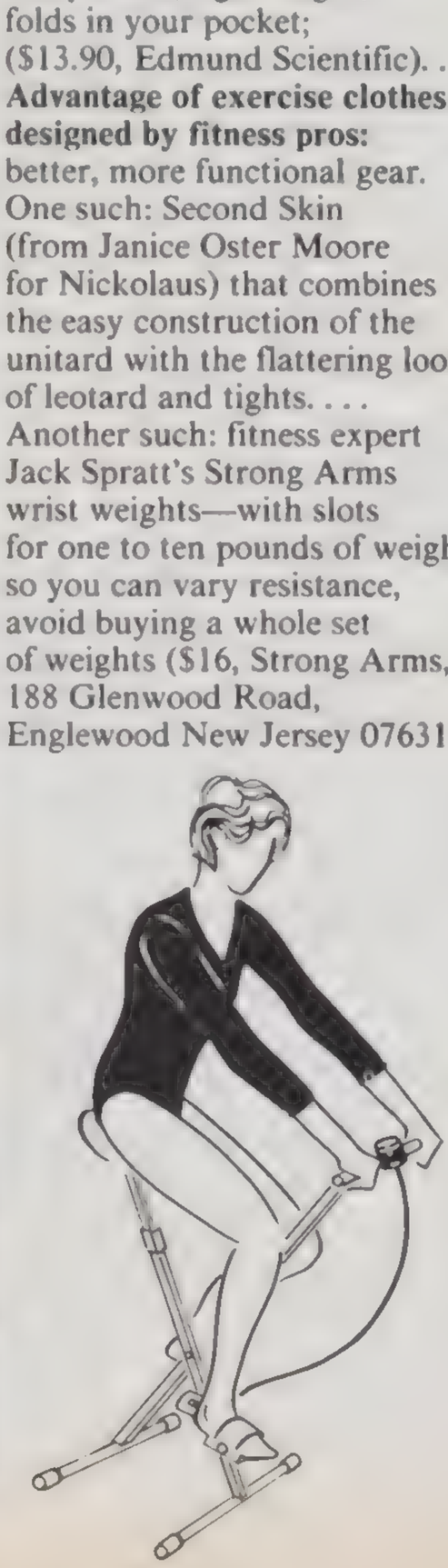

HIGH HEELS

''The notion that high heels are bad is basically a myth,'' says John F. Waller, Jr., M.D., chief of foot and ankle services, Lenox Hill Hospital, NYC. ''High heels worn for reasonable amounts of time are not known to cause foot deformities or permanent postural changes; but a good fit and comfort are very important.'' Walking in high heels, however, can be tiring--the reason most experts suggest a low, broad heel if you're walking long distances. One positive result of the extra effort your body expends walking in high heels: this inefficiency may also mean a slight increase in the number of calories you burn with every step!

WHERE TO GO: In L.A., the Stephan Studio (213/652-9244) works one-on-one with clients (above, Stephan with actress Maggie Seawell) specifically to stretch, tone, improve alignment. In D.C., Somebodies (202/338-3822) offers total-fitness classes—aerobics, isometrics, isotonics, and yoga—plus private lessons, special children's/pregnancy classes, and a full-service body-skin-care facility. In NYC, Thea Korek teaches dance-movement-based classes—to stretch, tone, energize—in a wonderful loft/exercise space (212/724-8889).

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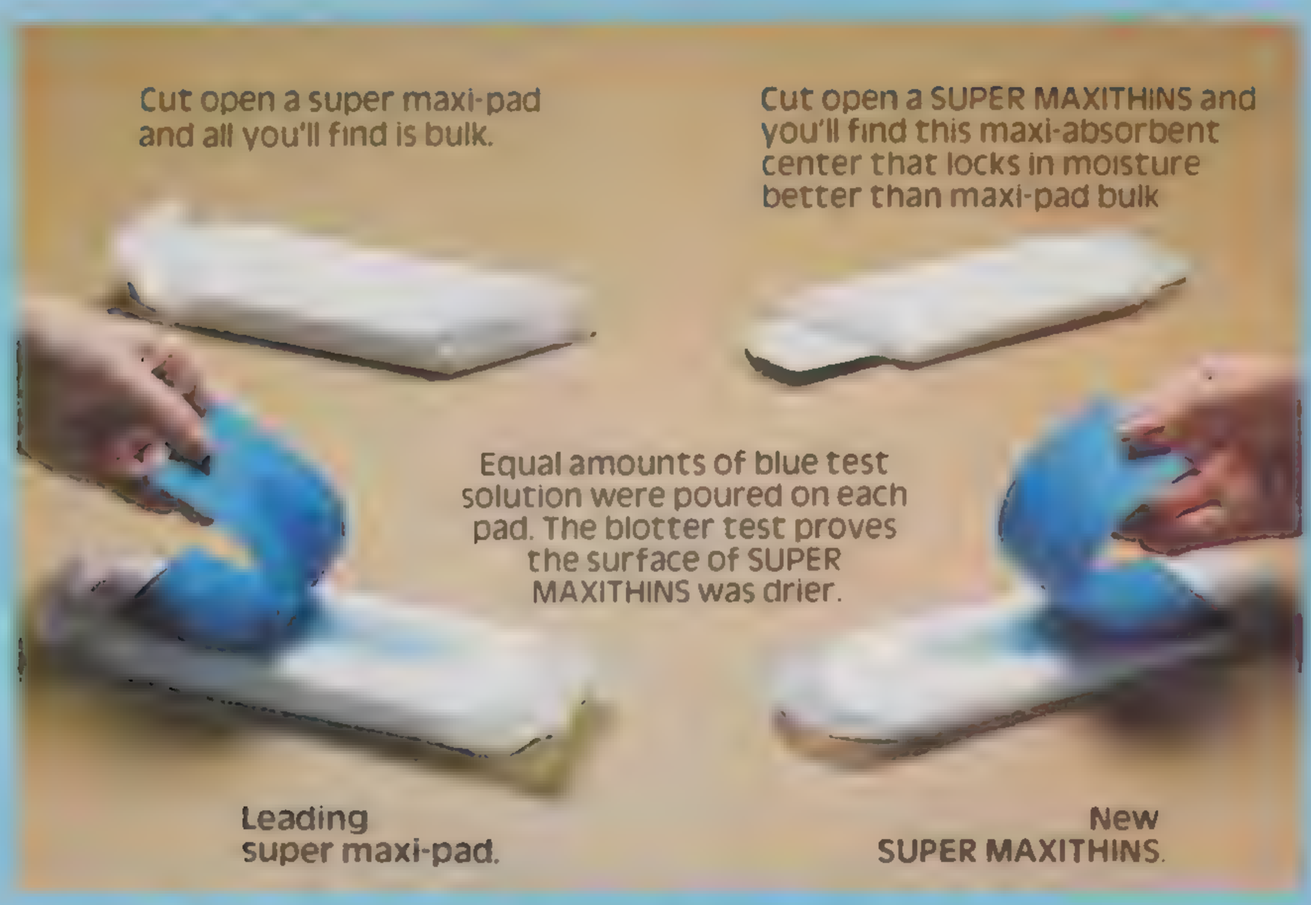

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THIS YEAR
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Brief Encounters

Intimacy: a few words' worth from some significant books of the month

Double Yoke *by Buchi Emecheta, a young Nigerian woman writer who is now living in London (George Braziller)*

The Falls itself was heavenly and the dwarf palm plantations that led to it were well tended. "With plantations like this, we can never lack cooking oil, don't you think?" The professor wanted to know.

Nko nodded.

"We are such an oily nation; oil from the ground, oil from our trees?"

Nko pretended not to hear him. And after a while the professor seemed not to care. He was going to have her, she dared not refuse, and if the worse came to the worse, he could make her his second wife. Many Christian leaders he knew in Nigeria had several wives, so what was wrong in his marrying a second one. He knew that part of the State very well. He had brought many barren women there to pray for them by the majestic Kwa Falls. Even Nko welcomed the cool air-conditioned room with toilets that really flushed.

They ate and the professor drank spirits. She made do with Pepsi, and like a wooden doll, she let the man have what he wanted. He thundered and pushed her around and promised heaven and earth, but Nko was very still. At the end she asked, "Have you finished now? I must have a wash." Her voice was icy.

The drive home was quiet. But when they neared the campus, Nko said slowly and clearly, "I want a First Class honours degree. I don't care how you do it, I want a First Class honours."

"One has to work very hard for such grades, you know," replied the professor, his voice uncertain.

"You mean as hard as I have worked today at the Kwa Falls?"

"Don't be silly, you must have enjoyed it."

The sound of Nko's laughter startled the man and surprised even herself. "You know, you must have known sir, that people are saying that you may be the next Vice Chancellor—I understand the Indian one we have at the moment will leave at the end of this semester. You being a devout Christian, an Efik and a professor, will be the natural choice and that would be really nice."

"Yes, everybody knows that I intend to get the post, and I will."

"You will sir, but make sure I get a First Class honours degree."

Nko was now out of the car. She faced the man squarely, her little face was determined. This was the type of determination Professor Ikot had never seen on the face of any woman, to say nothing of a woman so young. For a moment his face betrayed fear; Nko saw it, and how she loved that fear. "Don't worry sir, I won't do or say anything foolish, just think of what Ete Kamba would do: he would not believe me as you rightly guessed, but how many people would vote for a professor with a tarnished name?"

"Nko, Nko, you are upset. I should not have taken any advantage of your position. But I did not know you still took such things seriously."

"You mean I take sex like food? That all the girls on this campus do that simply to pass their exams? I'll tell you sir that most girls here come to read for their degrees. If they become what you think, which is 'prostitutes Nigerian style,' it is because people like you made them so. But with me sir, you are not going to be let off lightly."

"But why did you not make any protest or refuse at Kwa Falls?"

"After you gave me that small lecture on virginity; I was not born yesterday. When you said that, I knew I have lost Ete Kamba. It's too late to go back now sir. My reward is a good degree."

"But you can't go through life using your bottom to get what you want?"

"I did not believe in bottom power until today sir."

The Diary of Beatrice Webb Volume Two: *"All the Good Things of Life," 1892-1905. Edited by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie (Harvard University Press).* On Bernard Shaw: Persons with no sense of humour regard him as a combined Don Juan and a professional blasphemer of the existing order.... Silly these philanderings of Shaw's. He imagines that he gets to know women by making them in love with him. Just the contrary. His stupid gallantries bar out from him the friendship of women who are either too sensible, too puritanical or too much 'otherwise engaged' to care to bandy personal flatteries with him. One large section of women, comprising some, at

You mean I take sex like food?

any rate, of the finest types, remains hidden from him. With the women with whom he has *'bonne fortune'* he also fails in his object, or rather in his *avowed* object—vivisection. He idealizes them for a few days, weeks or years, imagines them to be something utterly different from their true selves, then has a revulsion of feeling and discovers them to be unutterably vulgar, second-rate, rapscallion, or insipidly well-bred. He never fathoms their real worth, nor rightly sees their limitations. But in fact it is not the end he cares for: it is the *process.* His sensuality has all drifted into sexual vanity, delight in being the candle to the moths, with a dash of intellectual curiosity to give flavour to his tickled vanity. And he is mistaken if he thinks that it does not affect his artistic work. His incompleteness as a thinker, his shallow and vulgar view of many human relationships, the lack of the sterner kind of humour which would show him the dreariness of his farce and the total absence of proportion and inadequateness in some of his ideas, all these defects come largely from the flippant and worthless self-complacency brought about by the worship of rather second-rate women. For all that, he is a good-natured agreeable sprite of a man, an intellectual cricket on the hearth always chirping away brilliant paradox, sharp-witted observation and friendly comments. Whether I like him, admire him or despise him most I do not know. Just at present I feel annoyed and contemptuous. ▽

VOGUE December 1953

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Gift-giving—why it's good for the economy

The money you spend comes back to you—as jobs, wealth, growth

BY SUSAN LEE

The 1983 holiday season has started down the runway. Even the most disorganized are generating gift lists and pondering party plans, while the organized are quite possibly drawing up budgets. No matter what the approach, the result—in aggregate—has dynamite implications for the economy.

It's simple, really. The holidays mean spending. Big, big spending. And as the premier spending time of the year, this season is also a critical time for the economy. Consumer spending is, after all, the most powerful engine of economic growth: It accounts for almost two-thirds of the Gross National Product.

Over the short run, a period of strong consumption expenditures can provide a snappy lift for the economy. Witness what happened last spring and summer when consumers came roaring back from last year's recession, engaging in a buying spree that fueled the recovery at a pace far more energetic than forecasters had anticipated. Over the long run, however, sustained feverish spending can have two undesirable effects. First, it can depress the saving and investment necessary to maintain the nation's capital base, and so sap productivity; second, the demands spending creates on the economy can bump up against the nation's capacity to produce, thus causing price inflation.

Healthy consumption can practically ensure prosperity

In short, consumers exercise great sway over the economy: healthy spending levels can—virtually—ensure prosperity. How much consumers spend, then, is a question of moment.

In fact, consumer spending is so important that the government collects acres of statistics to measure it and employs hundreds of bureaucrats to forecast it. Outside of the government, economists map and model it. Private industry scrutinizes its every twist, and business publications graph its smallest wiggle.

All this attention has yielded some results, too. Although individual spending patterns may seem less than rational, there are broad determinants of what will move people to buy a ski house or to abstain from buying a new car.

Most obviously, spending depends on income. The more money coming in, the more money is available to go back out for goods and services. But few spend all their income as they receive it. Instead, most spend only a fraction of this money. Just what that fraction is depends, in part, on savings needs. After all, a decision to spend is also a decision not to save.

The percentage of income that is saved depends on many variables. For example, the higher the rate of return on savings, the more income will be saved. Too, if people expect their future spending needs to increase—higher taxes, impending unemployment, lower salary increases, or even a blow-out week in Paris—they will save a greater portion of current income. And, of course, vice versa: if inflation starts streaking out of sight or a substantial raise comes through, savers can become big spenders.

Both of these responses were evident during the past decade. Throughout most of the 1970s, the fraction of income people were willing to save dropped. Low after-tax rates of return and high rates of inflation double-whammied incentives to save. That was somewhat reversed in the 1980s by the recession, which created anxiety over job security, anticipation of lower pay increases, and declining inflation. During the 1981–1982 period, the rate of increase in consumer spending slowed a bit.

(Continued on page 220)

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GIFT-GIVING

(Continued from page 219)

A third determinant of consumer spending is wealth. A person who is, or simply feels, wealthier will be more likely to increase consumption. A stock-market rally, a bullish bond market, or a run-up in housing prices can leave consumers feeling flush and confident. Conversely, if measured wealth takes a tumble, spending will slow.

Interest rates figure quite prominently in spending and saving decisions. Say that real rates of return (the profit you make *after* inflation) on investment instruments are high—then, people will have incentives to save more. Or, say that consumer-loan rates are low—then, spending on durable goods will rise. Likewise for mortgage rates: low numbers here can add up to a lot of home buying.

Beyond the influences on decisions to consume or save in the short term, there are theories on what determines those decisions in the long term. The first—the life-cycle hypothesis—holds that uneven income leads to uneven consumption. That is, people experience low income during the start of their work life, higher income during the middle, and then diminished income during retirement. Thus, people consume more and save less at the beginning and end of the life-cycle, but save more and consume less during the middle.

The holiday season is the economy's premier spending time

The second theory—the permanent-income hypothesis—argues that, on the average, people smooth spending over their lifetimes. In other words, no matter where they are in their earnings cycle, they will spend a constant percentage uninterrupted by either a year of unemployment or an enormous bequest from Aunt Amy.

A third theory maintains that consumption is based on relative income. People will spend depending on how they perceive other people's spending. Specifically, those whose income is below the national average will spend more, proportionally, than those whose income rests above it.

These three theories all come with supporting data, of course. And all three have had some success in explaining and predicting consumer spending. But their explanatory powers extend only to behavior over the long haul. They are little help in deciding whether to spend $25 at the hairdresser, or whether to save a Christmas bonus.

In the end, we make these decisions all the time, trading off our role as consumer with our role as saver. The individual decisions may seem minor; but all together, they determine the course of the economy—particularly the decisions made during the holidays. A big spending season will send money flowing into the economy, creating jobs and wealth and growth. As veteran *Business Week* editor Seymour Zucker observed: "A cheery December can make merry well into the New Year." ▽

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Law & Women

By Janet Kole

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THE CHRISTINE CRAFT CASE—A NEW WAY TO FIGHT DISCRIMINATION

When Christine Craft was demoted from her job as TV anchorwoman on Channel 9 KMBC-TV in Kansas City, Missouri, she thought she had been discriminated against on the basis of her sex. It wasn't that she was being paid less than her male co-anchor, or that there were no women anchors on the news; her predecessor had been a woman as well. It was that, despite her journalistic skills, her employer took her off the air because he considered her "too old, too unattractive, and not deferential enough to men." On August 8, 1983, a Kansas City jury awarded her $500,000 in damages, agreeing with Christine Craft that the company had lied when it told her it was hiring her for her journalistic abilities.

Craft charged the owner of the station, Metromedia, Inc., with sex and pay discrimination, fraud, and misrepresentation. Interestingly enough, the jury found for Craft on the claim of fraud. The four-woman, two-man jury decided that the station misrepresented its interest in Christine Craft, telling her she was wanted for the quality of her work when what they actually cared about was her looks.

This is a landmark decision for a number of reasons. The first is that the jury utilized a traditional tort ("wrongful act") approach when it awarded Craft damages instead of relying on claims of sex discrimination under the Civil Rights Act or the Equal Pay laws. This is a whole new approach to more subtle kinds of sex discrimination—the kinds that are not clear violations of specific laws, such as the Equal Pay Act.

A second important issue that emerges from the case is how pervasive the subtler forms of sex discrimination truly are in the professions, despite all the gains women have made. Especially in high-visibility professions, there is a carefully maintained illusion that strict sexual equality is observed. The reality, is much grimmer. Subtle forms of sex discrimination occur all the time. As the evidence produced at Craft's trial showed, although her journalistic skill was the ostensible reason for her hiring, the real reason Craft was on the air had to do with her looks.

A communications expert who testified on Craft's behalf stunned the jury when he testified that Metromedia's television station had done a viewer survey on the physical attractiveness or appearance of Ms. Craft and several other female newscasters. No such questions were asked about the station's male newscasters. A woman with good journalistic skills may have an opportunity to rise up in the ranks of television journalism, but only, it seems, if she also has traditional female looks and attitudes.

Despite the high visibility of female journalists like NBC's Jane Pauley, CBS's Diane Sawyer and Leslie Stahl, and PBS's Judy Woodruff, the latest Equal Employment Opportunity Commission report, issued in 1979, showed that less than 17 percent of network correspondents were female. Women still have a long way to go in television news.

Metromedia does not intend to give up on the Craft case without a fight. If it survives review, this landmark case will shake up the TV news industry, and also provide a framework for discrimination suits where the sex discrimination is subtle and does not involve the more traditional equal-pay/equal-work formulation.

SAVING MONEY & TIME—ARBITRATION

For women in business, every money-saving device helps. One way to keep costs down is to anticipate problems. If you've worked out a way to deal with them ahead of time, when crises crop up they can be resolved quickly.

For example, Cricket Graham, a contractor for building construction had a major headache when some Sheetrock she bought was defective. Because it had to be replaced, the rest of her construction job was held up. And for every day Graham went past the deadline for completion, she had to pay the building's owner $100. Unfortunately, Graham's supplier declined to share responsibility for her difficulties. Luckily, Graham had included an arbitration clause in her purchase agreement. The dispute was settled within the month by a three-person panel; Graham didn't get everything she wanted, but she did recover some of her costs, and got the job back on track fast. Arbitration is an invaluable time-saver, since it's so much speedier than the courts. Court cases, by contrast to Graham's one-month wait, often take five years or more just to come to trial.

Attorneys are not necessary for some kinds of arbitration, but most people prefer to be represented by lawyers. "I was too fired up to do a good job for myself," said Graham about her case, "so my attorney handled it. It took her ten hours—a friend of mine had a similar problem, went to court, and found that her lawyer spent more like fifty hours on her case."

Where can you find arbitrators? Anyone knowledgeable in your field can be one; knowing legal rules is less important than the ability to understand the intricacies of your case. You can locate experts in various fields by contacting the American Arbitration Association or your local or state Bar Association.

("Law & Women" continued on page 228)

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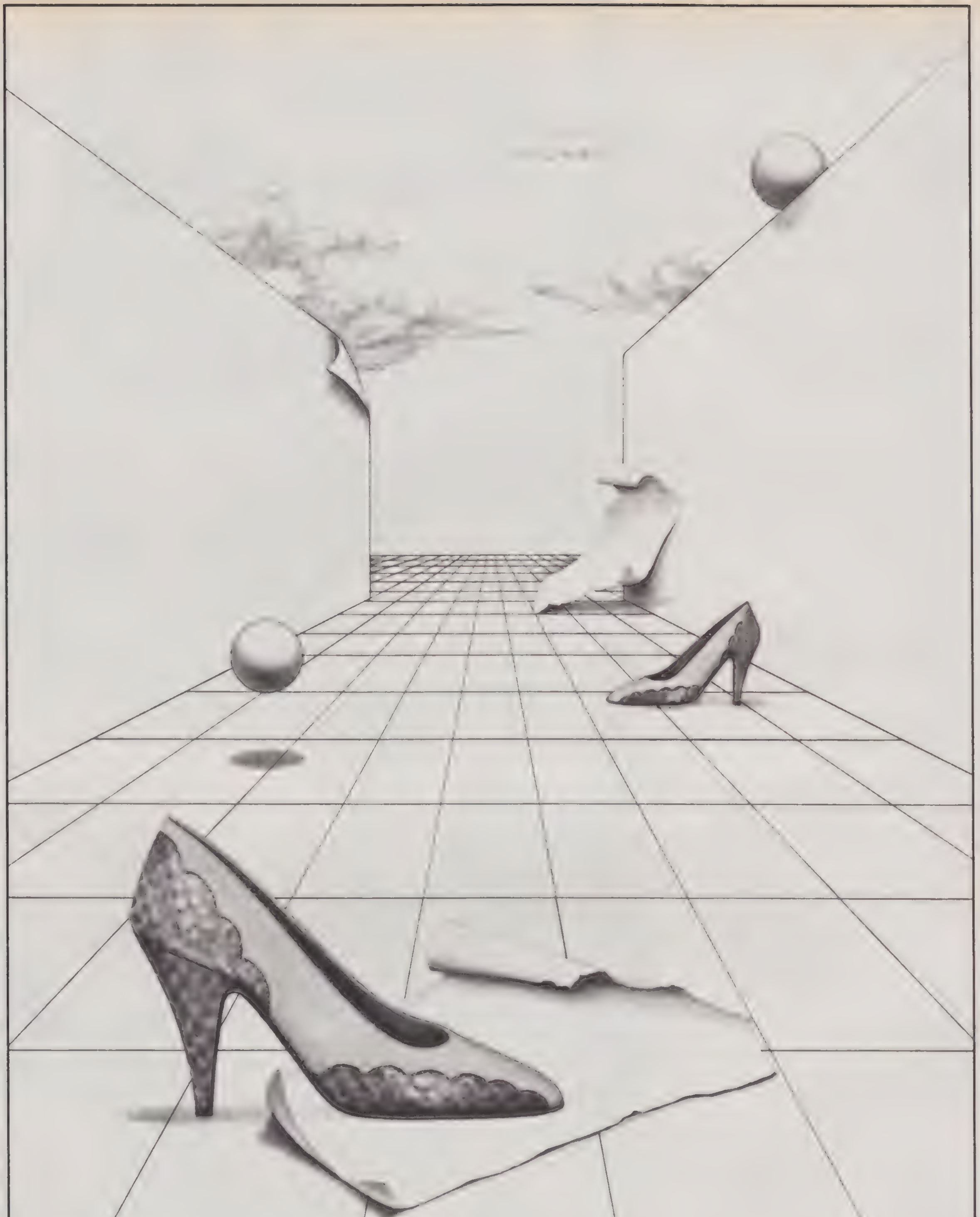

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(Continued from page 226)

PEACEMAKING—ARE WOMEN LAWYERS BETTER THAN MEN?

Ever since women began to infiltrate the legal profession in greater numbers—from about 3 percent of all lawyers in 1970 to about 11 percent today—one thing they have remarked upon has been the disparity in the way male and female lawyers handle the settlement of cases. "Men can't stand the idea of settling cases," one woman attorney said to me. "It doesn't fit their macho image of themselves."

Recent studies funded by the National Science Foundation and conducted by law professor Gerald Williams have shown that 40 percent of all lawyers take the "hard line," aggressive approach to negotiation. The same study shows that only 25 percent of these aggressives are *effective* negotiators; the others give their clients a lot of sound and fury, but few results beyond higher legal fees when their case winds up in court

On the whole, women tend not to be aggressive and to start each negotiation with a cooperative attitude, reports social psychologist Kay Deaux, Ph.D., in *The Behavior of Women and Men* (Wadsworth Publishing). I've discovered this to be true in my practice. A few years ago, I worked on a case with a male colleague, a partner in a large national law firm, who was one of the sweetest and gentlest men I've ever met. He and the opposing counsel, also male, had been niggling over details in this complex case: our opponent's client had done construction work, quickly, after a fire in a shopping mall. Because of his speed, he had not kept careful records. Our opposing counsel was asking for a million-dollar payment; our client thought the work was worth only about $100,000

I believed that we could settle the case if both sides would sit down, go over the paperwork together, and be reasonable about the actual cost of the repairs. But my colleague would not be persuaded. He told me that he thought settling was weak—but I, as a woman and his assistant, could make the necessary overtures without causing him to lose face

In another, more recent case, I was up against a female lawyer in a suit on an insurance policy. We battled each other at a hearing; then, when the hearing was over, we went back to our offices and spoke on the phone. We discussed rationally what our respective clients wanted, and eventually, we settled the case—before much time had been spent by either of us to prepare for trial.

Neither my female opponent nor I saw it as weak to settle. We both recognized the nasty reality of litigation: going to court is expensive. A board game that came out a while ago called "Sue, Sue, Sue" made the point: as you went around the board from Trial Court to the Supreme Court, the stakes went up; and each time you took your case to a higher court it cost more money.

Recognizing this fact, lawyers should be willing to save their clients' bank balances by settling cases. Unfortunately, peacemaking seems to be a sign of effeminacy to many male attorneys. It may be that, as more and more women enter the legal profession, we'll see less crowded court dockets and smaller totals on attorneys' invoices.

Janet Kole *practices law in Philadelphia*

GLE

ALABAMA Holmes

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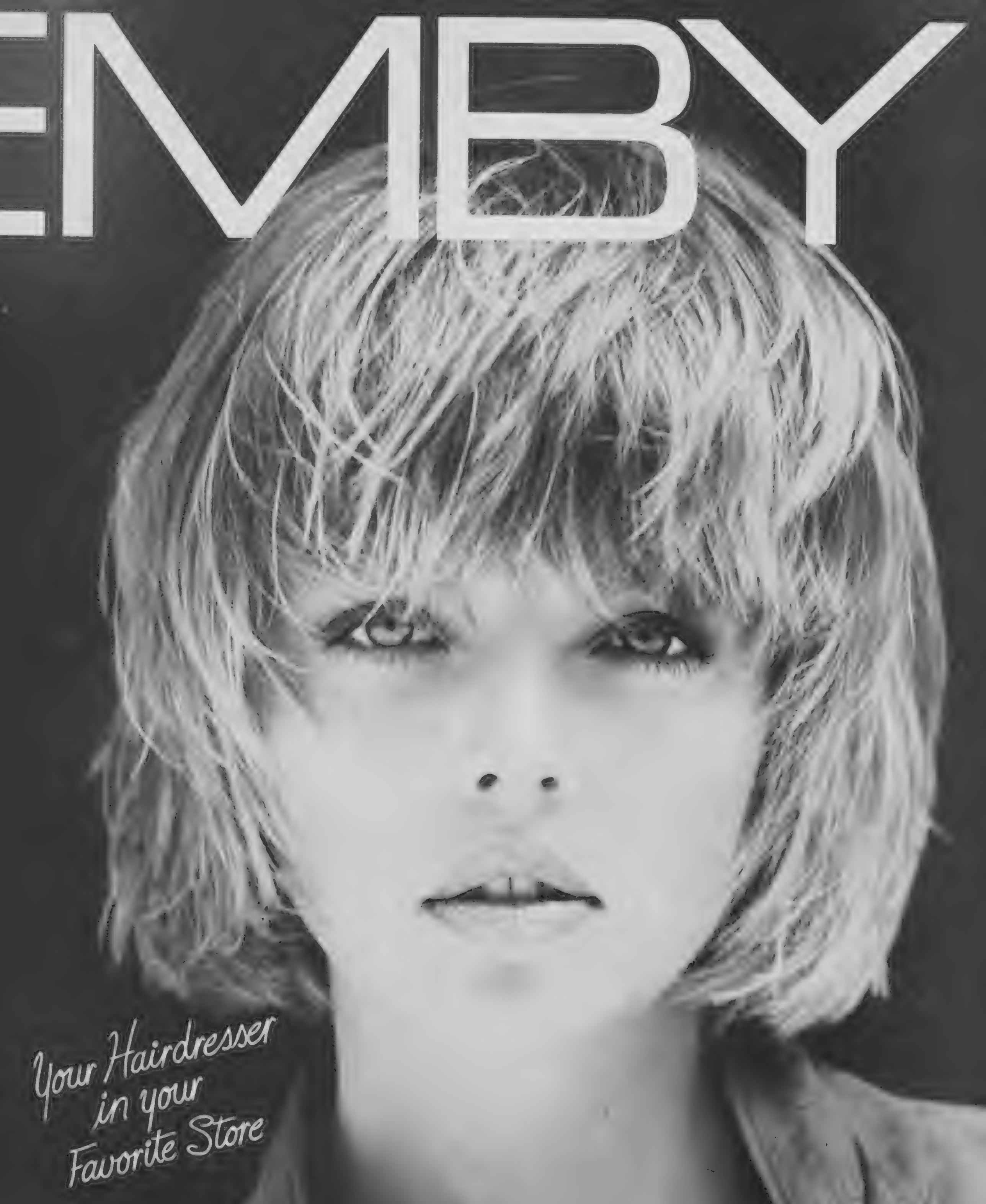
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ON TURNING FIFTY

A woman of letters writes of youth, truth, beauty and its passing. Her discovery: life has definitely picked up

BY ALICE ADAMS

All around me, on my desk and propped against books on the shelves above are pictures of friends: several of my son at various ages; a sad one of me as a baby with my parents in the late 'twenties—we all look rather frightened of each other, and with good reason, as things turned out; four pictures of handsome R., with whom I have lived for almost twenty years; and one of me in which I look shiningly happy, if slightly blurred, and, as a consequence both of happiness and of blurring, much younger than I am.

That picture was taken by R., on my fiftieth birthday. On the coffee table are some brown wrapped packages and a profuse bouquet of summer flowers from V., an editor friend. In the foreground my two younger cats cavort in a pile of discarded brown tissue paper and darker brown ribbons; on the back of the sofa, near where I am sitting, my old favorite cat, who is mean and cross, and regal in her attitudes, is cynically watching me as I open FIFTY BIRTHDAY PRESENTS, from R.

The fifty presents were not all diamonds—it is hard to think of anything I would like less than fifty diamonds, in fact. There were a lot of cotton bandanas, all colors, a wonderful spectrum, but also some silk shirts, sweaters, books—and each present wrapped and beribboned, separately. Opening them took several days (and think of the time it took R. to wrap them all), with time out for Champagne and pasta feasts and a trip to a jazz place to hear Horace Silver, my favorite pianist.

All in all, it was a most extraordinary beginning to a decade, one to which daily life, and generous R., could hardly be expected to live up. And there have been, since that day, some very bad times: mornings when in the mirror I see an old face, all dark puffs and sags; periods when R., whose profession is as precarious as my own, behaves in what seems to me an irrational, rotten way. And sleepless nights when I wonder if I can ever finish the long novel I am working on, or ever write another story; when I can see myself at seventy, a bag lady in tattered running shoes, vintage 1980. Days and nights when I seriously contemplate what must be the "logical conclusion" to the nuclear arms race.

In a literal sense, of course, those of us in our fifties are not middle-aged; we have lived more than half our lives. Which is to say that I think about death much more than I did at thirty or at forty (when I was twenty I planned to die before reaching thirty—or, at the time, that seemed a clever remark to make). I am not obsessive in these death thoughts, or not usually so; but I do wonder just when and how, and who will go first, R. or I, and which would be worse? More practically, I am more aware of the virtues of exercise and "proper" food than I used to be, even ten years ago, and I think this has as much to do with age as with living in body-conscious California.

And, like most people of my age, I have had an increasing number of phone calls or letters concerning disasters that have overtaken friends. J., whom I have known and loved for thirty years (she was in fact my son's first babysitter, a very bright young Stanford undergraduate), recently called me to say that she has cancer. This is unthinkable, unbearable.

On the other hand (I will now go forward, in a rather backwards way) there is L., who is about twenty-five years older than I am and who, twelve years ago, defeated a form of cancer that almost no one, I am told, survives. L. is very beautiful; her good bones help, but also her intelligence and courage. She rides every day, swims a lot, and is active in her business. (I have told J. about L., and I think it cheered her, a little.) L. tells me that the most recent years of her life *(Continued on page 235)*

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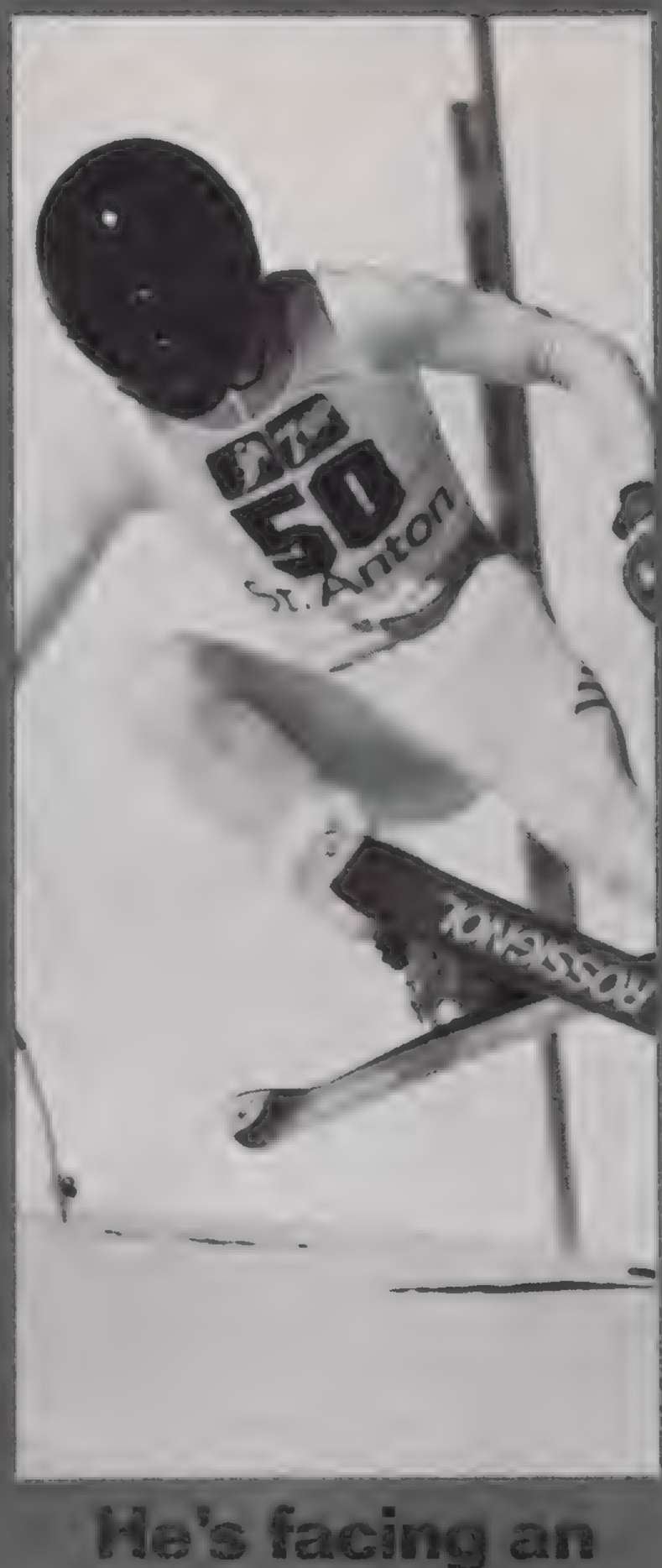

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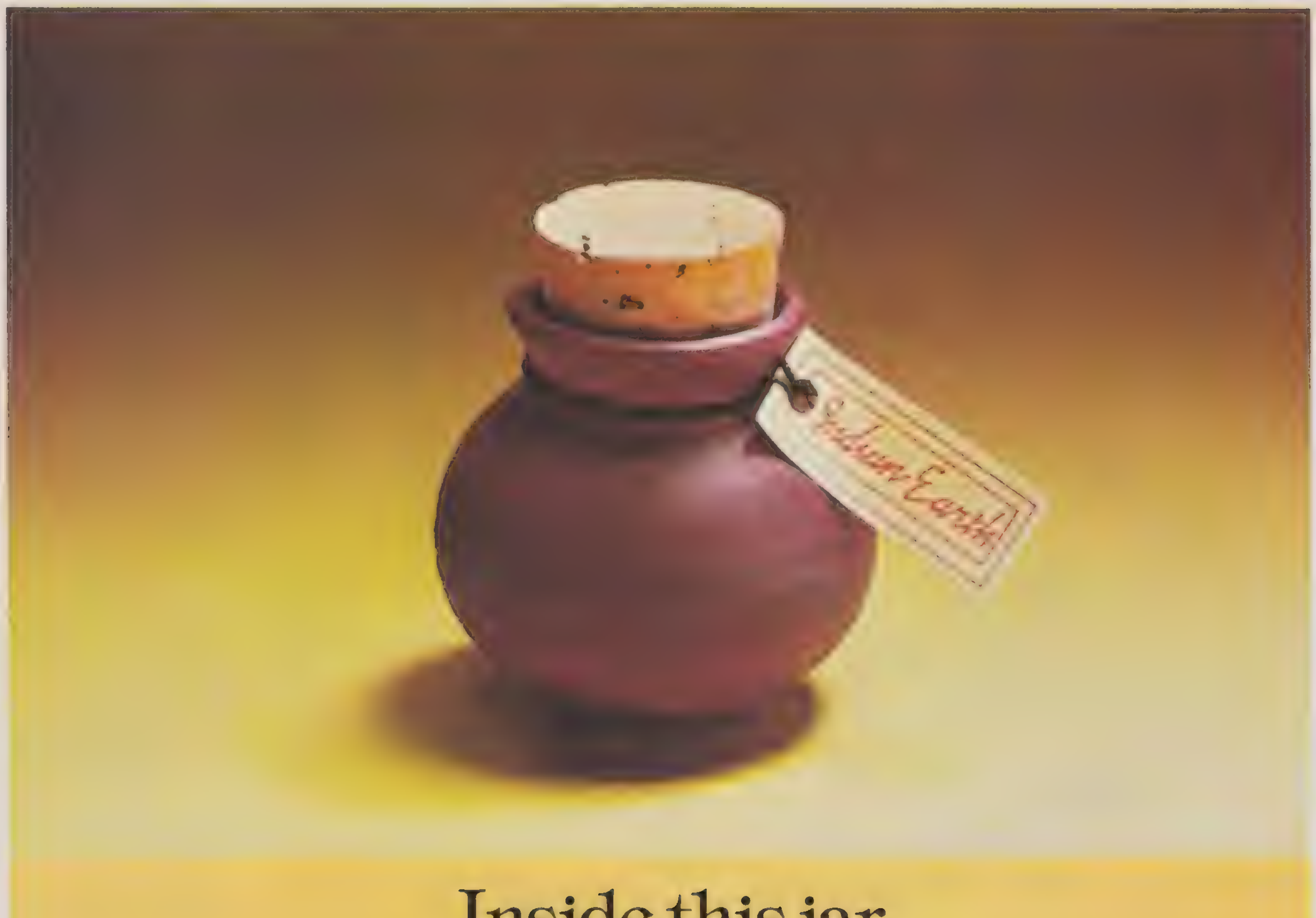

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ON TURNING FIFTY

(Continued from page 230)

have been by far the most rewarding, and that she would not be thirty again for anything. (Older friends can be wonderful; they should be listened to, and cherished.)

I agree with L. When I was thirty I was miserably married; I had a difficult young child (now he is thirty-two, a painter, talented and astoundingly nice). No money, no profession: I was always writing, but not published. I even had an unpleasant lover. Hopeless: I saw no way out, not until I was thirty-two, when I fell in love with M., who is now a permanent friend; his is one of my pictures. I sold a short story and got a divorce, in that order.

My fortieth birthday, now that I think of it, was not very wonderful either. At that time I had published one novel, a book intended to be funny, a witty (I hoped) look at what had been a melodramatic love affair with a fat (married Catholic fascist) diplomat. However, almost no one saw the humor except, mysteriously, the British. And I had published a couple of unmemorable short stories. And R. and I were not getting along especially well. For a birthday treat he took me on a tour of topless bars, then much in vogue but not, really, the most tactful choice for a woman newly forty. In fact, since he is only a little older than I, I now think the evening had more to do with R.'s own *crise de quarante ans* than with me (I also think the midlife crisis hits men earlier and harder than it does women, having suffered through several such passages with nutty men of forty or so, but that is another topic). In any case that evening was not the best possible introduction to being forty.

For a birthday treat he took me on a tour of topless bars, then much in vogue but not, really, the most tactful choice . . .

However, things picked up, fairly soon. Which brings us back to the present, and to my pictures.

I have sometimes wondered why I keep that sad family portrait so visibly displayed; I suppose it must be at least in part to remind myself that, given those beginnings, things could have turned out a great deal worse for me. My mother suffered much more and died rather young, at close to my present age, of sheer misery, I believe. My father endured, after that, several years of black, debilitating guilt; but later he married a woman with whom he was happy.

My being a writer has, undoubtedly, a great deal to do with my mother. (A shrink once told me that I wrote to try to get my father's approval, but that struck me then and now as fairly simpleminded.) My mother wanted to write, and she did write poetry, although unpublished. For hours, almost every night, she read poems aloud to me—from *The Home Book of Verse,* and how I wish I still had that book. Long sad Scottish ballads were what we both liked best. She was also, in theory, a feminist and a socialist, always voting for Norman Thomas over protests from my father, a very Southern Democrat. She may even, at the time when that picture was taken, my infancy, have had some fantasy or hope that I would grow up to be a writer, reason enough to keep that picture before me. (I would like to believe that this is true, and also that she fantasized for herself a divorce and love affairs—I so wish that she had been able to take that direction).

My reasons for keeping the birthday picture before me are less complex: first, simply to remind myself of an entirely wonderful day, or days; and to remind myself too that R., with whom I am sometimes cross, is at best much nicer than anyone; and that my fifties, despite certain drawbacks (being generally regarded as a sex object can be very annoying, I know, but so can not being so regarded), are the best years of my life, so far.

And that, given the proper lighting and a sympathetic photographer, grey hair has a wonderful sheen. ▽

Alice Adams*'s next novel, "Superior Women," will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the fall of 1984.*

Love trouble: against interpretation

The fault may be not in yourself... but in the odds

BY DEBORAH TANNEN

I had eagerly announced to my friends that I thought this new relationship might be IT. So I had to announce similarly, though less eagerly, my realization that it wasn't IT after all. In fact it was over. The first friend to whom I delivered the sad news told me that I had not tried hard enough—one has to give things up to make a relationship work. The next friend told me that I had tried too hard—and I'd expected too much. What their remarks had in common was the assumption that if the relationship didn't work out, it was because I had done something wrong. Blame the victim. Or, as they used to say, "It's your own damn fault."

Around the same time I picked up an article in *New York* magazine about middle-class, middle-thirties unmarried women who have babies. In it I read:

> *Perhaps one of the harshest accusations leveled at single mothers is that their inability to sustain an intimate relationship with the opposite sex will make them unfit parents. But psychologist Cohen [Martin V. Cohen, Ph.D., at the Payne Whitney Clinic, NYC] claims that this difficulty has no bearing on the mother's dealings with her offspring.*

The "harshest accusation" contained in this statement is not stated in it at all. It is the assumption that an unmarried woman is in that un-state because she is unable to sustain an intimate relationship. Even the journalistically balancing view of psychologist Cohen, who suggests single women can be good mothers, does not dispute that assumption—only its consequences.

• • •

We don't believe in luck anymore. That would make the world seem unpredictable and senseless, now that we can't believe in just deserts in the afterworld or the justice of social class. We need to see order in the world. Instead of good and evil, we now have mental health and mental illness. People deserve what they get, not because of their good or bad characters (or their coming from good or bad families) but because they are well- or ill-adjusted. This is comforting when it comes to others. When it comes to ourselves, it is either comforting or horrifying, depending on how much we like what we happen to get.

Freud—who has to take a lot of the blame for this modern version of original sin—also identified the two fronts on which we seek happiness (or mental health): love and work. And on both these fronts, people play blame-the-victim, and the victims play blame-me.

Like Shirley Jackson's lottery, the current economic crunch condemns a percentage of qualified prospective employees to unemployment. In some fields, like academia, the percentage is enormous. But many of the unemployed academics I know don't think of themselves as victims of economic forces (as, I suspect, unemployed automobile workers might). And few tenured faculty see themselves as lucky beneficiaries of the booming 'sixties economy. They are like the heroine, Rhoda, in Joan Silber's novel *Household Words* (Viking) who "did well, remarkably well" investing her money in "the bullish market of the 'fifties," and "attributed her triumph to her own shrewdness, rather than to a fortunate investment period." The employed feel comfortable in their competence. The unemployed search their souls: "What's wrong with me? What am I doing wrong?" And their friends and therapists help them to explore what they're doing wrong.

Just as economics militates that many qualified workers will not find jobs, so demography militates that many women qualified for marriage will not find partners. Large numbers of men die sooner, avoid marriage, come out as gay, and, when they remarry, marry younger women. Thanks to our only-slowly-changing

expectations about relative height, status, and age, the older, taller, smarter, and more accomplished a woman is, the fewer men are available to her. So statistics alone make the marriage market a lottery in which many women have to lose. Yet, like those who throw stones in Shirley Jackson's story, the winners can find reasons to explain why the losers deserve what they get.

In place of religion, survival, or family clans, many of us (by tradition women, but increasingly men as well) look to a primary relationship to provide meaning in life. In it, we expect a rare if not impossible combination of passionate excitement—most often inspired by cultural difference; and friendly companionability—most often found in cultural similarity. Yet we conclude that those who haven't managed this magic union—by which most people mean marriage—are doing something wrong.

(Of course, we don't know how many of those who are married have actually achieved such a union. Protocol, which permits people to ask their single friends if they are happy living alone and if they wouldn't rather be married, does not permit us to ask our married friends if they like living with their spouses, and if they wouldn't rather get divorced. As if people adhered to Newton's law of inertia: objects in marriage are assumed to be intending to remain in marriage.)

• • •

If the victims blame themselves, and others blame them, what of the ones who have entered and remained in the married estate? There are those who are happy and those who are unhappy in marriage. Of the happily married, a few thank their lucky stars, but most congratulate themselves not on their good luck but on their mental health, their maturity. "I was ready," they tell themselves and obviously un-ready friends. Of those who are unhappy, many, perhaps most, believe that other marriages are better, that theirs isn't really a marriage.

When I was accepted in graduate school at the University of California, Berkeley, I had a disquieting suspicion that I had been let in by mistake. I was surprised to learn, at a meeting of women graduate students, that everyone else there had had the same secret fear. When I was married, I had a similar secret conviction that I was "passing"—my husband and I didn't love each other quite enough, didn't communicate perfectly enough, hadn't married for the right reasons. The more people I talk to, the more people I discover who admit to having the same secret feeling that they are getting full credit for an answer they only dimly know. Many feel they married the wrong person for the wrong reasons, to form unions that are less than the romantic ideal. If many of those who are not married think they have missed the boat, many of those who are married feel like stowaways.

The two pieces of advice I got from my friends when I announced the failure of my promising relationship reflected two conflicting but coexisting pieces of conventional wisdom: first, "You can only meet someone when you're not looking, when you don't feel you need it." But also, "You have to make up your mind what you want and go out and get it."

Mervyn Cadwallader, in his essay "Marriage as a Wretched Institution," explains that young people today are cynical about every institution except marriage, about which they are stubbornly starry-eyed and ignorant. Seeing marriages disintegrate all around them, they believe, as William Saroyan said on his deathbed about dying, that an exception will be made in their case. The truth of Cadwallader's hypothesis insures its being unheard. During several years of teaching freshman writing at Lehman College, I had class after class read this eloquent article—and found each time that the students hated it, dismissing its arguments with the starry-eyed and ignorant platitude, "If you love each other you can work it out."

Andrew Hacker, a brilliant political scientist, once observed, "I doubt that truly successful marriages are 'worked' at. The explanation of course is luck. Luck in a lottery of love and marriage, in which most of the entrants are losers, not because of any great fault of their own." Hacker pointed out the "astronomically low" chances that two people will meet who have similar interests and appropriate status and age, are at appropriate stages of their lives, and, above all, have that all-important, intangible factor about which we know almost nothing: compatible temperaments—which, in any case, are marked during initial meetings by public personalities.

Finding myself now in the statistically iffy group of divorced, tall, and highly educated women nearing forty, I nonetheless keep hoping, like William Saroyan, that an exception will be made in my case—not in the matter of death, though I'm sure I will hope for that too when I see it coming, but in the matter of finding the perfect relationship, which I believe, in my tall, divorced, overeducated way, to be theoretically impossible. But I will thank my friends, in the event that I end up in the wrong bar of the statistical graph, to comfort me with a simple, sympathetic, "Rotten luck." ▽

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THE BEST OF Wines

Bargains and splurges: a dazzling list of holiday Champagnes...opulent reds, whites from a great California vintner

By Martin Gersh

The wines from Bob Travers' Mayacamas Vineyards in Napa County, California, are, in my view, of world class stature. Whether they originate from Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Chardonnay, or Sauvignon Blanc—four eminent French grape varieties—they are all characterized by a trio of outstanding attributes: classicism, wellnigh perfect structure, and exceptional individuality. These superb products graphically illustrate my firm belief that when the grapes are right, there is no level of greatness beyond the reach of the most gifted California vintners today.

The Mayacamas Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir possess an additional distinction: among all the California wines I have experienced, they alone join an elite and ever-diminishing group of French and Italian red table wines from the finer vintages since 1970 that still exhibit the capacity to maintain their full vigor for *at least* twenty years after the vintage. This most select category includes France's Châteaux Latour, Pétrus, La Mission-Haut-Brion, and Montrose from Bordeaux, as well as the Bourée red Burgundies. Its Italian representatives are the Barbarescos of Gaja and Prunotto plus the Barolos of Einaudi and Prunotto in Piedmont, along with the Brunello di Montalcinos of Fattoria dei Barbi, Biondi-Santi, and Emilio Costanti in Tuscany.

Bob Travers' Cabernet Sauvignon can be placed alongside the aforementioned quartet of supremely great red Bordeaux and the Fattoria dei Barbi Brunello in another remarkable respect: all six are superior wines even in poorer vintage years—the "off years." For the purposes of illustration, Châteaux Latour, Pétrus, and La Mission-Haut-Brion 1963 and 1968, Châteaux Montrose and La Mission-Haut-Brion 1969, all four Bordeaux in 1973 and 1974, Fattoria dei Barbi Brunello di Montalcino 1973 and 1976, and, finally, Mayacamas Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon 1972 (reviewed here in August, 1983) are examples of excellent "off year" wines.

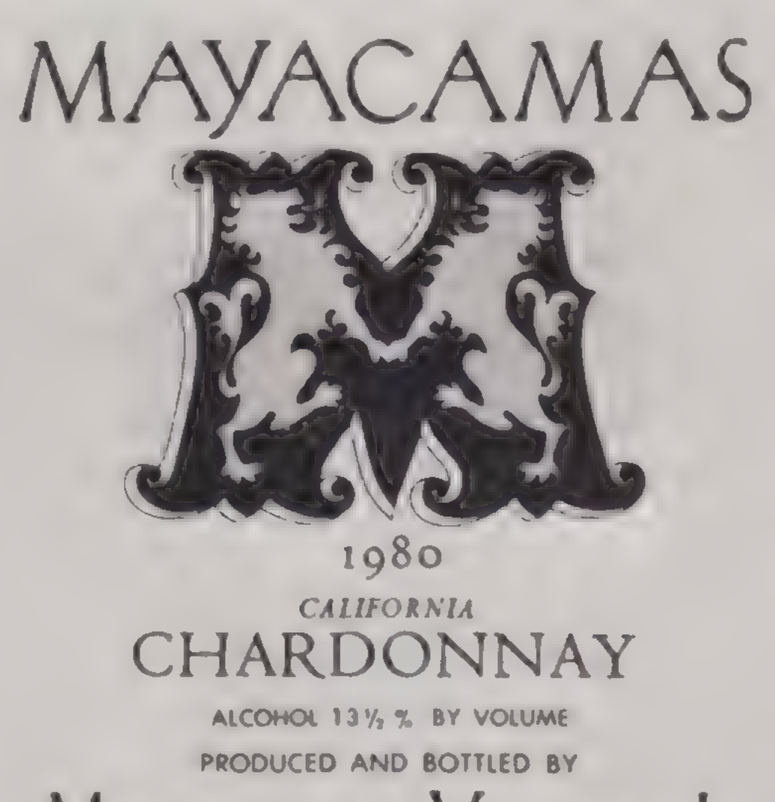
I now arrive at a possibly eccentric personal observation concerning the Mayacamas Cabernets: every bottle from the seven different vintages I have known has impressed me, time and time again, with its overwhelming taste elements indicative of some magical combination of Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir grapes—a sublime union, as it were, of Bordeaux and Burgundy. In reality, however, the wine's grape structure is composed of a range of 87-100 percent Cabernet Sauvignon and 0-13 percent Merlot, with absolutely no Pinot Noir whatsoever.

The red and white table wines from Mayacamas Vineyards are, without exception, monumental, opulent, velvety-textured creations. They command my deepest respect and admiration—so much so, that on those happy occasions when my wife Gloria and I drink one, we both inevitably feel compelled to exclaim, "This is what wine is all about!"

White

The two superlative white wines discussed below were given no grape skin contact with the must, or fermenting juices, during their alcoholic fermentation period. The Sauvignon Blanc was aged for ten months in thousand-gallon American oak casks, bottled, and provided with another eight to ten months of aging at the winery prior to its release for sale. The Chardonnay spent six months in American oak casks, followed by a year in French oak barrels, and had an additional year of bottle aging at Mayacamas Vineyards.

Mayacamas Vineyards Sauvignon Blanc 1981 A beautiful, Bordeaux-like Sauvignon Blanc of moderately large body—sophisticated, very polished, possessing oily texture and mouth-filling varietal flavor. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2 1/2 hours, then aerate 25-30 minutes. $10-$11. (Note: Always recork wines after aeration and between all pourings to prevent fading.)



Mayacamas Vineyards Chardonnay 1980 Its perfect balance denoting wonderful structure, this is an exquisite Chardonnay of imposing size and middle tonality characterized by elegant—though quite pungent—fruitiness. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2 3/4 hours, then aerate 35-40 minutes. $19-$20.

Red

The impressive Mayacamas Vineyards red table wines are customarily given six to eight days of grape skin contact during their initial fermentation. After the secondary malolactic fermentation ends in the late spring or early summer of the next year, the Cabernets receive two years of aging in thousand-gallon oak casks, followed by one year in sixty-gallon French oak barrels, and, after bottling, by another year of aging at the winery. Travers' Pinot Noir 1979 was aged for two consecutive ten-month periods in the same types of barrels employed for the Cabernets, and ultimately was given eighteen months of bottle aging before its release.

Mayacamas Vineyards Pinot Noir 1979 A magnificent Pinot Noir—full-bodied, expansive, finely integrated, revealing an intense and delightfully astringent red raspberry-like flavor constituent. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 14-16 years. Aeration: 4 1/2-4 3/4 hours. $13-$14.

Mayacamas Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon 1978 Suave, extraordinarily complex—a superb Cabernet of substantial size embellished by lingering black-raspberry fruitiness and a most lovely sweet finish. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 14-16 years. Aeration: 5-5 1/2 hours. $32-$35.

Mayacamas Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon 1974 Powerful, big, densely fruity, this is a remarkable achievement that gives every promise of being just as vibrant at twenty years of age as it is today. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 11-13 years. Aeration: 3 1/4-3 1/2 hours. $32-$35.

Mayacamas Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon 1971 Exceedingly youthful for its age, fascinating, flawlessly structured—a wonderfully rich wine of ample body with a truly memorable red currant taste element. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 9-10 years. Aeration: 1 3/4-2 hours. $45-$50.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Here, a group of thoroughly delightful and admirable French Champagnes and Italian sparkling wines. Because their price spectrum is wide, you are provided with considerable flexibility in choosing those to investigate on your own.

Villa Banfi Brut Pinot Though produced by a natural fermentation bulk process rather than the classic *méthode champenoise*, this is nevertheless a distinctly superior Italian sparkling white wine. Made wholly from Pinot Noir grapes, it is lively, well-balanced, with good body, lemony flavor, and lots of personality. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next year. $8-$9. (Note: Refrigerate all Champagnes and other sparkling wines for 4-5 hours before serving.)

G. H. Mumm & Co. Extra Dry A French Champagne with more than a touch of sweetness—happily counterbalanced by some tartness. Gracious, ample-bodied, it could do well as a dessert wine. *(Continued on page 240)*

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HOLIDAY WINES

(Continued from page 238)

Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next year. $18-$19.

Marchese Antinori Nature Thoroughly Gallic in style, this *méthode champenoise* Italian white wine of medium size and pleasing, reserved fruit presence is very classy indeed. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next year. $14-$15.

Charles Heidsieck Brut Complex and engaging—showing a provocative touch of bitterness along with an interesting salty-sweet finish, this Champagne from France has fine fruitiness, which ties it all together nicely. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next year. $18-$20.

Loredan Gasparini Venegazzú Brut 1979 From Italy, an impressively fruity and genial *méthode champenoise* white wine that is dry but hardly ascetic—most laudable. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. $11-$12.

G. H. Mumm & Co. Cordon Rouge Brut Highly animated, moderate-to-large-bodied, with commendable citrus-like fruitiness—a fine French Champagne. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next year $22-$23.

Taittinger Comtes de Champagne Rosé 1973 A truly civilized rosé Champagne from France—very pretty, charming, and quiet-spoken, its discreet fruitiness and slightly sweet finish are joined with a little astringency that is all to the good. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next year. $55-$60.

Ferrari Brut de Brut 1978 Created entirely from the Chardonnay grape, austere and refreshing, with splendid melon-like flavor and an exceedingly long-lasting second taste, this is a distinguished *méthode champenoise* wine of high tonality from the Trentino-Alto Adige region of Italy. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. $16-$18.

G. H. Mumm & Co. Cordon Rouge 1975 A markedly superior Champagne with fine balance, excellent fruit, and a totally dry finish that is agreeably piquant. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. $26-$27.

Billecart-Salmon Blanc de Blancs 1979 Exquisite, small-scaled, with ravishing pear-scented fruitiness—surely one of the supreme French Blanc de Blancs I have encountered throughout the years. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. $28-$32.

Perrier-Jouët Fleur de Champagne Rosé 1978 Glamorous and exuberant—an alluringly fruity, peach-colored French Champagne of high taste tonality and modest size whose charms should help overcome any anxiety you may feel concerning the expense involved. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. $55-$60.

G. H. Mumm & Co. Crémant de Cramant Blanc de Blancs This unique wine of great stature and complexity from the village of Cramant in France is vinified to possess slightly less pressure than a "normal" Champagne. Made wholly from Chardonnay grapes, small-to-moderate in body, with a fascinating aromatic fruit component, Crémant de Cramant is subtle and sublime! Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next year. $38-$40. ▽

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ENTERTAINING

Wows!

'83's most fabulous parties: gala birthday bash ...celebration of art and fashion

By Sandi Britton

At Jack Heinz's birthday party: fireworks over NYC's East River . . . country dance in the city . . .

For a very special party, you might search out an extraordinary setting. New Yorker Drue Heinz is lucky; her own "back yard" provided just the background she needed when she recently decided on a dinner dance for nearly four hundred to celebrate her husband Jack's seventy-fifth birthday. The Heinz Manhattan townhouse is one of a row that opens onto a glorious, large, shared garden overlooking New York's East River. On the night of the celebration, party designer Peggy Mulholland transformed it into a fantasy country garden—complete with sheep grazing on the lawn, lace-winged butterflies in the trees, a laurel-roped swing swaying from a sturdy branch. A series of white tents sheltered the tables and dance floor.

In keeping with the country theme (and in honor of Heinz 57 varieties), garlands of vegetables festooned the railings in front of the river, tomato vines were twined up the inner tent poles, and burlap covered the tables. Centerpieces were large steel colanders holding bottles of Pernier-Jouët Champagne, surrounded with tiny eggplants, cherry tomatoes, chilis, green peppers. Menu holders were giant mushroom caps; votive candles sparkled from the centers of large artichokes.

The Glorious Food menu ended with a magnificent dessert ("Mrs. Heinz wanted something more original than a birthday cake," said Glorious Food's master chef, Jean-Claude Nedelec)—a pear *vacherin:* the fruit marinated in *eau de vie de poire,* inside a ring of meringue, crowned with whipped cream, more pears, chocolate diamonds, and circled with spun sugar. At the moment of truth, each *vacherin* was lit up with a sparkler, and all were brought in at the same time.

The grand finale: a sky filled with fireworks set off from a barge in the East River. It gives new dimension to the word "festive."

burlap and Champagne . . . pear-and-cream dream of a dessert At the Met's gala for Yves Saint Laurent retrospective: yards of silk . . . delicate gold leaves

How do you top a success? With another, even more spectacular. This year, in NYC, the Metropolitan Museum of Art's annual dinner dance, in honor of the opening of its Costume Institute's latest exhibition—a retrospective of twenty-five years of Yves Saint Laurent's work—will pay homage, in its own way, to Saint Laurent's genius. Eight hundred will dine in the Museum, transformed by hundreds of yards of hot-pink silk and aubergine-and-cream striped chintz—a gift from Gustav Zumsteg, the Swiss whose luxurious fabrics are among YSL's favorites. "The design for the party is very ambitious," says John Funt (see his drawing, *below*), the Museum's associate (with Chris Giftos) manager for special events, "we tried to create a setting that would honor Saint Laurent's fashion sense."

The silk is swagged with a lavish hand, hung between the Doric columns. A treillage of tiny golden leaves will climb part way up the columns, and form a delicate web around the room's chandeliers. All of the chairs will be slipcovered in silk, and highlighted (for an almost couture look, says Funt) with more gold leaves. Funt designed geometrically shaped matte-white glazed ceramic vases. From these neoclassical "ruins" will sprout orchids and lilies, on all of the tables.

Opulent tented room for eight hundred: John Funt's design for dinner opening the extravaganza this month at the Costume Institute of NYC's Metropolitan Museum of Art

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Precision

Smart designs for small rooms… "prize" boxes… computerized briefcase

By Barbara Plumb

At a time of shrinking housing, help comes from a book called *Making Space,* by Sally Clark and Lois Perschetz (Clarkson N. Potter), offering tips for expanding small rooms, guides to furniture, accessories, and manufacturers. From the book, *above:* kitchen, dining area, pantry created by interior designer Charles Mount from space that had been kitchen, furnace room, laundry, staircase. Paradiso marble covers work/cooking island, table; cabinets are covered in hunter green laminate; stainless-steel ceiling structure holds lighting, hood, pot rack; glass brick walls enclose pantry.

SAVE BOTH SPACE AND TIME

For this entertaining season, a bar cart by Richard Sapper that can be unfolded from a three-inch width to a server with two shelves. With stainless steel and rubber wheels; top looks like grey slate though it is made of plastic. $135, Turpan Sanders, New York City.

"I enjoy putting colors together," said Nina Adam, a French-born costume-jewelry designer who has moved on to enamel boxes. Giuseppi Petochi, upon hearing the raves over her jewelry, commissioned her boxes for his jewelry store, Petochi & Gorevic, NYC. Hand-crafted in Italy of sterling silver with baked enamel outside, vermeil inside, each box is signed "Nina Adam for Petochi." The largest of the boxes above, in two greys on silver, was given to Isaac Stern when a documentary of his trip to China won an Academy Award. $600 to $3500.

SLICK For aspiring James Bonds--this attaché case is locked by a twelve-key mini-computer, powered by the sun or indoor light. Opens, with a hum, if code numbers are pressed. By Karl Seeger. $1945. Stefan Mann, NYC.

Frank Sinatra converted a garage-door opener into a "summoner" and gave it to Phyllis Cerf Wagner, a senior V.P. at advertising agency Wells, Rich, Greene, Inc. This high-tech version of the bellpull with a one-hundred-fifty-foot range was such a hit that Phyllis persuaded George Abbott of Ithaca Industries to manufacture more. One part resembles a remote-control TV switch; the other can be hung in any room. Abcom Wireless Summoner, $124.95. Jeane Eddy Shop, NYC.

BETH BABTISTE 'JAMES LEVIN

Exquisite workmanship marks each of the pieces (they're in NYC and Boston museums) by Wendell Castle, a furniture designer whose style has evolved from organic forms in the nineteen-sixties, through trompe l'oeil in the 'seventies, to traditional shapes in the 'eighties. *Above:* Demi-lune hall table in rosewood with ivory pegs and tongues. $30,000. Alexander Milliken, NYC.

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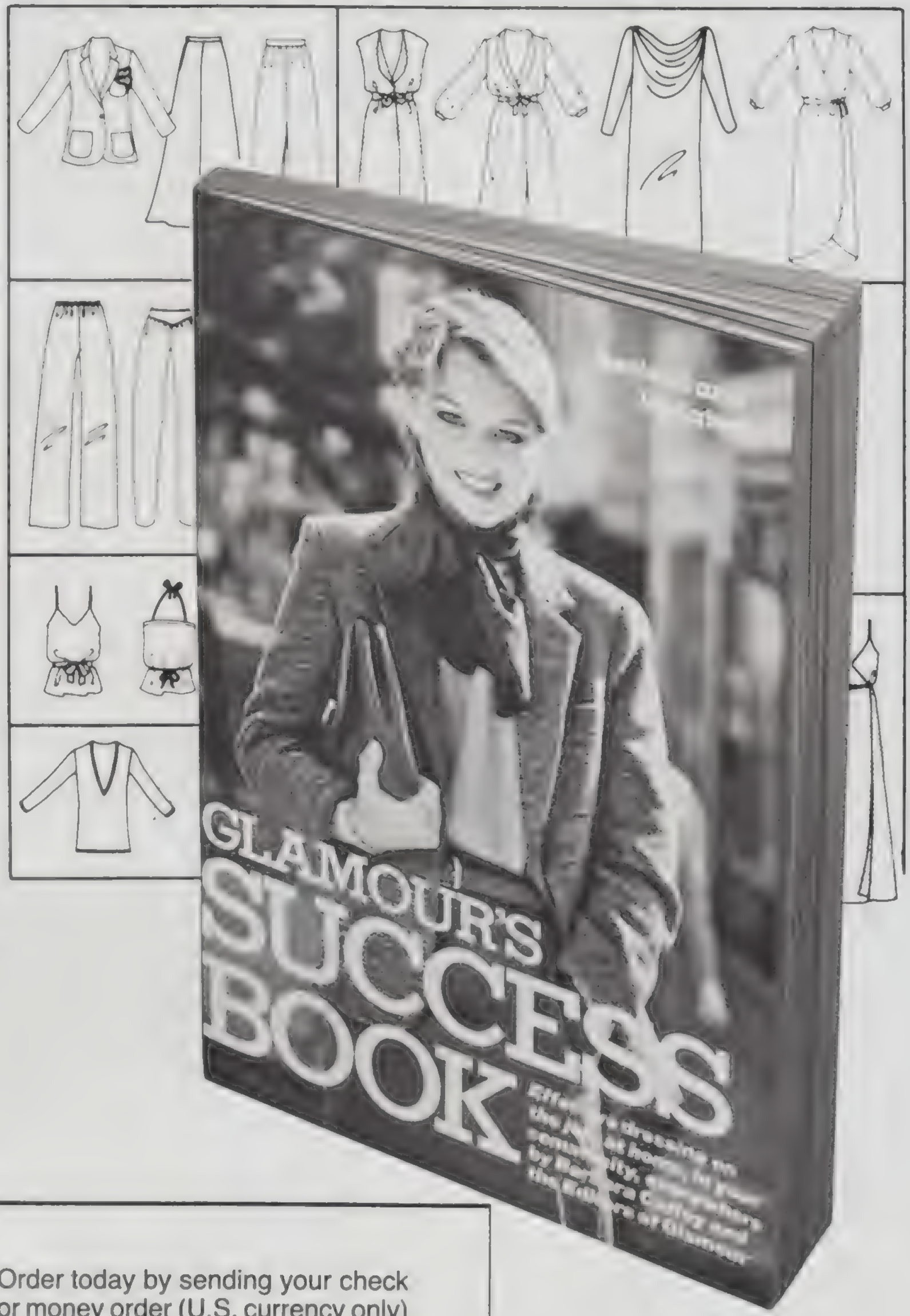

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Fabulous gifting, 1984 feasting... call me Madame Chocolate—ultimate chocolate surprises—to eat, to read...choicest send-for smoked salmon...plus news about an extraordinary country restaurant

By Barbara Kafka

Every year, come December, I promise myself that never again will I let all the present-buying go to the last minute. If you followed my November advice you are, of course, in great condition; I, on the other hand, am like the shoemaker's child and haven't got a thing. Fortunately, I have a few instant solutions on tap that will serve for a variety of people, on my list and yours.

It seems that everybody likes chocolate and that nobody ever gets enough of it. This is a taste that I don't share but to which I bow. Madame Chocolate (1940-C Lehigh Avenue, Glenview IL 60025) is dedicated to the chocolate cooks and eaters. A phone call to (312) 729-3330 will send a present on its way. You might start with a book too demanding for me but craved by the chocolate serious: *Chocolate Artistry* by Elaine Gonzalez. Fully illustrating all the chocolate molding, decorating, and designing techniques, its clear explanations come recommended by Maida Heatter, Marion Cunningham, and John Clancy, the heavyweights of the chocolate and baking worlds. Accompany the book with a collection of molds and some very good imported chocolate. Your friends can always make a diet resolution for New Year's. If you call Elaine Sherman, who is the very knowledgeable "Madame" of Madame Chocolate, she has promised to help you select the perfect gift at the right price.

If you prefer a prearranged selection, the Oakville Grocery of San Francisco will deduct from your Mastercharge or Visa account $65 plus shipping for each *Chocolate of the World* selection: Ibarra Mexican chocolate with cinnamon, Abuelita Mexican chocolate without cinnamon, Dröste Dutch Cocoa, Poulain bittersweet baking chocolate and cocoa, Callebaut white and semisweet chocolate, Ghirardelli semisweet and Guittard semisweet. Write them at 1555 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco CA 94109; in case of panic, call (415) 885-4411.

To explore the contention that there is no limit to chocolate lust, there will be a new publication come January: ninety-six glossy full-color pages will come out quarterly as *The Chocolatier*. To order as a gift, send a check for $10 for one year's subscription or $18 for two to Chocolatier, 45 West 34 Street, Suite 407, New York NY 10001, or call (212) 239-0855. They will send your friendly chocoholic a card announcing the gift.

The Grand Central Oyster Bar and Restaurant, Grand Central Terminal Lower Level, New York NY 10017, (212) 490-6650, will ship a three and one-half pound Northern Atlantic smoked-by-them salmon for $64.95 including shipping. This is one of the most elegantly smoked salmons and the freshest around.

Williams-Sonoma has for twenty-seven years shipped the best of cooking equipment and a limited selection of fine foods to subscribers to its catalogues. A very festive present is the bay-leaf wreath, which for $19.50 provides Christmas decor and prolonged good cooking

For those people you want to remember with a small gift, or for stocking stuffers, there is one charming little book, *The English Biscuit and Cookie Book* by Sonia Allison, at $6.95, from St. Martin's Press, and three gastronomic calendars from Workman. The very Brit book has short, clear, workable recipes. The one for "Digestive Biscuits" is worth the price of admission. James Beard's *Regional American Food for 1984* is a two-part event: part one, the calendar, is a month-by-month series of not-that-naïve paintings of parties in full color by Jacob Knight and menus by James Beard; part two, the booklet, has the recipes to make the parties. This neatly solves the problem of how to keep the recipes when the year is over. It also eliminates staring at the wall repeatedly in order to follow the recipes; $7.95. Judith and Evan Jones have done two calendars in a smaller 6" x 9" format with color photographs. One is on bread and the other is on cheese. Each is $4.95. The Joneses have written splendidly on both these subjects. Here are mostly new and good recipes.

I think Christmas is so expensive not just because I love to give gifts but because, being in the stores more, I find more to tempt me. I also reward myself for my generosity. Having already bought *A la Russe: A Cookbook of Russian Hospitality* by Darra Goldstein (Random House) this year, I am ashamed to admit to indulging in yet a second Russian cookbook, *The Art of Russian Cuisine* by Anne Volokh (Macmillan, $24.95). This big, about 650 pages, authoritative cookbook, by a former Moscow journalist, has enough information (there are enough blini recipes to make the week-long butter festival—as fattening as Mardi Gras—seem too short) to keep me curled up reading for several evenings.

There are other for-me books. Laura Chenel's *Chèvre! The Goat Cheese Cookbook* is written by another of the suppliers and friends of Alice Waters (who, incidentally, had a baby called Fanny this summer—the daughter of Chez Panisse). Full of good recipes, international goat-cheese information, and attractive line drawings it is a bargain at $8.95, published by Chenel's Pikes Peak Press, distributed by Aris books, Berkeley, California. One particularly helpful recipe right at the beginning of the book is for a simple cheese hors d'oeuvre—Chèvre crackers that can double as zesty little croutons—to be kept on hand and popped into the oven—light and useful for all those holiday parties coming up. I would serve them with Champagne to start off the New Year. After that elegant restraint, I would blast off into a hearty menudo of tripe and hot peppers, a traditional Mexican New Year's dish Elizabeth Lambert Ortiz's *The Complete Book of Mexican Cooking*,

(Continued on page 254)

Lobster Cardinale—extravaganza of lobster, shrimp, sea scallops, and caviar, lavished with basil butter—to enjoy at a marvelous new country restaurant, The Pear Tree, just opened by master restaurateur Stephen Spector—or to make for yourself from chef Raymond De Nardo's recipe

VOGUE December 1983

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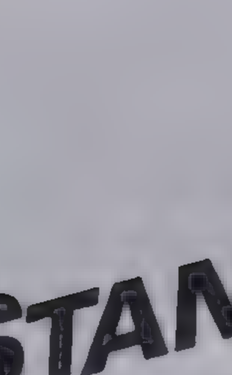

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OMNIVORE

(Continued from page 252)

in paperback from Evans, $5.95), and with it I would serve a gutsy Côte-du Rhone, that is if I couldn't convince somebody else to do the cooking or take me to a restaurant.

A new one at 42 Avenue of the Two Rivers in Rumson, New Jersey, The Pear Tree, (201) 842-8747, is the latest child of The Master of The Perfect Plate, Stephen Spector, late of the lamented Le Plaisir in New York City. Stephen's new restaurant still has perfectly beautiful plates; but, as befits the times and being in the country, the food is simpler. Some may be disappointed wanting Le Plaisir's food. I was relieved. I no longer want my food to be too demanding or too tortured. On page 252, one of Stephen's beautiful platings, and further along on this page a recipe so that you can create the dish in all its splendor at home. The palely lovely, oversize plates are $31 from Fitz and Floyd 225 Fifth Avenue, New York NY 10010. The softening French Christofle heavy silver plate, including lobster pick, is expensive but very good value. The drinking on a festive night might be the rare 1979, Pavillon Blanc, from Château Margaux. Have a wonderful Christmas and a Happy New Year!

CHÈVRE CROUTONS

about forty croutons

From Cynthia Pawlcyn of Napa Valley, California, come these little coin-shaped croutons. They are outstanding served in a tossed salad, sprinkled on a soup, or used as crackers with a dip or spread. YUM!

Combine into a smooth dough:
⅔ cup flour
3 tablespoons butter
5 ounces chèvre, crumbled
3 tablespoons sour cream or *fromage blanc*

Roll the mixture into logs about the diameter of a quarter coin. Chill, wrap in wax paper for at least one hour. Cut the logs into coin shapes about ¼-inch thick. Prick with a fork and brush with 1 egg white, lightly beaten. Sprinkle with coarse sea salt.

Bake for 12-15 minutes in a 350° oven until lightly browned. Cool and serve.

When testing this recipe, I found that the cooking time depends heavily on the kind of goat cheese used. My croutons, using a fresh French chèvre, Comme Périgourdine, took a little more time, 5 minutes more, in fact, than those in the recipe. These would be a good thing to have on hand for New Year's Eve to nibble with the early Champagne, an austere and elegant Piper-Heidsieck, Florenz-Louis 1973, tête de cuvée, $65.

Excerpted from CHÈVRE! THE GREAT CHEESE COOKBOOK © copyright 1983 by [illegible] Published by Aris Books, Berkeley, CA $8.95). Distributed by Ars Books, Berkeley, CA

LOBSTER CARDINALE (à la Stephen Spector)

four servings

Though there are several steps to the recipe, they can all be done ahead; even the lobster can be cooked in advance, as it will be baked briefly just before serving.

Fish markets often sell lobster claws and tails separately and throw away the body of the lobster. For the lobster shell called for in the sauce recipe, ask your local fish market to save you a lobster body. To crush the shell, place it in a plastic bag and smash it with a mallet or a heavy saucepan.

Sauce
(makes two cups)

1½ tablespoons butter
½ small onion, finely chopped
1 celery stalk, finely chopped
1 lobster shell, crushed
1½ tablespoons flour
2 cups fish stock, hot
¼ teaspoon dried tarragon
¼ teaspoon dried thyme
1 tablespoon brandy
1½ tablespoons tomato purée
Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter in large skillet over medium heat and sauté onion and celery for 5 minutes. Add crushed lobster shell and cook another 2 minutes. Stir in flour. Add fish stock, tarragon, thyme, brandy, and tomato purée. Simmer for half an hour over low heat. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Strain sauce into bowl.

Any leftover sauce will keep in refrigerator for four to five days. Use it to make a lobster bisque by simply adding cream and a little more brandy. Serve it hot or cold.

Basil Butter
(makes four tablespoons)

4 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons shallots, finely chopped
Juice of 1 lemon
20 fresh basil leaves, julienned

Cream together all ingredients.

Lobster
Four 1½ to 2-pound lobsters
4 teaspoons butter
1 pound shrimp, peeled, deveined, butterflied
1 pound sea scallops
4 bunches scallion tops, chopped
2 teaspoons shallots, finely chopped
6 tablespoons brandy
2 cups sauce (see recipe)
1 cup cream
Basil Butter (see recipe)

Garnish
1 teaspoon black American caviar
1 teaspoon gold American caviar
4 sprigs fresh parsley

Bring 2 gallons water to boil in large pot. Drop lobsters into boiling water and cook for 20 minutes. Drain.

Melt butter in skillet and sauté shrimp, scallops, and scallion tops over low heat for 3 minutes. Add shallots, brandy, sauce, and cream. Cook an additional 5 minutes over medium heat, until sauce has reduced to half.

Butterfly lobsters and arrange sautéed seafood and sauce in line down center of each lobster. Spoon any additional sauce over top. Spread tails with Basil Butter. Place on baking sheet in preheated 350° oven for 5 minutes.

Center one lobster on each of four dinner plates. If desired, remove meat from claws and arrange on either side of lobsters. Arrange caviar in a thin line down center of sautéed seafood, alternating black and gold as in the photograph. Garnish with parsley. ▽

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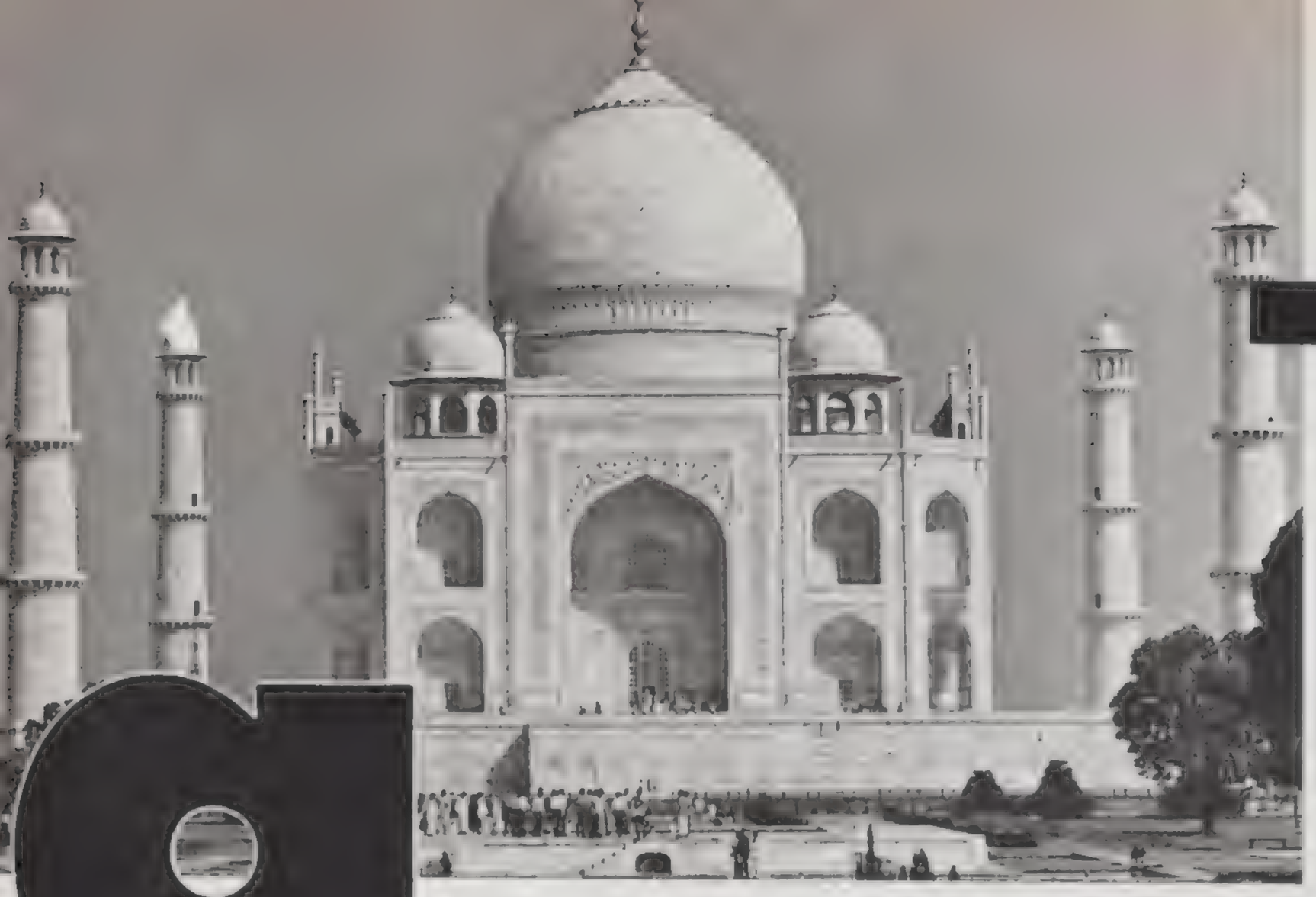
Travel Now

1984's best trips—from Taj Mahal weekends...to a month in North Africa

By Richard Alleman



An Indian emperor built it, as a memorial to his favorite wife, in the seventeenth century—and ever since then, the Taj Mahal, above, has been one of the world's major must-sees. For those who have always dreamed of seeing the Taj—but who don't have the time for a rigorous India trek—Serenissima Travel has concocted two extravagant "Weekends at the Taj" for 1984. The first—February 15-20—will be hosted by Sir Hugh Casson, president of London's Royal Academy; the second—November 7-12—has Dr. Michael Rogers of the British Museum in charge. Each trip coincides with full moon for optimum Taj viewing, also spends time in Delhi; the February departure can be linked to a longer (two-week) Serenissima tour—to Rajasthan or to Goa and Southwest India. Cost for the Taj weekend only: about $1400—covers hotels, meals, sight-seeing, round-trip London-Delhi flights; U.S.-London is additional. See page 265 for further information.

While Rio de Janeiro's Carnival is a legend of spectacle and frenzy, many insiders consider Carnival in Salvador-Bahia (a thousand miles to the north) to be Brazil's most authentic pre-Lenten revel. This winter, U.S. travelers can decide the carnival they like best—on a brand-new ten-day tour that hits both Rio *and* Bahia at Carnival time. About $1600 covers accommodations at Meridien hotels, breakfasts, Varig flights between New York and Rio and within Brazil. Dates: February 28-March 10. For more information, call Portuguese Tours at (800) 526-4047; (201) 352-6112, in New Jersey.

North Africa--barely six hours from the U.S. by air--is centuries and worlds away in customs, architecture, and look of land. Offering a rare chance to penetrate Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia, Hemphill Harris Travel's month-long "North Africa Explored" has four 1984 departures: March 23, April 20, September 21, October 19. Besides visits to well-known places--Casablanca, Marrakesh, Tunis, Algiers--the expedition also heads deep into the Sahara, stopping/staying at exotic desert villages and oases. Camel rides, palace hotels, beautiful beaches, glorious food, superb shopping (right) are added lures. About $3800 covers everything except air fare. See page 265.

GREENBRIER GETAWAYS

Now through March 15, The Greenbrier, above—that grand old American resort and spa in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia—spices up its off-season weekend packages by offering special seminars on topics ranging from food, wine, and finances to antiques, decorating, home computers. Package rates begin at $344 per couple for two nights, include room, breakfasts, dinners, afternoon tea—plus seminar. Note: With a fitness center, indoor pool, free aerobics classes at their disposal, guests may easily turn their stay into a spa weekend. (Mineral baths, Scotch Spray, and other spa treatments can also be arranged.) See page 265.

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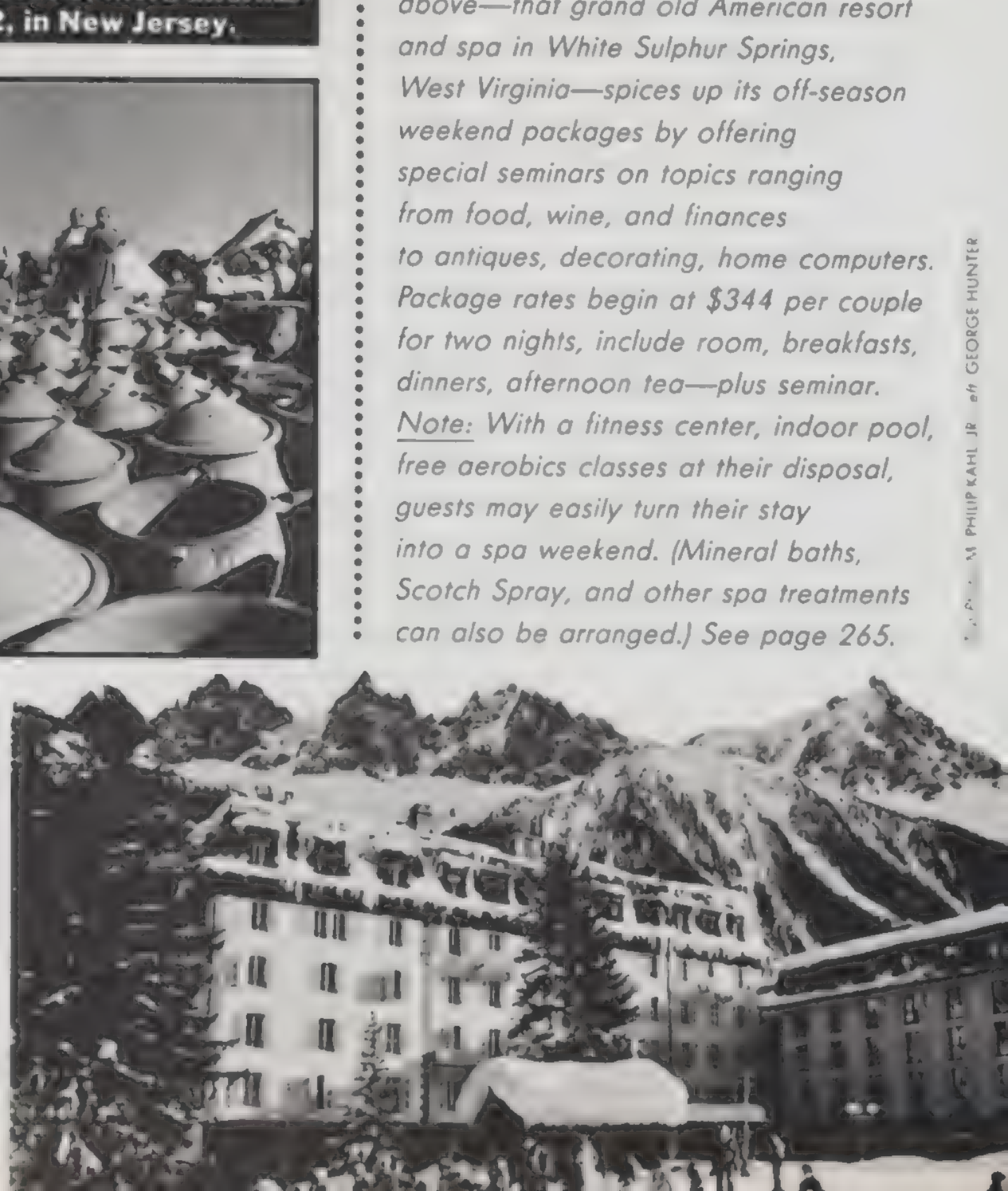
ON PARLE ANGLAIS

Alpine flash: For European skiing with no language barriers, Club Med now has two fully bilingual (French/English) ski villages in the Alps: Chamonix, France (pictured), and Roi-Soleil Village in St. Moritz, Switzerland. Club Med's ski packages include practically everything: round-trip flights from the U.S., room, meals, wines, lift tickets, ski instruction. A week runs from $999 to $1199, depending on resort and season. A brand-new two-week package combines both Clubs for $1589-$1729. See page 265 for details, page 260 for more on St. Moritz.

("Travel Now" continued on page 258)



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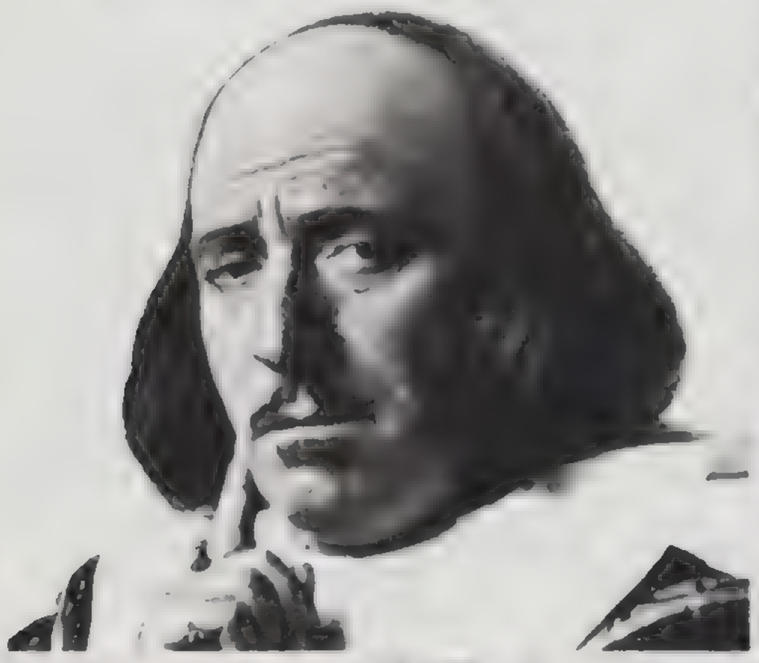

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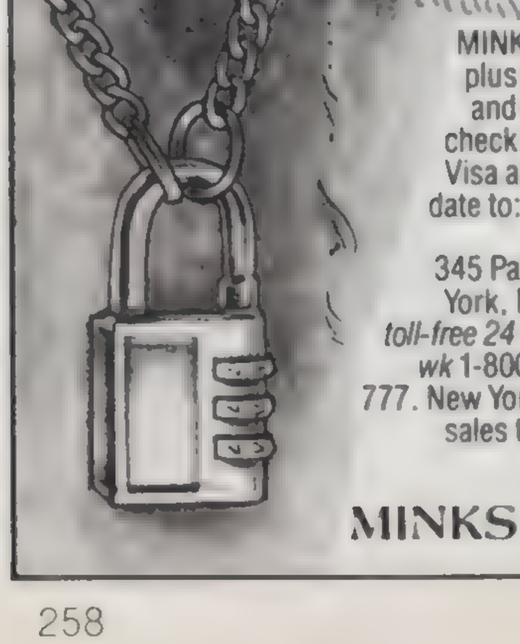

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Travel Now

(Continued from page 256)

The secret world of Sicily ...transatlantic escapade...hot spot in L.A.

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TRIPLEHEADER **One of 1984's greatest journeys has got to be Royal Viking Line's Concorde/Orient-Express/Mediterranean adventure, departing from Ft. Lauderdale on April 7. First leg of this fantastic voyage is a transatlantic sail aboard the *Royal Viking Sky* (1). Arriving in Gibraltar (after a stop at the island of Madeira) on April 18, the ship spends the next two weeks cruising the Mediterranean and Aegean, winding up in Athens on May 4. From Athens, passengers fly to Venice, spend two nights at a deluxe hotel there, then take off on the *Venice Simplon Orient-Express* (2) for London. Two nights in London and it's back to the U.S.A. via British Airways' Concorde (3). Price for the entire (April 7-May 10) trip: $7700 to $19,490, depending on cabin.** **Turn to page 265.**

DINE OF THE TIMES

If the Land of Oz had a restaurant, it would probably look like Chinois—the hot new L.A. dine-spot at 2709 Main Street in Santa Monica. The dazzling interior—a fantasy of mosaics, work-of-art furniture and fixtures, imported Buddhas, $25,000 cloisonne cranes—is the dream of artist Barbara Lazaroff (pictured, right, inside Chinois). The restaurant's flashy Oriental cuisine has been designed by Lazaroff's fiancé/partner Wolfgang Puck—of Spago and Ma Maison fame.

PLAY IT AGAIN!

For tennis fans, the *only* place to be December 12-18 is Turnberry Isle in North Miami Beach, FL. Occasion: 1983 Ilie Nastase-Hamptons Invitational. Drama: U.S. Open champ Jimmy Connors could again face the man he defeated for the title last September—Ivan Lendl.

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A day at the races—St. Moritz

Glamour on top of the world —high season in St. Moritz

The lowdown on the lush life of a fabled winter place

BY HILLARY JOHNSON

For more than a century, the Swiss village of St. Moritz has been a winter playground of English and European aristocrats. Their ranks were pleasantly buffeted in this century by movie stars with names such as Fairbanks, Pickford, Chaplin, Garbo, and Dietrich, and by tycoons with titles borrowed from their industries—Agnelli the Fiat King, Patiño the Tin King—as well as a triumvirate of Greeks: Onassis, Livanos, Niarchos. High season in this little town in the center of a silent, glistening valley called the Engadine was almost impossibly glamorous, to hear the old-timers talk.

Today, Kuwaitis and Arab sheikhs jet here for long ski weekends and trysts; the minister of tourism reports that, so far, 120 Japanese couples have chosen to marry in St. Moritz; and he feels it is a trend ("They read *Heidi* in primary school. You cannot imagine the reaction when they come here! Tears in the eyes!" says Herr Hans-Peter Danuser); two Clubs Méditerranées are flourishing; and the richest and most renowned of the St. Moritz habitués have abandoned their suites at the world-class hotels in town and built discreet pastel chalets on a mountainside just outside the village. The Shah of Iran's villa, a rambling Edwardian structure that was formerly staff quarters for the nearby venerable Suvretta House hotel, is rented occasionally but often sits empty, its garish copper roof—the Shah's idea—an affront to everybody.

In this changing milieu, there are grim reports of the "greening" of St. Moritz and sad requiems offered for the grand era that is passing. Yet it is hard to believe anything is going downhill here except skiers. At the airport in neighboring Samedan—the highest international airport in Europe, as local boosters brag—on the average, fifty small jets, light planes, and helicopters lift off or land every day. At Christmas, when the social season is at its height, that number nearly doubles. (The helicopters, which are used by such people as German publisher Franz Burda, ferry skiers to the virgin snow of faraway peaks. Then, too, "helicopter skiers" often simply wish to avoid lift lines.)

There really are two St. Moritzes. One is the daredevil, high-spirited world of the mountains and lakes that line the Engadine. The other is the world of *après ski,* launched when the *sportif* crowd descends from the Alps' eleven-thousand-foot peaks to the village's six thousand feet—an altitude that is lofty enough, nonetheless, to create a sensation of mellow fatigue in new arrivals not unlike that of a major Nautilus workout.

The first world is the realm of the fearless. St. Moritz probably offers more ingenious ways to taunt death than any other resort. Hang gliding is the newest lark. A Monsieur Philippe Bernard will launch anyone with ice in their veins—and they need never remove their skis. Departure is from the peak of Corviglia, a mountain favored by skiers; touchdown, approximately fifteen minutes later, if all goes well, sooner *(Continued on page 262)*

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ST. MORITZ

(Continued from page 260)

if it doesn't, is on the frozen, snow-covered St. Moritz lake. Forty-five dollars entitles the flying skier to the ride, flight insurance, an in-flight photograph snapped by an automatic camera mounted on the glider, and a "Happy Glider's Drink" at touchdown. Better make it a double.

St. Moritz's more traditional thrill sports are less freestyle. They are imbued, instead, with high standards of skill and competition but marked by a kind of genial nonchalance among competitors. Jonathan Woodall, a handsome, six-foot Briton, is typical of St. Moritz sportsmen who seem to need to run on the edge. Woodall was the British bobsled champion a few seasons back, and he likes to keep his hand in the sport. One afternoon, dressed in proper bob attire—a baseball-like uniform without the stripes, soft leather shoes appropriate for bowling—he alternated between a backgammon game with a jeweled and mink-draped Italian on a restaurant's terrace and turns on the bob run below. It was difficult to estimate which game demanded the greater share of his mental powers. Amateurs can buy a bob "taxi" ride and, flanked by professional bob riders, shoot through an ice tunnel at seventy mph in one of these land-bound metal rockets. Christina Onassis, who is a winter visitor here, is said to have tried it.

Something in the dry, crystalline air appears to impart an adolescent sense of immortality to visitors in fact. Sexagenarian Gianni Agnelli failed to ski St. Moritz last year, but only because someone dropped from a chair lift on top of his "good" leg the year before and it wasn't quite properly healed. "Gianni's other leg is already made of steel," said the jovial Peter Boumphrey in reference to the incident, which apparently was a local topic of mirth.

Boumphrey is the British secretary of St. Moritz's Corviglia Club, which is arguably—and they do argue—the most exclusive ski fraternity in the world. Agnelli and 159 other titled or might-as-well-be-titled men are members. Founded in 1930, the club has its headquarters in an unspectacular chalet at midpoint on fashionable Corviglia. Lunch may be taken at members' invitation only. Legend has it that King Farouk arrived for lunch one day, uninvited, and was turned away. A thirtyish international high roller, Spyros Niarchos, Stavros' son, was one of the newest members last season. Perhaps his father pulled strings.

Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin in St. Moritz

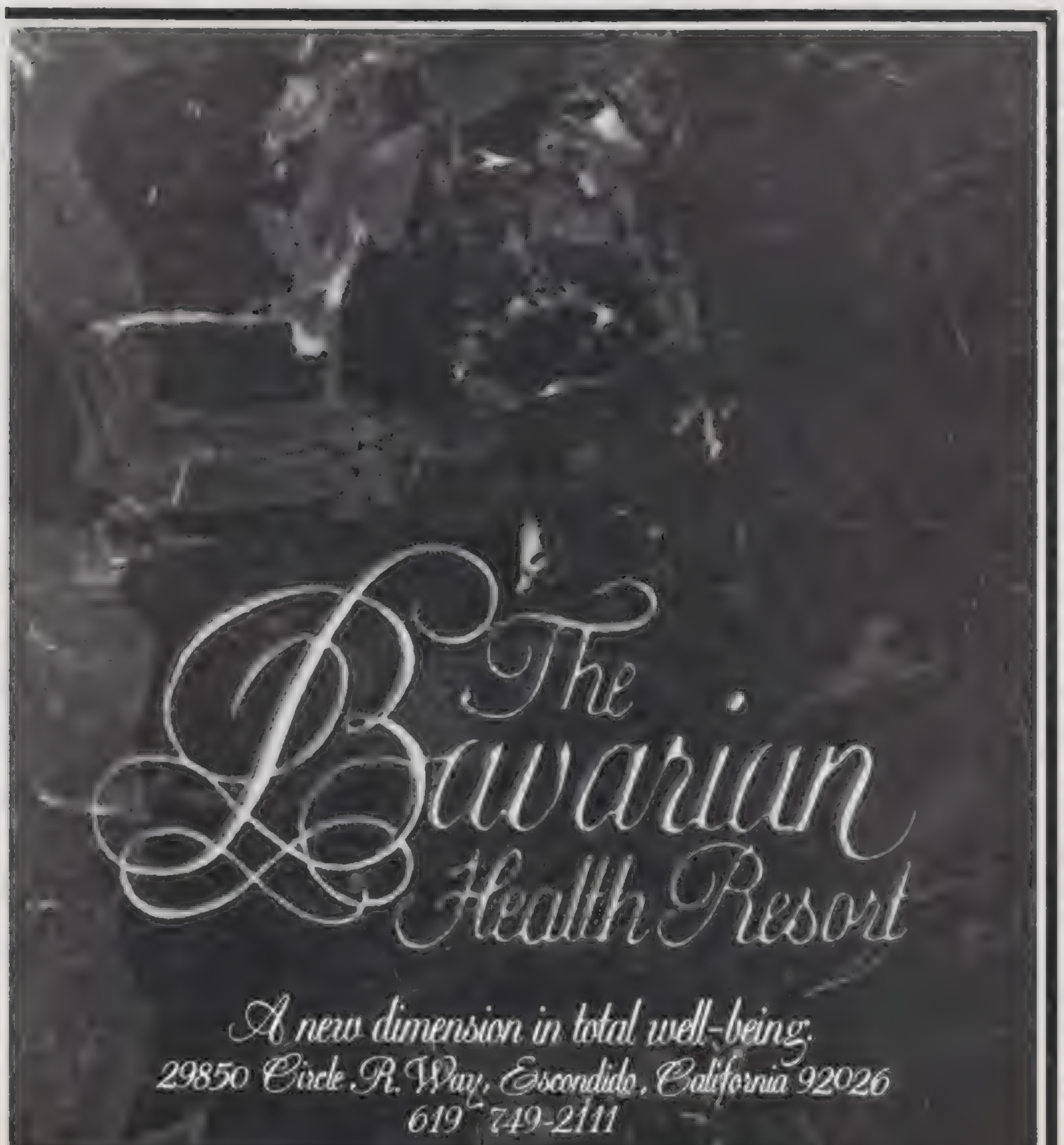
More than at any other Continental resort, the British dominate in St. Moritz. They were the first to winter here, and a few even credit them with inventing sports in the Alps. The Cresta Run, a diabolical toboggan contest that is the oldest of St. Moritz's winter sports, was conjured by the British in 1884. It has been a masculine proving ground for generations of British gentlemen. Competitors attired in costumes reminiscent of those in the Australian post-holocaust film *The Road Warrior* hurtle belly down over a mile-length ribbon of banked ice. They wear spikes on their toes and metal elbow pads—and travel at speeds of eighty-five mph and faster! The fear of the rider, whose vehicle is a one-and-one-half-foot-long metal sled, is audible—directly measured by the intensity with which he digs his spikes into the ice to slow himself. The silent swishers are the real Evel Knievels. Look quickly, or their blurred forms whip by unseen.

In February, a sporting event unique to St. Moritz called "skijoring" occurs on the surface of the frozen lake. An audience laden with furs and jewels watches as some of Europe's best racehorses pull skiers across the snow-covered ice in a spirited race; it's a kind of Alpine Royal Derby. Skiing, oddly enough, gained ascendancy here only during the 1920s. Before that, the smart St. Moritz set referred to skiers as "plank hoppers." Today's skiers wear Ungaro and Fendi on the slopes, with the highest of high-tech equipment to match.

West German Willy Bogner, former Olympic downhill racer, filmmaker, and head of the Bogner sportswear firm, learned to ski in St. Moritz. His mother, Maria Bogner, invented stretch ski pants for women, which made her very popular in St. Moritz. Bogner, who bears an uncanny resemblance to Jean-Paul Belmondo, returns every Christmas to his family's massive log cabin in the exclusive Suvretta neighborhood. His closest neighbors are the Niarchos clan and the Berlin Philharmonic conductor Herbert von Karajan, whose wife Eliette is a leading social light in St. Moritz. Last Christmas, Bogner hosted a midnight ski party for Sen. Edward Kennedy and other family members, including Caroline and John Jr. The skiers rode funiculars to the top of Corviglia and skied down bathed in moonlight.

After moonlight skiing, St. Moritz's second most popular night pursuit is mixing at the Dracula Club. Here, men and women who would be heads of nations if monarchies still prevailed in Western Europe dance frenetically to tunes such as "Gloria" and "Maniac" on a tiny dance floor. Black paper bats sometimes swing from strings attached to the ceiling; crowded white banquettes are used as much for walking upon as for sitting. Less chic is the King's Club at Badrutt's Palace Hotel; it's a good old-fashioned disco with colored lights, female disc jockeys, and a decidedly larger dance floor.

A bird's-eye view of St. Moritz in winter might transmit a pristine snow-covered nineteenth-century village where one could imagine simple folk performing innocent tasks, then returning home at dusk to sip schnapps in front of crackling pine logs. But upon closer inspection it becomes clear the people of St. Moritz put any humble trappings of Swiss village life behind them long ago. Late afternoon, in fact, is when the village comes to life. Then, its winding hilly streets, often slippery with ice and snow, are filled with white-blond women in furs and pastel skiwear. Men are in darker furs and matching *(Continued on page 265)*



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ST. MORITZ

(Continued from page 262)

hats. A penchant exists for dressing children like adults, and that includes fur coats cut to match those of their parents'.

The ancient Swiss architecture is elegant; the shops' names are modern: Roberta di Camerino, Bucherer, Cartier. There are stores for the youthful chic, too. "Jet Set" sells fluorescent sweatshirts, faded denim mini-skirts, and postcards featuring not the mystical Alps but Conan the Barbarian. Another establishment sells merely two styles of sheepskin boots dyed in any of four pastel colors. A French woman in white mink, white corduroy pants, and a white sweater selects a pair of every color and pays with cash.

A sign is seen in a shop window: "Coffee, Tea, Caviar." The price of the latter has dropped noticeably since the days when Shah Pahlevi skied here. Years ago, several Cresta Club members halted the Peacock Prince's Rolls, holding placards of protest and chanting, "Down with the price of caviar." A multitude of bank offices in the town's center keeps everyone current. Stock exchange quotations, currency exchange rates, the price of gold—the numbers pulsate in the windows.

The atmosphere in the glittering hamlet's four luxury hotels is pervaded by a sentimental spirit of Victorian monarchism and the breathless decadence of new and outrageous fortunes. Liveried porters from the Kulm, the Carlton, Suvretta House, and Badrutt's Palace meet guests at the train station. Porters bearing the names of these establishments on their hats have the look of having seen everything at least once.

Of the four grandest hotels Suvretta House is the most quietly distinguished, Badrutt's Palace the most flamboyant and extravagant. At teatime, the Palace's Grand Hall, a cathedral-sized space with wood-inlaid ceilings and a disparate assortment of upholstered chairs clustered around pink-clothed tables, is the finest vantage point from which to observe all of St. Moritz parade. Andrea Badrutt, Palace proprietor, used to charge the equivalent of $7 just to walk through the lobby at this hour, as a means of discouraging idle gawkers. He halted the practice a few years ago but said recently, "We should start it again."

The days are over when stars like Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn made the Palace their winter retreat, however. Discretion and privacy are the new passwords in St. Moritz. Last season, the arrival of Koo Stark, Prince Andrew's then girl friend, impressed only the journalists from *Le Figaro,* who camped outside the Palace awaiting her entrances and exits—and irritating guests. "Someone should give those French journalists a beating," said a smartly dressed Italian as he looked up from a bridge game. "They—how do you say it?—make a *seige.*" Adnan Khashoggi, the Arab who is considered the richest man in the world, was also at the Palace last winter. It was a taxi driver who let that slip, however, not Badrutt.

Jack Trommer, who has played piano in the Grand Hall at teatime since the 1930s, has a repertoire that ranges from Viennese waltzes to the theme from *Star Wars.* Costumes at this transitional hour match Trommer's eclectic style; they range from cashmere and pearls to Claude Montana. A woman in sable who held an infant swaddled in white lynx was an English nanny; the child was Italian.

The Palace dining room could have been conceived by Cecil B. De Mille. Tables are laden with crystal and flowers; the long room shimmers with candlelight, jewels, and silver trays. "It's like stepping into a movie—watch out," warns a dinner partner one evening. All eyes turn toward the new arrivals as the double glass doors swing open.

A dinner pastime turns out to be guessing the nationalities present. Italians are the most elegant; the English are the worst dressed. An American currency speculator is overheard discussing the price of the package tour with his wife. "I am sorry," says a Zurich marketing manager at the next table, "but you could have bought it for a third less." "That's why we're Americans," is the speculator's cheerful retort. The Swiss businessman admires the American's diamond-encrusted watch, which the American removes and hands to the Swiss for closer examination. "Did you inherit your money?" the Swiss asks boldly after returning the item. "No. I made it myself," the American responds, unfazed. The two men shake hands in apparent mutual respect and resume their dinner.

The happiest people in St. Moritz may be the locals. There are six thousand of them and as a group, their per-capita income is one of the highest in Switzerland. Village merchants are known as the "propeller set." "You have to understand," explains a perennial visitor from Italy, "the man who sells the coffee has a plane, the man who sells the caviar has a plane, and the man who sells the newspapers has a plane." Many pilot their planes over the Alps to Italy's Lake Como, where they have second homes. Here they find respite from the altitude, the snow, and the hustle. ▽

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TRAVEL

Bermuda: literary legend in the sun

How a small island seduced some of the world's greatest writers

BY MAREN RUDOLPH

If a place can be judged by the people who visit it, then Bermuda is more than just another island in the sun. For close to two centuries, this little British Colony—less than six hundred miles off the Carolina coast—has attracted surprisingly large numbers of the rich, the titled, and the talented. Writers, in particular, have long found something special here.

"Bermuda," wrote Mark Twain, "is the right country for a jaded man to loaf in. There are no harassments; the deep peace and quiet sink into one's body and bones and give his conscience a rest." Eugene O'Neill, in contrast to Twain, used the island as a workshop. He bought a beautiful old mansion called "Spithead" and from there wrote *Strange Interlude* and the first draft of *Mourning Becomes Electra.*

Shakespeare was perhaps the only writer who drew inspiration from Bermuda without ever having traveled there. *The Tempest,* Bermudians claim, is the island's incomparable guidebook. Just how much material Shakespeare drew from accounts of the wreck of the *Sea Venture*—an English flagship that foundered in a storm off the coast of Bermuda in 1609—is open to controversy. But several prominent writers have supported the Shakespeare/Bermuda connection. Touring the island in 1898, Rudyard Kipling came upon what he thought to be the perfect setting for Act II, Scene II of *The Tempest:* a "certain beach some two miles from Hamilton," where Stephano might have been washed to safety on his butt of Spanish wine.

Scholars speculate that Shakespeare learned about Bermuda from a half-tipsy sailor backstage at the old Globe. If this is not so, he undoubtedly heard talk in nearby pubs of the *Sea Venture's* bad luck off the Isle of Devils—a name given Bermuda because of its fierce storms and treacherous ring of shallow reefs. Whatever the source, Shakespeare became fascinated with the shipwreck and the plight of a small band of castaways, led by Admiral Sir George Somers, who struggled to shore and founded the first English settlement.

The first writer we know of to actually step on Bermudian soil was the Irish sentimentalist Tom Moore. In 1804, he spent a four-month sojourn in the historic town of St. George on the northern tip of the island. Moore was obviously enraptured by what he found:

Oh! could you view the scenery dear,
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think that Nature lavish'd here
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in!

Wonderfully preserved, St. George—with its narrow winding immaculate streets and pretty stone houses—allows today's visitor to see the town much as it was in Moore's day. One of the town's newest attractions is Somers Wharf—a restored area of shops and museums.

Unlike Moore, Anthony Trollope—who had been sent to Bermuda in 1858 as an inspector of the West Indian post-office system—was not overly charmed by the island or by its inhabitants. "To live and die," he wrote of the Bermudians, "would seem to be enough for them. To live and die as their fathers and mothers did before them, in the same houses, using the same furniture . . . enjoying *(Continued on page 268)*

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BERMUDA

(Continued from page 266)

the same immunity from excitement."

During his two-week stay, Trollope was impressed by the essential conservatism of the Bermudian people. He found that a negative quality—due in part to laziness, in part to weather. Today, Bermudians are known for their adherence to tradition; but one could hardly call the people of a country with no illiteracy and no unemployment, lazy. (The island's annual per-capita income—almost $15,000—ranks among the world's highest.)

While Trollope rebelled against the stability and quiet of the islands, Mark Twain, visiting Bermuda approximately a decade later, rejoiced in their "tranquil and contenting nature." Despite a steady stream of tourists that prompted Twain to quip, "Bermuda is the biggest small place in the world," he never felt crowded there.

The author from Hannibal, Missouri, visited Bermuda several times. Shortly before his death in 1910, he spent four months as the guest of the American Consul, Will Allen, at Bay House in Pembroke Parish. Like Spithead, O'Neill's retreat, Bay House is one of those two-hundred-year-old cottages that protrudes over the harbor's edge. During Twain's stay, steamers from New York would pass close to the dining-room windows and their captains would blow a salute to him as they drifted into Hamilton Harbor. Today, tourists lounging on the terraces of some of Bermuda's most prominent hotels can see large luxury liners cruising into azure waters now lively with windsurfers, sailboats, and fishing craft.

While Hamilton, the country's largest city and capital, bristles with the trade and traffic of a harbor town, Somerset Village—in Sandys Parish on the West End of Bermuda—remains quiet and unpretentious. Named after Sir George Somers, commander of the ill-fated *Sea Venture,* Somerset has some of the most spectacular scenery and most luxurious resorts on Bermuda. Among the latter, Lantana Colony Club—a twenty-three-acre estate of cottages—sits high on a bluff overlooking the Great Sound. And not far from Lantana is Eugene O'Neill's retreat.

Unlike Twain, O'Neill did not "loaf" on Bermuda. To him, the island and his two-hundred-year-old house (whose original owner was a privateer) offered a place to write. Sir Noël Coward and Hervey Allen were also attracted to the rocky coastline of Somerset Island. Allen bought a quaint eighteenth-century cottage in Somerset Village where he wrote his classic, *Anthony Adverse,* in 1933 . . . and Coward once owned Spithead Lodge, near O'Neill's famous house.

The number of writers who have lived or vacationed in Bermuda reads like a literary *Who's Who:* Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, E.B. White, John O'Hara, Owen Johnson, Tom Cushing, Rudyard Kipling. David Mason Little stayed at Grayholme in Paget East, and edited the *Letters of David Garrick.* Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy,* preferred Bailey's Bay.

Why Bermuda? Of all writers to visit the place, perhaps Mark Twain expressed the island's appeal most simply. On his last trip to Bermuda, the then ailing Twain said to a fellow visitor, "You go to heaven if you want to . . . I'd rather stay here." ▽

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When it pays to "get scared"

A revisionist look at panic

BY SUSAN JACOBY

Say the word "panic," and the image that immediately comes to mind is one of terrified people trampling one another in the rush to escape natural or man-made catastrophes—men pushing women and children out of lifeboats on the sinking *Titanic*, millions of drivers choking urban highways in the wake of a nuclear "accident." Most of us, though, are far more likely to experience a sense of panic when we are overwhelmed by the obligations of everyday life—in Yeats's famous words, when "things fall apart; the centre cannot hold."

In many respects, ordinary panic is the emotional equivalent of the biological "fight-or-flight" response to imminent physical danger: the heart pounds, knees feel wobbly, chills and fever follow each other as a surge of adrenalin prepares the organism to meet a real or imaginary crisis. And—again like the fight-or-flight reaction—panic actually has positive survival value if it can be controlled.

Willard Gaylin, M.D., author of *Feelings* (Harper & Row), a widely praised book about the "vital signs" of everyday emotional life, says panic is usually triggered by the fear that we have failed—or are on the verge of failing—to fulfill our most important commitments. "It's a sense of being overburdened, of life spinning out of control," he notes. "Still, the person who can say, 'I'm in a terrible panic,' is better off than someone who can't articulate the feeling, who just conveys a general sense of depression and inertia."

The most common cause of panic—in both women and men—is a combination of pressures affecting both love and work. A woman who has been coping reasonably well with an unhappy marriage may find herself in a panic if she encounters new problems on the job. A man who has managed to keep his dislike of his boss under control may be unable to stifle his resentment in the office if a love affair turns sour.

Do women have a lower panic threshhold than men? Probably not, but—as in the case with fear and depression—women are more apt to admit to feelings of panic. Many of my closest friends, both women and men, are writers who are in a chronic state of anxiety about their ability to meet deadlines. "I'm panicked—I'm just not going to make it this time" is a statement I hear on the phone from my female friends at least once a week. The men I know—even if their checking account is down to $100 and they must deliver a ten-thousand-word manuscript in order to make next month's mortgage payment—are apt to say nothing until the deadline has passed and they have (once more) managed to produce.

Denial of panic until the crisis is over—at least as far as the outside world is concerned—is a coping strategy that is far from valueless. Carol Tavris, Ph.D., in her book *Anger: The Misunderstood Emotion* (Simon and Schuster), cites a large body of research indicating that people who constantly "rehearse" their anger in front of others only succeed in making themselves more furious instead of dealing with the causes of their anger. I suspect the same generalization may apply to panic, which has rarely been studied outside of emergency situations.

I never deny a sense of panic to myself, but I know that talking about it to other people makes me feel more and more out of control. Panic takes on a whole new dimension after frequent "rehearsals"; it acquires a concrete identity for one's friends and business associates as well as in one's own mind. (I am not, obviously, referring to a discussion of panic with a therapist in a professional setting.)

Panic—like other disturbing states of mind—not only can be controlled but, on occasion, can be turned to good use. In *Feelings*, Dr. Gaylin observes that "unlike most animals, who use their anticipation only for fight or flight—i.e., to escape or conquer a fixed reality—we have the recourse of changing the reality itself. We are in a sense, therefore, coauthors with nature (and chance) of our future; we are not merely passive subjects of it."

The first and most important step in dealing with panic is to identify predictable situations that trigger the queasy feeling of being out of control. The classic image of panic in an emergency has very little to do with the panics of everyday life; a woman who acts courageously and efficiently to rescue a child from danger may find herself in a panic when her babysitter walks out and she has an important presentation to make at work.

Since I am a self-employed woman, money—specifically, the fear of not being paid in

SOME DAYS IT TAKES SHEER ENERGY.

time to meet all of my financial obligations—is my most predictable source of panic. My friend Barbara, who was widowed ten years ago and has brought up three children alone, finds that her panic sets in at the slightest sign of ill health. "I get a cough," she says, "and I think, 'My God, who's going to handle everything if I get pneumonia?' "

A divorced friend says she panics at the thought of being alone on the weekends her children spend with their father. "It's such a cliché I hate to admit it," she says, "but the absence of company on the weekend leads me to do crazy things. Like starting smoking again after spending six painful months kicking the habit. Or falling back into bed with a man I broke up with six months ago and really don't want to be with at all."

When you know what situations are likely to throw you into a panic, it's possible, as Dr. Gaylin suggests, to head off trouble by changing the reality.

Some years ago, I discovered that my financial panics could be averted by scheduling work farther in advance than most writers are accustomed to doing. That way, I can adjust the pace of my work to meet my financial obligations and allow for the occasional project that doesn't work out. This system hasn't totally eliminated panic from my life, but it has greatly reduced the number of nights when I find myself waking up in a cold sweat. Furthermore, the quality of my professional life has improved because I have a solid sense of what I need to accomplish in each time period.

The same system doesn't work as easily in personal life—you can't supply yourself with a man simply because you're panicked at the thought of being alone—but it is possible to pack days with diversionary activities when you know you are particularly susceptible to the panic that flows from being "manless."

It's also important to distinguish between panic that flows from imaginary causes and panic that is grounded in reality. Barbara has had many solid reasons to feel panicky since her husband died. He left her with very little life insurance and she had no job skills at the time of his death. What isn't reasonable, though, is her panic at the slightest sign of illness; she is, in fact, perfectly healthy. And her panic about medical problems is particularly harmful because it has led her to avoid routine breast examinations and Pap smears.

"I've come to the conclusion," she says, "that all of this panic about sickness is a way of not facing what I'm really panicked about—that I have to be both a woman and a man, Daddy and Mommy. One thing that helps me now is the realization that I have met most of the challenges successfully. At night, I've gotten into the habit of going over everything I've done right in the last few years."

Barbara has hit on an extremely effective way of handling panic—positive instead of negative "rehearsing." Most people panic not because they are incompetent or because their lives are hopeless but because they fear some disaster—specific or nameless—that may lie in the future.

When panic sets in, it's emotionally comforting to concentrate on all of the crises you've managed—maybe not perfectly, but managed—in the past. Your husband walked out on you and, instead of going crazy or running home to Mom, you picked yourself up, albeit with a great deal of pain, and went on living. You met the deadline you thought you couldn't meet. You hung on with an impossible boss and found a better job.

Positive rehearsing sometimes works best when we recall the few times our greatest fears did materialize. One woman whose worst nightmare was being fired—she had grown up in an extremely poor family—was in fact fired in a company-wide cutback caused by the recent recession. And she was on unemployment for three months, an experience she found especially humiliating because she had vowed she would never go through what she saw her parents experience when she was a child. Eventually, she was hired by another company for $5000 more a year than she had been making in her previous job. "When I get panicky now," she says, "I just tell myself, 'well, the worst did happen to you and you got through it after all.' "

I wouldn't go so far as to say that panic is good for you—I think I could spend the rest of my life quite happily without experiencing it again—but there is an undeniable satisfaction in having subdued, survived, and learned something from a panic attack. A year ago, I was in an entirely justified panic as I struggled to complete a book more important to me than any project I had ever undertaken, after losing three months to a very real illness. With true serendipity, in the course of my research, I came across a wonderful observation about panic by Thomas Paine, the fiery propagandist for the American Revolution.

"Panics, in some cases, have their uses," Paine argued, "they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them and acquires a firmer habit than before." ▽

Susan Jacoby *is the author, most recently, of "Wild Justice: The Evolution of Revenge" (Harper & Row).*

VOGUE'S view

What's up: fashion successes ...a breakaway designer... men's style...romantic bits

WHAT MADE IT

FASHION THINKING '83: HITS AND MISSES

'83: The fashion year started last fall—as it always does—on runways in Milan—with Italian spring ready-to-wear collections. It effectively ended, ten months later, in New York, with resort. Of the hundreds of fashion notions presented—the thousands of variations and permutations—some ideas came and were quickly gone. Others held up—looked good, sold well—through the year and evolved.

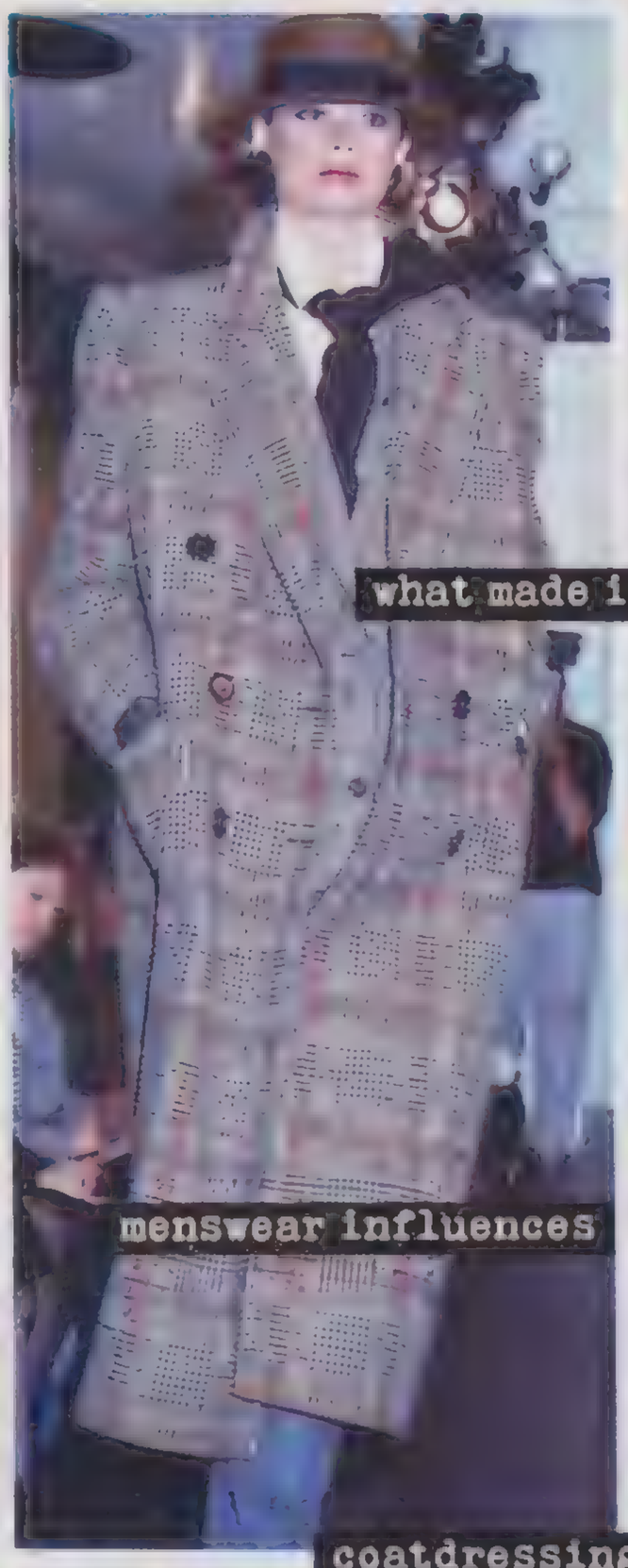
The fashion hits? Interestingly—and it's interesting to call it "fashion"—the real standout was a new-looking haircut: one shorter, fuller, and side-parted. By spring 1984 collections, it was still setting up the best looks in Milan.

Successful notions: Black—though women loved to complain about an overabundance of it. Softened to shades of grey, it held on as the most prevalent color, starting '84. Dresses—more than in some other years—were a strong category: everything from remarkable chemises at Saint Laurent winter couture to flirty Ungaro sarong silks for next spring to dresses from American sportswear designers. One of Anne Klein's top fall sellers was a coatdress.

When those two notions—black, single-piece dressing—came together in the short black dress for night, it stood out, stood up, almost universally: from a narrow black Ferre dinner dress for last spring to flirty black lace dresses at Paris winter couture. Valentino, a year ago, sent bejeweled "sweaters" down the runway. Bill Blass gave the most elaborate beaded top great ease with a charcoal pair of pants. U.S. stores rushed decorated sweaters into Christmas catalogues.

American designers, reportedly, sold fall knits—sweaters, layerings, dresses—in abundance. Says retailer Joan Weinstein, owner of Chicago's Ultimo: "Outerwear this season has hurried out of the store. It's been a great season for coats, for jackets with menswear styling." Menswear influences—in a coat, a jacket—were fashion hits; the shape started with a broad shoulder. But a continuing success, too, was the decorated stocking—from lace to sheer patternings to new glimmerings: A notion somewhat at the other end of the "femininity" scale.

what made it: shorter haircuts



menswear influences

coatdressing, day or night

decorated stockings, tops

wider-legged trousers

Evolutions: Starting '84

Holes and tatters, spiky ''punk'' hair--the year's more excessive notions--fortunately have pretty much come and gone. Other '83 fashion trends are evolving into a look that's quite something else for spring; and, almost across the board, those adaptations are softening ones. Wider-legged trousers--successes in themselves--have set up a generally softer look in pants, one cut fuller, too, through the hips: the style of a pyjama. The narrow coatdress of innumerable fall collections--the dress that looked raciest in black leather at Saint Laurent--is apt, now for spring, to be fuller-skirted: a ''trench'' dress at Calvin Klein. The idea of massively heavy sandals--almost Biblical-looking ones--has evolved into neat sandals and flat shoes with longer lengths. Wild streaks of yellow makeup, now, have set off attractive new eye shadings for night. Some Japanese designers--masters of voluminousness--are even talking now of narrowing shapes.

("View" continued on page 276)

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view

EASING UP

Midwinter relief: jumpsuits—in more variety, with more appeal than ever

New takes on a bright notion: Kamali's orange jumpsuit, *above*—big, roomy, with a cinch belt. *Above right:* The other end of the spectrum from Jean-Paul Gaultier, with an over T-shirt, the ease of long underwear

With knitting, new ways of layering: *left*, a jumpsuit from Adrienne Vittadini that's as easygoing as a child's pyjamas

In and of itself, the jumpsuit is hardly news—but its prevalence, its variety of design and wearability, right now, are something of a fashion phenomenon. One clothes pundit, this season, claims there may exist as much variety and as high a level of design in jumpsuits as a category as in dresses. Indeed. New jumpsuits are, without a doubt, much more than overalls-style or mechanics' suits. There's some serious—and clearly evident—design thought. An '84 jumpsuit—and this is what's new—may be layered (or layerable) like a jumper as Pinky and Dianne's black silk broadcloth jumpsuit is . . . it may sport *trompe-l'oeil* two-piece effects . . . be rolled or cropped at the leg; it might come unwaisted and voluminous, like a clown suit (the bigness to be controlled by a belt) . . . be barely tank-topped or hugely dolman-sleeved . . . be made of jersey, gabardine, or gauzy parachute-style silk from Katharine Hamnett. Norma Kamali, who's done the suits, at one time or another, in everything from black leather to lamé to suedes and silks, she says, that customers have been married in, calls jumpsuit dressing "the ultimate no-choice decision." What that means—and it's the continuous source of interest it seems—is that a jumpsuit provides, instantly, a total look: dressing in two minutes.

fashion messages

Lettered T-shirts and assorted paraphernalia, oddly, seem to be coming back . . . and that means clothing with something to say—something not always understandable or even decipherable, something serious or very much less so. In swimwear, for next summer, there are newspaper-print bandeaux bikinis, Ralph Lauren "USA" swim tanks, bathing suits that read "Cool," "Hot," or simply "Swim Team." On the beaches of St.-Tropez everything has shown up from T-shirts decorated with foot-high letters to—collector's items—ones with somewhat indiscreet sayings in Japanese. Journalists in El Salvador, with gallows humor last summer, printed their own T's. The message on them: "¡Periodista! ¡No Dispare!" (Journalist! Don't Shoot!)

("View" continued on page 280)

BARRY KAUFMAN • DUSTIN PITTMAN Hair and makeup: Patsy, Carol Hetzel's assistants

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view

UNABASHEDLY ROMANTIC

Black lace, veils, true confections of dresses: "femininity" updated?

When Pierre Cardin opens a Maxim's in Beijing . . . when Linda Ronstadt croons old love songs in her *What's New* album . . . when Manet, the beauteous, is the year's museum show . . . and Proust, love's observer, the season's scriptwriter: something's happening. Clearly, there's a developed desire, now, for some romance: things lush, rich, traditional, flirtatious. A desire for that sensibility, certainly to some degree, in clothes.

Paris winter couture collections delivered it—with only-in-couture-style glory. In Paris, designers came forth with veiled shoulders, reembroidered lace, black velvet, tulle. Saint Laurent show-stopped with a billowing marigold taffeta cape—a grand-opera cape—tied with a big bow at the neck. Ungaro swept the runway with evening-dress trains. Lagerfeld, in couture for Chanel, finished a black lace dress with a deep-ruffle top.

Unquestionably romantic dressing. But is it applicable to even consider modernity? Length, to a large degree, is key: In Paris, black lace dresses—some, panels of lace with velvet, with mousseline—often come deliberately short, saucy, and noticeably fitted at the hips. Ungaro's long strapless slip of reemboidered lace coats the body like a seductive second skin. When Saint Laurent, as another thought, piles long necklaces—rope upon rope, layer upon layer—on a black turtleneck sweater . . . when Ungaro tips a veiled and feathered saucer of a black velvet hat down on a runway model's forehead, there's intended humor there, an amusing edge to "romantic" dressing. That edge may well define the "modern" difference, in fact, today.

("View" continued on page 282)

Evening dressing with a romantic turn: Couture black lace—with velvet, far left—going, coming at Ungaro; Lagerfeld's enchanting lace dress and jacket, left, at Chanel. Romantic imprints, top: veiling, across a hat; at the neck, Cartier Art Deco jewels. Blouse, above: Calvin Klein.

ROMANCE: MAY/DECEMBER *Call it romantic dressing, all-out femininity: For winter, this thread of fashion thought has been geared to night and been coming, at times, from surprising sources. A black lace blouse at Calvin Klein, maker of American sportswear. Lace bustiers, blouses, and skirts from Norma Kamali—the lady of lamé, of jersey, of "sweats." For spring, indications are, that thinking's now reaching to any time of day, surfacing in small—clearly pretty—details from U.S. designers. In lingerie, there's lace trim on face-powder-color pieces, all-lace corselets. In stockings, "romantic" might mean a small rhinestone bow on sheer black hose. Perry Ellis, for one, is mixing elements of soft pink—in a blouse, a fabric stripe—with charcoal-grey sportswear; jewelry designers are stringing long necklaces of cloudy pastel beads. At Ralph Lauren: a pristine Victorian-like blouse pairs with a tailored split skirt in twill.*

STEVEN MEISEL. MICHEL MAURO. PIERRE SHERMAN *Top photo* Hair by Ray Allington, makeup by Lydia Snyder

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view

The name is Stephen Sprouse: a name heard more and more in fashion conversation. Stephen Sprouse—thirty-year-old painter, photographer, now designer—who uses classic shapes, man's suit or motorcycle jacket, as the starting points for extraordinary tailoring, sequins, strokes of graffiti

STEPHEN SPROUSE: BREAKING AWAY . . . with standout style, a hot new name

Sprouse style: All-black—cardigan, short "tent" dress, below; left, his jacket—oversized, in fuchsia. Signature headband: black or graffiti print

First there was rock star Deborah Harry, who just happened to share the kitchen downstairs in Stephen Sprouse's Bowery apartment building and for whom he began designing "working wardrobes"—cut-up black leotards and miniskirts. Then there was Halston—and a first fashion job—which left an indelible mark on Stephen's taste. And then there was the graffiti artist who demanded ten dollars for scribbling silver graffiti on his boots. "I wouldn't pay for it," Sprouse laughs now, "but I liked the idea." The idea, translated this season: graffiti patternings on headbands, dresses, tights, shoes.

Sprouse lures with a sense of the familiar, with recognizable shapes, then bites down hard—with blinding colors, clever "twists." In a season for sequins, his are graffiti sequins; his balmacaan coat is fluorescent orange; his "little black dress" is a mini-length.

A 'sixties revivalist? The miniskirt has become a classic, Sprouse says; and in the 'sixties fashion reached its modernist apex—with plastics, synthetics, neon colorings. The clothes Sprouse makes—neon sequins or simple black or grey cashmere sweaters—are meant for any woman, any age: body-conscious but—the 'eighties difference—not constrictive. Quality and tailoring are key.

"Clothes should be well made with good fabrics to last longer," Sprouse says. "The neon coats should last ten years. They're really classics."

Sprouse himself wears black T's, grey flannel pants, a headband from a T-shirt sleeve (he made the first for Deborah Harry). "I think out what's practical," he says. "You can't beat a good suit, sweaters worn like T-shirts, pants as comfortable as jeans."

("View" continued on page 284)

Hair and make-up, Patty Carlton

Photographs by Mark Hanauer

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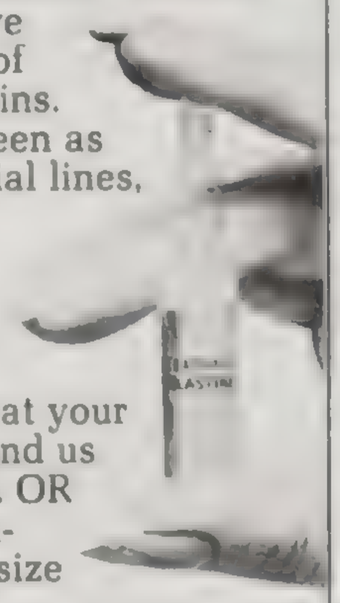

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VIEW

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After fashion . . .
MEN'S VIEW: PARIS

As much as menswear influences in women's clothes are increasingly prevalent these days, the sorts of theatrical presentations and fashion devices long familiar to women's wear are becoming an inseparable part, it seems, of menswear collections. In Paris shows for spring/summer, men came down runways with sweaters tied around their hips, their shoulders or waists. Jean-Paul Gaultier's fez-hatted models established, with no possible doubt, his North African "theme." (Gaultier, Comme des Garçons, and Kenzo—major women's-wear names—all held formal Paris menswear shows for spring, for the first time.) Of the fashion thoughts there, clearly the fez won't be the first to appear on Madison Avenue.

Nor, in seriousnessness, was that Gaultier's intention.

More adaptable—and attractive—runway notions in menswear? A change as subtle as trousers with a triple pleat—trousers a bit fuller, baggier, but still narrowing at the cuff. Jackets—almost always with a broad shoulder line—cut a bit longer and narrow at the hips . . . or loosened up and somewhat roomier in rough silks and linens. New topcoats end lower on the leg, stopping at a point below-calf.

In a season of prints—not simply familiar foulards, paisleys, and dots but dark African- or Hawaiian-print sport shirts (and those shirts shown with suits)—there's, too, a subtle mixing of patterns: a Glen-plaid suit put with a discreet striped shirt, a print tie, all in varying degrees of the same color. Blue of every depth—slate blue to royal to navy—when layered together was a runway standout.

Other bright ideas: Bright blue, red, or jacquard-patterned socks with grey suits, with tuxedo suits . . . new—somewhat less conservative—ties: in 'fifties prints, bold colors. Nino Cerruti, Paris master of tailoring, knotted ties loosely on open-necked shirts: for hot weather, it was an obviously appealing notion.

"Dressing is a way of life. It brings you joy. It can give you freedom and liberation, help you to find yourself and to move without restraint. Isn't elegance forgetting what one is wearing?" So says the man himself in *Yves Saint Laurent*, the catalogue to this month's show at NYC's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Hardbound: from Clarkson N. Potter (about $35).

KARL LAGERFELD calls them "guardian angels of the city." The city: Rome

An American news photographer covering an appearance by President Reagan at NYC's Waldorf Astoria recently came away impressed by the chic of some others entering the hotel: the women were Secret Service officers—dressed, in their own clothes, for the day's job. For the job of outfitting a newly expanded force of policewomen in his city, the mayor of Rome had a different idea: he asked Italians—Gucci, Fendi, Mila Schön, Sorelle Fontana, Laura Biagiotti—to design new uniforming wardrobes, shoes-to-cap. For Fendi, *left*, Karl Lagerfeld's dress uniform with beret, jacket, patch-pocket shirt, wrap skirt. The angel wings—added for a Fendi show—are strictly symbolic: for any woman brave enough, perhaps, to direct cars in Rome's Corso Venezia.

("View" continued on page 286)

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Spring ideas: what's coming…street-style, Paris-style…workout wear: new wardrobes …the prettiest details…fashion finds

view

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

Spring ideas, at this time of year, invariably sound more than attractive . . . and what people are talking about, now, is no exception to the rule. In the wind, from U.S. designers: Elongated shapes, lean lines (in a slither of a knit dress or a long narrow skirt). Skirts, often, are coming with easy tops—wide-armed, cut like a broad T—and more dressing is apt to be based on easy coats than jackets: dusters, gabardine raincoatings, long tube cardigans in linen or cashmere. Watch for chemises, wrapped dresses, plenty of knitting and updated safari looks, flatter shoes, and fabrics in generally cooler, muted colors. Elements of prettiness often soften tailored dressing: side-button trousers, wider pants, beautiful blouses with lace details are just some of the notions that you'll find coming for spring.

What's up? On women, on Paris streets this fall, grey, most definitely, was the color: a charcoal grey "menswear" coat, say, with khaki poplin trousers, a cashmere V-necked cardigan sized, quite deliberately, small. Big men's-style jackets in strong colors gave dash to skirts or pants; French women have been tucking in—or wearing loose—oversized men's striped or printed shirts in challis. Gloves, seemingly, go on every hand. Other good looks: high-heeled pumps—in lizard, crocodile, or ostrich—and great cashmere mufflers: both, often bright. Men's foulard-print silk squares tuck into pockets or can be tied like a ribbon in the hair. Smaller, structured shoulder-bags—classics from Hermès, Chanel, Vuitton, or Dior—with all the menswear dressing have seemed more polished-appearing than big, sporty totes.

Fashion hit: At Milan spring collections, interestingly, what buyers and press were talking about were men's ties—at Memphis. Memphis, the modernist design collective usually known for its outré furniture and home furnishings, is now producing some highly fashionable ties and, in Memphis fashion, they're clearly noticeable ones: wild prints, neon colors—shocking pink with yellow geometric slashes, hot pink fashioned with black "squares". . . . More and more, it seems, women's designers are offering up—interpreting—their special style in the world of menswear. Newest in a long line: Jean Muir's first men's collection, just shown in London for spring. What's terrific? Cashmeres—wonderful oversized cardigans and long pullovers in navy, black, or black-and-white stripes . . . and cashmere-cloth robes: kimono-inspired, designed for a Jean Muir woman customer to give a man (or herself).

People are talking about . . . the current tidal wave of new galleries and shops for "wearable art": handcrafted, one-of-a-kind items by jewelers, weavers, fabric artists. The new outpourings are filling museum shows, as well. Some items are "wearable," some less so; some are art, some inventive, some strictly arty. But the idea, evidently, is a strong one. Sales, reportedly, are constantly growing, evidence of a desire for "something special." . . . If a new shop—Koala Blue—on L.A.'s Melrose Avenue has a strongly Australian theme, there's a clear reason: it's owned by Australian-bred Olivia Newton-John and her partner, Pat Farrar. Among the Aussie Milk Bar (soda fountain), stuffed koala bears and kangaroos, Australian newspapers and magazines, there's also fashion from Australia: hand-painted denim dresses, sweats of aborigine prints, "outback" styles, Australian hand-knitting. . . .

"Watch for chemises, lean skirts, plenty of knitting, cooler colors, terrific shoes"

Black and greys may be the colors of the year and menswear-influenced dressing a major trend: interestingly, the hot-selling lingerie item, at this moment, is something closely akin to a G-string. Lingerie makers report that women are buying these briefest-of-briefs as fast as they're produced. The preferred style? Quite simply, the tiniest bits of soft satins or silks: in pale colorings, often with lace trims. . . . If you've not very seriously looked at beaded necklaces for a while, now could be the time to look again: what's coming are some new--quite beautiful--ropes of beads . . . from names such as Barry Kieselstein-Cord, Stephen Dweck, Chanel, M. & J. Savitt. What's new? Longer (often, below-waist) lengths, irregular--pebbly--bead shapes, mixtures of the palest, watery colorings: clear crystal, cloudy white, pale jade, soft rose. The key: use of some remarkable semiprecious stones--rose quartz, rutilated quartz, citrines, tourmalines, even pearls--pearls as you've never seen them before, unusual, modern.

Each week, it sometimes seems, there's a new—fashion-oriented—line of workout wear . . . and the trend, clearly, is for sufficient layerings of T-shirts, leotards, tights, leggings, exercise belts, and skirts to outfit a woman far beyond mere sit-ups and aerobics. Under new designer—or "celebrity"—labels, these pieces are meant (as jogging suits are) to extend far into a woman's leisure life. But now, as something of a switch, the professionals—the dancers, where it all began—are getting into the act: American Ballet Theater has just licensed ABT dance and exercise clothes lines (all ABT director Mikhail Baryshnikov-approved). There are the expected unitards, tights, and leotards of all sorts (including the season's newest—waisted leotards) plus sweatshirting, jersey, and cotton interlock pieces (cardigans, T-shirts, skirts, pants): in other words, clothes for barre and beyond. . . . Fashion ideas that prove successful for street clothes, each season, have a noticeable way of turning up in the world of swimwear. What's coming, now: bathing suits with new knitting (hand-knit "sweater" fabrics or cable-knit maillots, bikinis), animal-print suits in abundance, suits with body-conscious wrapped-and-tied effects. For women's desire for more color, the newest bright: yellow, the yellow of a traffic light. What's always been a best seller? Stoplight red. . . .

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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THERE'S MORE TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS MONTH

RIGHT-NOW DELIGHTS, WARM-WEATHER SIGNALS... AND THE ONE THING THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING ELSE!

The good news: there are more fashion ideas circulating this December than in past years. More quick fashion refreshers to go for (for yourself or for someone else); more warm-weather news; more of everything that makes this season more entertaining, more provocative. And this is an issue that reflects the best of the season...

What comes first—and makes the biggest difference this month—isn't fashion strictly speaking, but it sets up the look of everything that follows: namely, a shorter haircut. Wherever fashion is "happening"—New York, Paris, Milan, London—the look that predominates is that of shorter hair. More often than not, at its best—chin-length, blunt-cut shorter hair, soft but controlled. More that that: it's a look that immediately establishes a certain line, an attractiveness, an attitude. It's modern, it moves, it suggests a sense of freedom. It is, to put it simply, one of the fastest, yet most far-reaching changes you can make in the way you look—and in the way you feel.

One thing that's new and that continues to evolve: the elongation of line; a longer, narrower silhouette often (but not always), in new longer lengths. The best examples: in new narrow long-line tops that pull down over narrow-but-gentle below-calf skirts. At any length, the whole idea is based on a new long-line proportion; a lean, spare, unbroken body line.

The chemise is still a force to be reckoned with...and following close at hand, softer dresses for warmer weather. Every year, dresses start to appear with resort collections; but this year, based on the strength of the chemise and the *idea* of a dress it has established, they take on new meaning. There are more interesting dress shapes: variations on the season's loose, easy, squared-off T-shape, or on the chemise itself. There are more interesting textures and fabrics from the gauziest lightweight fabrics for real hot-weather dressing to the most inventive working out of stripes as part of the design.

There are signs of softness in the air—little things to watch that tell you about a gentler mood ahead in dressing. The new softness of a trouser—not baggy, not pegged, but definitely softer through the top....The outstanding softness of tops—the key top—key shape—being that of a squarer, wider T....The softness that changes the look—the mood—of a tailored suit jacket, with crisp fabrics worked by designers who know how to give an easier, slightly slouchy effect....The softness in coloring that pervades resort and warm-weather collections—down to the jewelry: now, wonderful long strands of beads in water-color shades, pale, almost frosted.

Where softness makes the most difference: in the season's new pyjama dressing. A pyjama dressing meant for the casual, leisure side of the season. A pyjama dressing with soft sometimes cropped, sometimes drawstring pants; and shirtier, softer jackets. A pyjama dressing that picks up on the interesting fabric/texture combinations around: you'll see linen stripes over cotton-lawn print; satin over cotton stripings. It's a relaxed—welcome—approach to hot-weather pants dressing.

Hand-in-hand with shorter hair, the total spareness of a neckline and the kind of cool charm that comes from that very uncluttered, uncomplicated look. There are no collars, no "details" on the best jackets and tops. There are no chokers; no long dangling earrings. There is nothing that wraps at the neck. In fact, one of the best accessories in this clean, casual way of dressing—a small, spare tank top to slide under a jacket or to balance softer pants.

Collectors' items this season: any one of the new beach covers. This is a year when what goes over a bathing suit has been designed (the operative word) on the same level as any other "fashion." The most prevalent shape—one that wraps, that makes reference to a robe or kimono. The best have an after-beach at-home life that's virtually seasonless. But these are pieces to grab right now—they have a way of disappearing when summer comes around.

What do leopard-striped leotards, a computerized exercise bike—black with orange; a yellow waterproof Sony "Walkman," and six-wheel roller skates—orange wheels on black—have in common? Easy. Obviously, they are part of today's fitness explosion. But they share something else: an enormous sophistication, not only in their technology, but in their style. They—only a fraction of what's around and what's in this issue—are irresistible. As such, they are the very best present ideas. After all, next to having more time, what everyone wants most: something that's helpful in getting—and staying—fit.

Reminder: This is the moment when some of the year's wittiest accessory ideas come into play. It's one thing to tell you about leg warmers and lug-sole boots in July; it's another in December. This fall's hottest accessory idea—gloves—makes for this month's warmest hands. All of those wonderful fall/winter options: from patterned legs—animal, tweed, geometric patterns; to gutsy matte-black boots on gutsy lug soles; to bright-colored gloves to layer on in pairs; to brilliant shot-of-color cashmere mufflers—are options to be picked up this month—for you, for someone else. They give cold-weather dressing a needed shot in the arm.

But there are new options, new delights that make this season special. Beguiling fashion confections that entertain, that have a nonstop charm. Some of the best: a small, perfect tank top in pale-pink cashmere...black stockings patterned with beautiful silver Art Deco designs—as icy as the Chrysler Building . . . or legs in brilliant Day-Glo fluorescents or metallics patterned with leopard spots and tiger stripes . . . for someplace warm, pale, pretty-color stripes on a little linen vest to slide over a white linen T-top . . . black leather gloves with a silver bugle-bead gauntlet . . . the wit of graffiti-patterned sequins on the hottest, shortest evening dress . . . the all-out dazzle of a clear-crystal cuff encrusted with rhinestones and gold . . . or the impact of a sterling-silver cuff inlaid with faceted pale-yellow citrines . . . one marvelous shimmered gold shadow that transforms all your makeup at night. In the end, it can be as easy . . . as irresistible . . . as that. And this is a season, an issue of irresistible ideas . . .

Raphael's superb "Alba Madonna," among the noblest expressions of the Renaissance spirit, is dominated by the harmoniously arranged figures of the Virgin and the infants Jesus and St. John the Baptist, all solemnly gazing at the cross, symbol of Christ's sacrifice. Though painted in Rome in about 1510, the background resembles the gentle Umbrian countryside that Raphael learned to love as a young artist.

THE YOUNG RAPHAEL: NATURE AS POETRY

Raphael as a young man frequently painted Christ as an Infant. This Christmas, two exhibitions—one in Italy, the other in Paris—commemorate the five hundredth anniversary of Raphael's birth. Raphael is not especially known as a landscape painter, but nature played a vital role in his art. Unlike Leonardo and Michelangelo, his rivals for power and glory at the height of the Renaissance, Raphael did not experience nature primarily as a subject of scientific observation. The landscapes Raphael included in his religious paintings and portraits differ in style and mood from Leonardo's dark grottoes and precise botanical studies. Nature retained an importance in his art that it never had for Michelangelo, who focused on the human form and emotional expression. Perhaps the reason is that Raphael's conception of nature was formed not in Florence or Milan but in the peaceful countryside of Umbria where he worked as a young artist.

After Raphael moved to Rome to decorate the Papal apartments in the Vatican, even the celebrated frescoes he painted in the Stanza della Segnatura continued to reflect the soft contours of gently rolling hills, the rosy shifting clouds, and radiant golden light of Umbria. This is not surprising for, as a teenager, Raphael, the son of a painter who worked at the court of Urbino, was apprenticed to Perugino, one of the leading artists of the *Quattrocento.* In Umbria, under the guidance of Perugino's sweet, delicate style, Raphael worked mainly in the small but prosperous hill town of Città di Castello, not far from the Umbrian capital of Perugia, where Perugino had his workshop.

This year, an exhibition titled *The Young Raphael* is being held in Città di Castello, where Raphael, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, painted three important altarpieces as well as a number of other works. *(Continued on page 293)*

The National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC

By Barbara Rose

NATURE AS POETRY

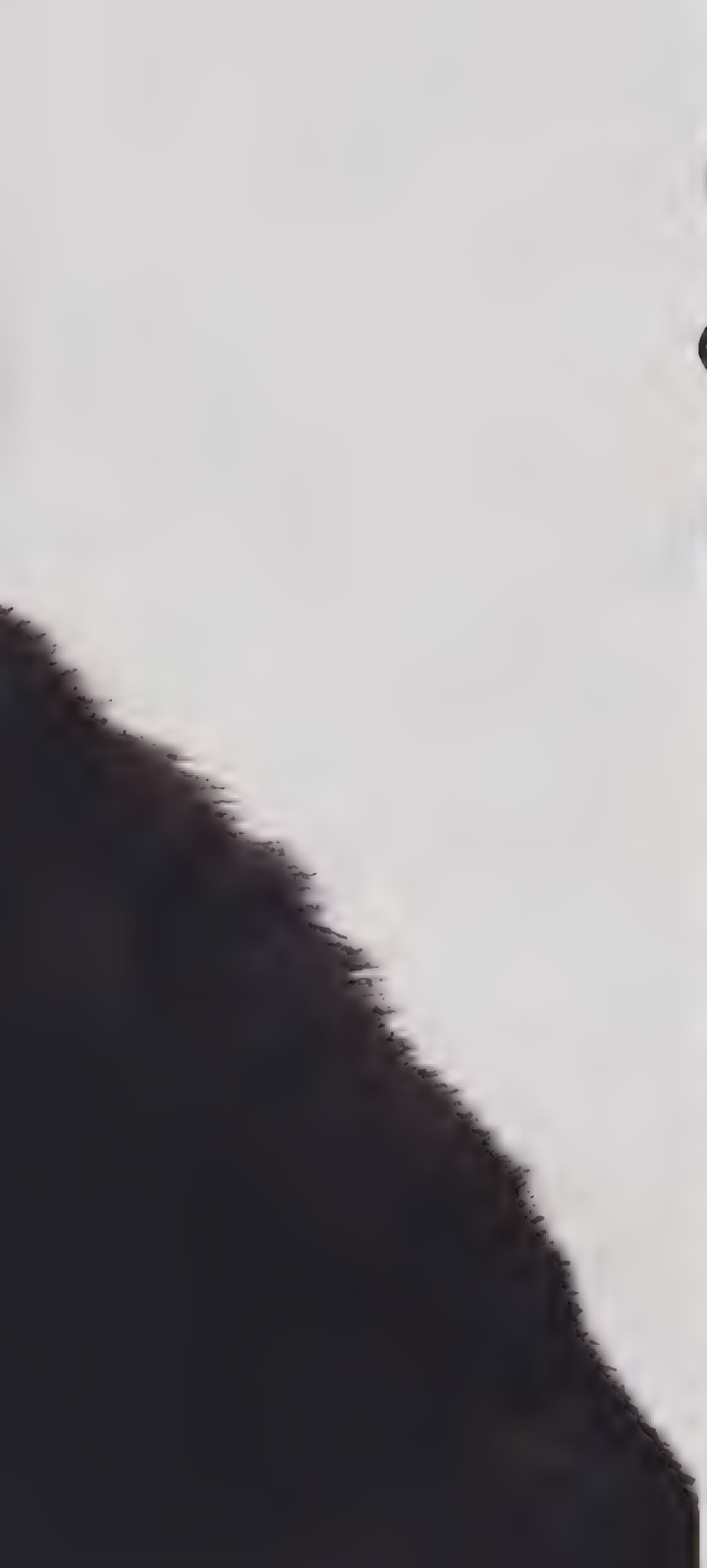
Although his style changed considerably once he moved to Rome in 1508, the radiant, harmonious landscapes in which Raphael set his religious paintings and portraits preserved the mood of sweet serenity typical of the Umbrian countryside. Each region in Italy has its own special qualities. The mists that drift in and out of the Umbrian valleys and the rose-and-gold-streaked radiant glow that filters through the constantly shifting feathery cloud formations typical of the Umbrian skies have caused writers to speak of the region where Piero della Francesca, Luca Signorelli, and Perugino as well as the young Raphael painted as "Umbria Mistica"—Umbria the Mystical. Birthplace of St. Francis of Assisi, who venerated nature and simplicity, Umbria with its peaceful, verdant landscape of farming villages and medieval towers formed Raphael's conception of nature throughout his brief, brilliant career.

For even Raphael's Roman works, including the late dramatic religious masterpieces done in the years preceding his death in 1520 at the age of thirty-seven, continue to be set in an unperturbed, pastoral landscape resembling the bucolic areas between Perugia and Città di Castello that he saw as a youth. Indeed, the sweetness and tranquility of the Umbrian landscape seem to have become part of Raphael's calm character, which we know to have been very different from the tortured *terribilità* of Michelangelo or the anguished quest for knowledge of Leonardo. All three Renaissance geniuses were poetic painters; but, of the three, Raphael was the lyric poet who took the naturalness of nature for granted and painted God's creation in a state of grace and light rather than darkness or tumult.

Photographer George Tatge distills the Raphaelesque serenity of the Umbrian countryside—a civilized setting of rolling hills, fields, the perfection of a mirrored lake.

yves saint laurent

the genius of style



In the world of fashion there is no stronger voice. There is no other designer with the influence, the range, the sheer impact of Saint Laurent. There is no other designer who has had the unique honor—in his own lifetime—of having his work celebrated at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art where a special Saint Laurent retrospective opens this month.

A celebration of Saint Laurent for the best of reasons: for the way he has defined and redefined modern fashion; for the way he has provided women everywhere with the perfect fashion "balance": the contrast of a glorious, all-out glamour at night with a very real ease and sense of freedom in everyday dressing. And, above everything else, for the way he has developed and maintained a unique style over the course of twenty-five years. On these twenty-two pages, a look at that style; a special interview with Yves by Joan Juliet Buck, and a special look at his extraordinary country life . . .

Unmistakably Saint Laurent: images and themes that appear and reappear in collection after collection: threads in a rich, varied, and very personal fashion tapestry. The mysterious black veiling . . . the splendor of jewels piled on jewels in astounding excess . . . the signature fez . . . the most voluptuous fur designed in the most voluptuous way—elements that take on another dimension at Saint Laurent . . . elements that help define his special sense of style. Everything here, *left,* and on the following four pages from his fall/winter couture collection. The makeup throughout from Yves Saint Laurent Beauté. Hair, these six pages, Garren for Garren, NY. Additional details, next to last pages of this issue.

Penn

"Respect of one's profession means staying a little anonymous . . .

it means keeping a little distance from the thing you create, pushing it toward others, toward the woman." Yves Saint Laurent, *left*, photographed for Vogue by Irving Penn . . . looking at the world from his particular vantage point: "anonymous," half hidden, with an eye that misses nothing, gives back everything. . . . *Right:* The eternal allure of Saint Laurent evening dressing—sensuous, provocative, touched with wit and enormous charm. Example: his long, narrow black velvet dress—with a bodice, huge pink satin bow—"from the point of view of seduction, a dress that's laced up the front, or an open back." Makeup all these pages, Tyen. Details, last pages.

the genius of style

Penn

the strongest voice

Yves Saint Laurent on style, passion, and beauty

a conversation

with Joan Juliet Buck

A shy, modest, and acutely sensitive man, Yves Saint Laurent at times has had doubts about the sanity of fashion and the value of prettiness in these intractable years. Now, at forty-seven, his life and his work have come into balance; he has attained an ease with himself and an acceptance of his power. His Paris apartment reflects this new attitude. Where before his living room was strict, paneled Art Deco, it is now full of the different objects and paintings he loves: an alabaster vase in front of a Flemish tapestry, with a Louis XIV upright sofa and a pair of fake Egyptian stools upholstered in leopard, a Greek torso, a Géricault portrait of two children—the collection is no longer limited by one style but, like him, warm, open, and of generous spirit.

Yves Saint Laurent: Let me read you something. I wrote it years ago, when I started making notes about my work. "There's something that has never been said, I think, that's very important. A woman who has not found her style, who is not at ease in her clothes, who does not live in harmony with herself, is an unhappy woman, unsure of herself; one could *(Continued on page 300)*

"Very luxurious and very simple at the same time . . . with a touch of panache"

In Saint Laurent's description of this couture collection, the key to his best collections. And, *right*, reflecting this sense of luxury and simplicity, the panache: his dramatic oversized black velours hat and muffler, chunky clear-crystal earrings. The makeup, from Saint Laurent Beauté: intriguing smoky-shimmered eyes contrasted with a pale skin, pale mouth (the eye colors: Eye Shadow Duo #35; Eye Pencil Duo #1).

Penn

the genius of style

The wonderful silence of clothes...the moment

(Continued from page 298) almost say she's ill. One speaks about the silence of health, the wonderful silence of health. One could also talk about the silence of clothing, the wonderful silence of clothes, that is the moment when the garment and the body are one, when one forgets completely what one is wearing, where the garment doesn't speak, doesn't catch you, when one feels as good dressed as naked. That perfect relationship between body and clothes needs a perfect accord between spirit and body and clothing and spirit.

Joan Juliet Buck: *So, in fact, you think a lot about what you do.*

YSL: It was part of an attempt to find myself, which I think is essential not only for oneself but also as respect towards others.

Left: The Allies in uniform; *right,* the YSL safari jacket

And it's the most difficult thing in the world to do. Sometimes one gets impatient. And also, life is impossible without esthetic ghosts.

JJB: *What are they?*

YSL: Things which correspond to your imagination, and which you invent for yourself to forget real and everyday life.

JJB: *Such as?*

YSL: Since what I do is to dress women, they are very specific esthetics. A question of capturing emotions I have had.

JJB: *So the recurrences of certain designs in your collections over the years relate to your personal past?*

YSL: Yes. The intense melting pot of lives I knew in Oran as a child during the War marked me. North Africa was a strategic place, it's where Churchill, De Gaulle, and Truman met, in Marrakech.

Above left: The peasant women of Saint Laurent's childhood summers. *Above:* his headline-making "peasants"

JJB: *Therefore the safari jacket . . .*

YSL: Exactly. It was the uniform the Allies wore, in khaki and beige. Then there was navy blue, and the white uniforms of the navy officers. Oran was a big port, there were warships. People tried to have some glamour in their lives because they were close to death. I still love ports, I'm fascinated by Rio de Janeiro, Singapore, New York of course, Marseilles, Hong Kong. That whole traffic of boats.

JJB: *What about the peasant smocks that keep coming back? Where are they from?*

YSL: That was my childhood. I spent my holidays with my grandparents who had some property inland from Oran, vineyards. There was a kind of Atlanta feeling about it—women working in the vines with big scarves on their heads, peasant blouses with gathered skirts. None of that has changed.

Left: Zizi Jeanmaire in the ballet "Carmen"—"it struck me enormously she wore two extraordinary corsets." *Right:* The YSL corselette, from his 1977 collection

JJB: *And the corsets, the laced or buttoned camisoles?*

YSL: First of all, I think one should want to undo something that a woman is wearing. From the point of view of seduction, it can be a dress that's laced up the front, or an open back, or something knotted on one shoulder so that one thinks, "If I pull it there the whole dress will fall down." The laced corset is of course the very emblem of sexuality.

Another thing that struck me enormously was *Carmen,* the ballet that Roland Petit did with Zizi Jeanmaire in 1950. She wore two extraordinary corsets. One was black and blue, one was black and white: the left white, the right black. Zizi had very short hair, no one had it cut that short then. The production was a scandal at the time. The cigarette girls all came on smoking. I have an enormous tenderness for Roland and Zizi, they really marked my youth artistically.

Left: A brilliant-color YSL harlequin jacket. *Above:* The French mime inspiration! Pierrot

In those days, all the fashion magazines reported what happened in the theater, how the actresses were dressed onstage, and they printed the designs of people like Bérard, Cocteau, Clavé—who did the *Carmen.* Art and fashion were very close then.

JJB: *What about the clowns and Pierrots?*

YSL: There were great traveling circuses. I loved circuses as much as I loved theater and movies, loved the illusion side: a bit of black gauze with three stars on it was as mysterious as the whole night sky.

JJB: *What about the films of your childhood?*

YSL: *A Streetcar Named Desire* was a revelation. Vivien Leigh was, and still is, my idea of the most beautiful woman. She was wearing a droopy tulle dress and old lace.

JJB: *What about the black veils and the transparent black lace you use?*

when the garment and the body are one

YSL: Black veils always come back in my collections, it's the idea of death—when a collection is over, it doesn't belong to me anymore, and I die a little with it. And maybe too it's the Arab veil. The idea of veils of black chiffon or black tulle is almost a physical presence with me. It's mystery . . .

Left: The famous YSL "smoking," 1966. *Above:* Familiar Dietrich suit

JJB: *But sometimes it reveals too much . . .*

YSL: Because one has to uncover that mystery, take the veil off the woman. A woman is a completely different being from a man, and remains mysterious. Maybe that's why tulle and veiling are so important to me because I have always considered a woman I was dressing as a kind of idol. There's an idolatrous side to it.

JJB: *The Virgin Mary?*

YSL: Yes, a Spanish Madonna, a Black Virgin Mary. My idea of a woman is an object of worship, and I'm thinking not only in the holy sense, but also as something to be covered with gold, the way the Conquistadors adorned statues of the Virgin with booty—covering her with gold and presents.

JJB: *What about dressing a woman as a man? The "smoking," the trouser suit.*

YSL: I was deeply struck by a photograph of Marlene Dietrich wearing men's clothes. A tuxedo, a blazer, or a naval-officer's uniform—any of them. A woman dressed as a man must be at the height of her femininity to fight against a costume that isn't hers. She should be wonderfully made up and refined in every detail. But the thing that looks best on a woman is a passion—the way she looks at the man she loves.

JJB: *Why do you always use black stockings?*

YSL: Seduction again, and Zizi Jeanmaire again. When she sang "La Croqueuse de Diamants"—the diamond eater—she was in sheer black tights and high, high heels. That really struck me. Whatever a woman's legs are like, they have a better chance of pleasing if they're in dark stockings than in light ones.

JJB: *At what point did you feel sure enough of yourself to translate your memories and obsessions into your work?*

YSL: When I began to have all the keys, all the secrets of technique—probably around 1970. It probably takes about fifteen years to get a sixth sense about what you're doing. I'm still learning every day, and this kind of work is always being reevaluated. But for the last five or six years, I've found there are no rejects anymore: that is, each time I start a dress, the fabric chosen is the right one, and it goes right through. Once I had sixty dresses I couldn't show. I draw better than I used to as well; when I give my *ateliers* a sketch they can immediately recognize the direction of the fabric, they can read it like reading a road map.

JJB: *How do you manage to make what you design always stay within the bounds of proportion, of harmony?*

YSL: It's a discipline. One has to know when to rein in one's ideas, not get carried away with them, because that would destroy the rite of adoration.

If one tries to impose one's own interests ahead of those of women, one's own fantasies, one ends up with disguises. It means keeping a little distance from the thing you create, pushing it toward others, toward the woman. Opening up the doors of life for her, and staying a little out of it. Respect for one's profession means staying a little anonymous, not using fashion to try to express too much.

I think I attach more importance to the movement of a body than to the way it is dressed. Some women can be dressed in a perfectly ordinary way and be very very elegant and extraordinary, if only by their personality and their gestures. It's what life brings you and what life has done to you that's reflected in the way you look and makes people want to know you . . . or not. That's where a personal esthetic comes from, the positive attitude you have and your acceptance of yourself. Appearance doesn't count that much for me, even if I sometimes do very opulent collections. What I really like is a black sweater and skirt.

The odd thing is that there's always a raincoat or a fur in my collection that I haven't designed a dress for, so I send it out with a pair of black trousers and a tight black turtleneck; and if I want it to be dressy, I add a jeweled belt and rhinestone necklace, or pearls, or baroque gold, and if it's for day I put on simple jewelry and a scarf; and each time when the model opens her coat she gets enormous applause—which is incredible, because it's just a sweater and a pair of pants.

JJB: *It could also be the cut of the pants. Are you aware to what extent your work has become the foundation for all of fashion?*

YSL: Yes, that's what I worked towards. I wanted to make a base that would be changeless, for a man and for a woman. It was absolutely a conscious choice. I've noticed that men were surer of themselves than women, because their clothes don't change—just the color of the shirt and tie—while women were a little abandoned, sometimes terrified, by a fashion that was coming in, or fashion that was only for those under thirty. And I rebelled against that, and since then I have tried every year to perfect a classic style, and that's my safe place. I can do all sorts of other things but I always come back there.

I know those classic clothes are also my heavy artillery, I can't be attacked on them, because they are without fashion, fashion cannot alter them. Fashion can be rich, or Chinese, or Hindu or Indian—that primordial base never changes—and when I feel that fashion is going too far into excess I can go back to what I'd call my sources, and there's always something new to discover in that wardrobe.

JJB: *For instance the way you revived the safari jacket last year, but in heavy gabardine with a longer peplum? It's terrific.*

YSL: I would never have believed that people would want a safari jacket again, but I felt I wanted to do them. And the other day a woman came up to me in an airport wearing one, and she said, "Monsieur Saint Laurent, look, it's the old one!" The new one is just a way of perfecting that garment.

JJB: *And yet it's becoming something else, in the same way as your last couture show had changed: more womanly, softer, more couture.*

YSL: Yes. I wanted to give Paris back its prestige, its pre-war prestige, that's why I did a collection that was very luxurious and very simple at the same time, *(Continued on page 397)*

Yves Saint Laurent's Château Gabriel: a passion for style

A glory—a fantasy made real—Yves Saint Laurent's country house —inspired by Proust . . .

Above: In Normandy—the summer-world for Proust's society—the nineteenth-century house and its sumptuous gardens. The *jardin d'hiver, right,* a room where spring blooms eternal—luxuriant with palms, cymbidiums, amaryllis, ferns—and flowering chintz. This, the most lived-in room, was modeled after the conservatory of Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, whose salon Proust frequented.

By John Richardson

"Proust is very much part of my life," Yves Saint Laurent claims. "Every day, I learn something from him. When I bought a nineteenth-century château at Bénerville in Normandy, what could be more natural than that Proust should inspire me to re-create the ambience of the country houses where his characters spent their summers? And then Proust had so many associations with this part of France, with Bénerville in particular. For instance, the 'Little Train.' "

The "Little Train" is more than the link between Cabourg and Trouville and Proust's fictitious Balbec; it is the link that enables the author of *A La Recherche du temps perdu* to describe and dissect the various members of Madame Verdurin's "little group," as it picks them up at one wayside halt after another. Bénerville was one of these halts and there, on a hot day in July 1908, the "Little Train" deposited the man who was to immortalize it. Proust had dressed for the country with predictable perversity: a long velvet-lined cape, varnished boots, and a scruffy straw hat that was too small for him and worn at an unbecoming tilt. And, despite stops for coffee, by the time he had walked the mile or so to the Châlet Russe (where his friend, the actress Louisa de Mornand, was being kept by a lover), he was exhausted and covered in dust.

Likewise headed for the Châlet Russe was young Gaston Gallimard, whose mother lived next door to what is now the Saint Laurent property. Although destined to become Proust's publisher (if never his friend: the novelist's maid is adamant on this point), Gallimard had not hitherto met Proust; and what impressed him most, apart from the man's bizarre appearance, was his memory. When conversation turned to the city of Constantinople, Proust recited by heart an *(Continued on page 307)*

Horst

A

sense of luxe and crazy adventure

"This house represents Yves Saint Laurent more than any of his others—here, there is a sense of coherence, of luxe, and a feeling of a crazy adventure," says his friend interior designer Jacques Grange, who was given carte blanche to decorate the house. "It reflects the same sense of exuberance coupled with control that Saint Laurent collections do. It took four years to put everything together." *Opposite:* The grand salon, the epitome of Second Empire comfort and ornateness: overstuffed chairs buttoned up with the most sumptuous velvets and silks, a Burne-Jones painting on an easel, and, on the walls, water-lily murals—in the style of Monet's *Nymphéas*—painted by Paul Meriguet. *Right:* Detail of the jewel-like seventeenth-century silk velvet that Grange had encrusted with elaborate nineteenth-century silk embroidery. On the table, cloisonné jars and a ceramic leaf that bears a startlingly lifelike snake—Saint Laurent adores snake motifs

Château Gabriel

Château Gabriel

(Continued from page 302) entire page from Pierre Loti. "Reciting the railway timetable might have been more to the point," he said when Gallimard complimented him. Thus began the relationship that was to culminate, after various setbacks and intrigues, in the publication of what many regard as the greatest novel of this century.

The "Little Train" no longer stops at Bénerville. Sea mists permitting, Saint Laurent descends on the house in a helicopter piloted by his partner, Pierre Bergé. But apart from this space-age touch, the Château Gabriel lives up to its owner's Proustian concept and constitutes an *A La Recherche du temps perdu* all its own. As we pass through the machicolated gateway dramatically flanked (shades of Cocteau) with sphinxes, the *japonaiserie* of the recently completed water gardens suggests that we are headed backwards in time. And the first glimpse of Yves's fanciful, gabled house, designed by Ernest Saintin for an American in 1874, confirms this. The Château Gabriel wafts us back to Proust's summer world, with the Duc de Guiche at the Villa Mon Rêve and Loche Radziwill at Houlgate.

But Proust was not the only inspiration for the decor of this château. While waiting for the renovations to be completed, the new owners rented a house nearby. In the library, Yves found a monograph on Monet which rekindled his taste for this artist's *Nymphéas* to the point of inspiring him to execute some of his own. Next thing, he decided to incorporate Monet's water-lily theme into the decoration of his new house. Since originals were out of the question, Yves commissioned a scene painter (Paul Meriguet) to execute a *Nymphéas*-like frieze, several hundred feet long, which would fill the space between the paneled dado and the cornice throughout the enfilade of ground-floor reception rooms. *(Continued on page 309)*

Designed for living

A series of luxuriantly silk-draped doorways, beginning in the music room, *left*, lead the eye to the grand salon beyond, where Yves Saint Laurent, *right*, receives his guests in the evening. "The ground-floor rooms were organized around the concept of light," explained Jacques Grange, "with the water-lily murals at their darkest in the grand salon, lighter in the music room, and lightest of all in the dining room and hallway."

Horst

Château Gabriel

(Continued from page 307) The frieze would start in the salon with Monet's darker blues and greens, turn lighter in the antechamber and library, burst out in a summer haze of Naples yellow and mauve in the dining room, and eventually fade out up the staircase. Besides obviating the need for paintings—suitable ones would anyway have been unfindable in sufficient quality and quantity—Yves's re-creation of the *Nymphéas* invokes the spirit of the imaginary artist Elstir (whom Proust based in part on Monet); and by turning the walls as it were to water, the murals cast an aqueous spell on everything. As Yves says, guests have the sensation of being transported to a new element. *"On vit dans l'eau."*

Yves and Pierre gave their close friend Jacques Grange carte blanche to decorate the Château Gabriel to Proustian specifications. A wise decision. Grange (who is affiliated in New York City with Didier Aaron, Inc.) realized that close adherence to the novel's detailed descriptions would lead to pedantry—an embalming job. He also realized the danger of theatricality: of effects that might smack of fancy dress, although Visconti's incomparably stylish evocation of upper-class life around the turn of the century in *The Innocent* appears to have influenced him. The best way to re-create a Proustian past in terms of the present, Grange realized, was to give his imagination full rein. Lots of opulence, but no showy *m'as-tu vu* effects. Thus, the look that Grange has devised for Château Gabriel has its own romantic personality, its own authentic ring. What is more, the house has already developed a relaxed lived-in atmosphere, as if the pro- *(Continued on page 312)*

Dining in radiant splendor

The palest of the water-lily murals are in the dining room—the lightest and brightest of the downstairs spaces—where they seem almost to float into another dimension. Beyond the grand wood pillars and towering potted palms, two magnificent Chinese pottery plinths, holding seventeenth-century Iranian ceramic vases, provide an exotic counterpoint to an otherwise formal setting. In the foreground area, used as the breakfast room, a colorful nineteenth-century tiled stove adds a cheerful, fanciful note.

Dark luxurious, extravagantly masculine— a bedroom for "Charlus"

Massive, rich, manly—everything in this *chambre de maître*, quarters for Pierre Bergé, Yves Saint Laurent's partner—was chosen to denote the blustery, virile nature of the Baron de Charlus, the dandy whom Proust modeled after the real-life Comte Robert de Montesquiou. The elements here: rich and somber damask covering the walls and at the windows, ten-foot-long silk-lined standing closets, classic Empire bed, round marqueterie table, a flowered Moroccan rug, and Bergé's own collection of lush Orientalist paintings.

Château Gabriel

(Continued from page 309) prietors had inherited the house from one of Proust's *bien* friends. For once, a decorator has exorcised himself.

Much contrivance has gone into making things look uncontrived. Wherever possible, Grange has used old fabrics (most of them from Comoglio's Balzacian emporium on the Rue Jacob). Failing that, he has had stuffs printed or woven after old designs: for instance, the subtly striped silk, half a kilometer of which (plus fringe) was made to order for the voluminous curtains that drape doorways as well as windows in the reception rooms. This feeling for stuffs—preferably slightly faded or worn-looking—combined with sumptuous upholstery (the secret of an authentic nineteenth-century look) is what gives the house its Proustian patina. To Yves, it is a matter of pride that there should be nothing "*tape à l'oeil*"—overdressed.

Finding enough suitable furniture of the period in something of a hurry was also a challenge. For, as anyone who knows the treasures in their Paris apartment must appreciate, Yves and Pierre are collectors of the utmost discrimination, and set great store by quality and originality; and outstanding examples of the Belle Époque are now rarer than *dix-huitième* artifacts. However, by persistently combing Parisian antiquaires, Grange succeeded—almost too well. He has put together a collection of furniture and *objets d'art* (virtually all nineteenth-century French except for some fine Oriental things) that is so *recherché* it would put the contents of the Bénerville villas frequented by Proust to shame. According to Pierre, some chandeliers and the *right* dining-room chairs have yet to be found, although I would have thought that the lofty, pillared dining room could hardly be bettered. The most spectacular feature of this room is a huge pair of Chinese pottery plinths—just the sort of thing that would have appealed to Proust's friend Boni de Castellane, who loved bizarre Ming.

But it is not just the look of these rooms that is Proustian, it is also the life style with its pre-1914 standards of fastidiousness. Thanks to Pierre's genius at designing the kitchens and servants' quarters and his Napoleonic supervision, the Château Gabriel is more lavishly and also more efficiently run than most stately homes. The chef is one of the best left in private service: the butler and Moroccan valet are incomparably *stylés;* and gardeners, estate workers, and grooms perform their *(Continued on page 314)*

Allure of the exotic

The nineteenth-century French appetite for exotic places is reflected in Saint Laurent's bedroom and study, based in part on Proust's Charles Swann, a connoisseur of women, art, and music. The walls of both rooms are covered with a sumptuous fabric with an Orientalist motif (elephant and palm tree); and the study, *left,* is dominated by Lecomte-Vernet's sultry *Rebecca,* painted in 1869. The bedroom mantelpiece is crowned by a nineteenth-century painted-bronze clock, *right,* a flamboyant fantasy of Islamic arches, crescent moon, and an enticing maiden in the entranceway.

Horst

(Continued from page 312) various duties to pre-phylloxera perfection. Notwithstanding the luxury, the Château Gabriel is a relaxed place to stay and the perfect setting for the "little group" with which Yves and Pierre, like the Verdurins, surround themselves. Still, the Château Gabriel shows itself to best advantage on festive occasions: on winter nights when fires blaze in huge Renaissance fireplaces and the jewels of the ladies echo the jewel colors—turquoise, garnet, peridot—of the salon; or on summer evenings when guests, diaphanous as figures on a fan by Conder, wander about the terraces or the rose garden and look seawards over Deauville. How the casino glitters in the dusk, or is it the Jockey Club in its summer quarters? Yves almost persuades us that life has not changed from Proust's day to Mitterrand's.

Indoors, those who want can retire to the winter garden inspired by Princesse Mathilde's palm-filled conservatory at Saint-Gratien. There are Austrian blinds and mammoth blue-and-white pots and Second Empire love seats, appropriately buttoned and fringed, and such a profusion of cyclamen, gloxinias, and cymbidiums that one expects Sarah Bernhardt to materialize. Or they can go downstairs to play billiards under the azure vault and green glass lampshades of a room furnished with a set of monumental Gothic chairs (could they be by Viollet-le-Duc?) which Grange inherited from Marie-Laure de Noailles—herself a link with Proust—and passed on to Yves. Or they can go upstairs and explore the bedrooms, each dedicated to a different Proustian character, not to speak of the bathrooms—last word in 1900 luxe—which deserve an article to themselves.

Yves's suite of rooms is named after Swann, the character based on that consummate extra man Charles Haas, whose charm, elegance, and taste (above all, in women and Italian art) endeared him to everyone *dans le monde* from crowned heads to courtesans. The discrimination that Proust evoked in Swann is a quality that Yves has in good measure. So it is appropriate that these rooms with their festive red hangings and—yes—*serious* furniture (not least, a large portfolio stand in red morocco), should reflect the style of a man-about-town who was also a connoisseur. But they also reflect the nature of an artist who, being a great couturier, is a romantic, an esthete, a dreamer.

The other *chambre de maître*—Pierre Bergé's—has the name "Charlus" inscribed on its door, and it is a perfect match for the flamboyant character of this fictional personage and his real-life prototype, Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac. Especially flamboyant is the damask—a huge sage-green motif on a dusty aubergine ground—that has been used for the wall hangings and curtains. Flamboyant, too, are the gory Orientalist paintings, which set the masculine mood of this room. For one trait of Charlus's that Proust repeatedly emphasized is his obsession with masculine pursuits. And this shrine to him makes one feel that the great silk-curtained closets which dominate one wall are not so much filled with the *(Continued on page 395)*

A guest room grand as the Ritz

The grandest of the guest rooms was inspired by Proust's Duc and Duchesse de Guermantes—leaders of the *bon ton*—and evokes the rose-strewn suite they might have occupied at the Hotel Ritz in Paris. The spare curves of a nineteenth-century chaise longue in the Louis XV style contrast with the more rounded curves of a Napoleon III tufted chair and a fan-shaped firescreen. An ornate mirror links the circa 1920 chandelier with the nineteenth-century flower paintings and the eighteenth-century bust on the mantelpiece.

Horst

Château Gabriel

While the Santas' suits are nothing less than classic, we found that some of the most beautiful at home and evening clothes this season were white—white chiffon, white lace, white cashmere, white angora—and always, white with something extra: a touch of silver, glitter, or shine, giving everything a special 'holiday' quality. Here, for example, a very special combination: Galanos' delicate white lace openwork top, beaded in pearls, over his soft, sleeveless angora sweater-dress. Top, about $9390. Dress, about $990. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Neiman-Marcus; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. To order at Saks-Jandel; John Baldwin. Earrings, Angela Cummings of Tiffany. Hair, makeup, these four pages, Rick Gillette. Details, more stores, see last pages.

Bert Stern

"The more the merrier...

...that's the spirit behind the holiday fantasy on these four pages, with Veronica Hamel, the beautiful star of the hit television series, "Hill Street Blues"... and friends"

Pure delight, *right,* Veronica Hamel in soft, shimmering whites from Chanel. One of the most spectacular looks of the season—the small, spare shape of an ivory chiffon T-shirt, with a long, slender matching white skirt, both embroidered with silver-and-gold icicles. About $6400. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. To order at Saks-Jandel. Earrings, David Webb; rings, Cartier. All fashion details, see last pages.

"...and to all a good night"

Bert Stern

VERONICA HAMEL

Beginning here and throughout this issue, all the key choices, all the delights. Starting with a striking difference—the new elongation of line that's everywhere at every length. On these four pages, in new longer lengths. . . . Shapes to watch, *near right:* the easy, square-shape bateau-neck T-shirt in a mix of jersey and woven black linen and a long, narrow linen wrap skirt yoked at the hip to "hold" the line. From Alke Baker. Each, about $120. Mid-Dec. at Bonwit Teller, NYC; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR; Bullock's; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA. . . . *Far right*—the totally narrow line of Calvin Klein's longer, barer tank top in black linen/cotton shadow stripes (about $120) with a matching, longer-length pull-on skirt (about $140). Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Hudson's; The Avenue, Omaha NE; Bullock's, Westwood CA. These four pages: hair and makeup by Rick Gillette. For details, children's clothes, more stores, see last pages.

New choices, New delights

Suddenly, this is a season with a wonderful variety of looks for any climate, any mood of dressing...

Deborah Turbeville

New choices, new delight

Hand in hand the elements of [illegible] the [illegible] Pass [illegible] and [illegible] extras that move this style of dressing into easy evening: Michael Kors's long-line tank top in black cash[illegible]re (about $[illegible]0) over a long, side-slit skirt in black silk with white pinstripes (about $200). Mid-Dec. at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Kreeger's, New Orleans; Marshall Field's; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis MN; Rue de Rêves, Dallas; Bullock's. Nonstop narrowness, *right*, in a long, simply cut black cotton halter dress with a soft cowl that doubles as a hood—the kind of dress that acts as a perfect "base." Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. About $70. Bonwit Teller; Marshall Field's; Bailiet's; Neiman-Marcus; The Broadway, Los Angeles; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, children's clothes, last pages.

Everywhere: big, bold stripes. In black-and-white or brilliant color. So carefully worked out, you get a sense of texture even in flat fabrics. So compelling, they add dash and excitement to the season's best shapes. Example, *this page*, the impact of Gianfranco Ferre's little silk chemise with the season's rounded top, deep armholes and narrow-falling body—in strong black/white stripes. About $750. Barney's; Nan Duskin; Martha Palm Beach and Bal Harbour, Hattie, Birmingham MI and Scottsdale AZ, Ultimo Chicago, Theodore, Beverly Hills. Another shape that's prime news: the pyjama. The red/blue striped ones, *right*, in silk jersey (Racine) with Geoffrey Beene's élan. The top has a cut-out back, the pants have the new softness. About $175. Late Jan. at Altman's, Nan Duskin, Martha Palm Beach and Bal Harbour, Jacobson's, Frost Bros. Ames Wardy Newport Beach CA. *Beauty Note*: More terrific color, *right*, Christian Dior's Karkade #778 lipstick. These four pages: hair, Garren for Garren, N.Y. makeup, Alberta Fava. Fashion details: more stores, see next to last pages.

new choices, new delights...in super stripes the season's standout shapes stand out even more

Oscar de la Renta does a simple, T-shirty silk chemise, *this page*—with squarer shoulders, deep sleeves, the season's narrower line—gives it a fast-moving attitude, a racy look with bold cobalt/black/off-white stripes. About $430. Late December at Elizabeth Arden Salons, Swansons on the Plaza; Balliet's; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Carrick's, Denver; I. Magnin. . . . And from Bill Blass, *opposite,* a square, one-shouldered top, and a slim, above-the-knee skirt in crisp linen—with flag-bright stripes intricately worked out horizontally and diagonally, in different widths, so that they're integral to the design and heighten it at the same time. About $990. Late Jan. at Martha; John Baldwin; Neiman-Marcus. To order at Balliets, I. Magnin. *Beauty Note:* With bright clothes, strong but subtle lipcolors: Revlon's Moon Drops Luminesque Gemsmoke, *left;* Rose Amethyst, *right.* Details, more stores, last pages.

New choices, new delights

New
choices,
new delights
...a whole
new beach
game

This year, beach news has a new starting point, a new focus: cover-ups—as creatively designed as street clothes. For example, when Norma Kamali does a terry cloth robe, *opposite*, it exactly duplicates her coat and her gabardine dress—the same generous scale and big shoulders, the same meticulous cut and precise tailoring. And you wear it the same way—held at the waist with a big black cinch belt. Here, over a snakeskin-print bikini by Giorgio Sant'Angelo for Capriccio. Robe, OMO Norma Kamali, about $195. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Burdines; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom. Antron/Lycra bikini, about $38. Bloomingdale's; John Wanamaker; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Honolulu. . . . In a very different mood, *this page*, a beguiling little beach dress with a bateau neck and asymmetric hem, in sheer black with the look of pleats. Under it, a black Antron/Lycra bikini. Both by Giorgio Sant'Angelo for Capriccio. Dress, late Dec., about $120. Bikini, about $36. Lord & Taylor; John Wanamaker; Liberty House, Honolulu. These four pages: hair, Ezel; makeup, Rumiko Hirose. Details, more stores, see next to last pages.

New choices, new delights

Another wonderful take on a sweatshirt, *left,* Basco's long grey cotton robe with dropped shoulders and a hood. By Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh for Basco. Here over a black-and-white thong from Diva Swimwear by Rachel Pappo. Robe, about $100. Jan. at Barney's; Mark Keller, Birmingham MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Mario's Ragazza, Portland OR. Antron/Lycra thong, about $26. Bonwit Teller; Plage Tahiti, Philadelphia; Suntamers Swimwear, Fort Myers FL; Pilar's Beachwear, San Diego. . . . The designer's input also makes a difference in the fresh-again look of bikinis. *Right,* from OMO Norma Kamali, a bikini in grey—a color unexpected on the beach—the top boned for better fit. With it, Kamali's unbelted terry robe, in steel grey. Antron/Lycra bikini, about $55. Robe, about $155. Macy's, Herald Square; John Wanamaker; Rich's; Ultimo, Chicago; Sakowitz; Robe only at Filene's. Details, more stores, last pages. . . . *Beauty Note:* A good toner and moisturizer is important for bikini-time, all the time—Chanel's Firming Body Lotion.

Jim Varriale

New
choices,
new delights
pervasive,
charming–
a new take
on pyjama
dressing...
and on easy
relaxed
separates

There's nothing like it—nothing like the ease, the comfort, of slipping into the simplest oversized shirt and soft pants. *Left,* those relaxed shapes in an interesting texture mix: Gene Ewing's natural cotton/linen button-front shirt worn over a cotton mesh tank top and cropped linen trousers. Shirt, about $78; tank, about $74; pants, about $58. Bonwit Teller; Gabrion Private Collection, Greenwich CT; T. Edwards, Atlanta; The Gazebo, Dallas; Macy's, San Francisco. . . . Another charming variation on a man's pyjama—taken that much further, *right:* this time a wonderful black satin top—rounder, easier—worn as a jacket over another pyjama top in striped white cotton and black satin pants—a knockout! From Robe de Chambre/Commes des Garçons. Satin top, about $125; pants, about $115; cotton top, about $110. Comme des Garçons Boutique, NYC. These four pages: hair, Ezel; makeup, Linda Mason. For details, see next to last pages.

Lothar Schmid

VERY EASY
VOGUE #8680

BUTTERICK #4136

New choices, new delights

Easy separates to sew that have just enough of an edge, enough of a difference . . . the difference of stripes, *left*—one of this season's most charming "details." This time, in marvelous muted sun-soaked tones of brown, rust, tan, and grey cotton, for a shirty jacket and drawstring-waist pants that slide over a T-shirt and boxer shorts in a sea-shell-pattern cotton voile. The whole thing taken from a real man's pyjama pattern . . . Jacket, pants, and shorts—Butterick Pattern #4136; boatneck T-shirt, Very Easy Vogue Pattern #8680. Striped cotton, A.S. Fibre; cotton voile, Harriet Sawyer for Gemfab . . . Another smart way to dress in a hot climate, *opposite page*—a simple, perfect black cotton camp shirt and longer, button-front khaki cotton twill skirt—a look so "finished" it becomes a "two-piece dress." Cotton twill shirt, Butterick Pattern #4224; skirt, Very Easy Vogue Pattern #8557. Both from Tandler Textile. For details, stores, sewing tips, see last pages.

Lothar Schmid

VOGUE PATTERNS

BUTTERICK # 4224

VERY EASY VOGUE # 8557

A sense of softness. That's the real difference in the loose, breezy, easier feeling you'll find in the clothes on these two pages—all from Calvin Klein. Their oversized, almost pyjama-like shapes symbolize some of the season's most appealing news for warm-weather dressing, for at-home and leisure. . . . On this page, a loose easy version of his best-looking casual top, a long-sleeved hip-length T-shirt shape in white jacquard linen. With it, the more relaxed feeling you get with softer looser trousers, in the prettiest, palest, shell-pink linen. Top, about $160; trousers, about $160. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Saks-Jandel; Marshall Field's; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA. . . . The same ease, the same softness, *opposite,* in a look based on one of the season's key pieces: the long sleeveless vest. This one, in sandy beige linen, over a perfect, short-sleeved white linen T-top, cropped striped linen trousers. Vest, about $110; top, about $120; pants, about $190. Altman's; Kaufmann's; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Honolulu. Hair, these two pages. Christiaan; makeup, Rumiko Hirose. Details, more stores last pages.

Arthur Elgort

New choices,
new delights.
The beguiling
look of warm-
weather clothes
—looser shapes,
prettier colors,
new charm

New choices,
new delights
foxes—glamour plus!
...fur the way you really
want fur to be

In a season of wonderful furs, of wonderful furors, the excitement centers over ... with furs that have everything rare, frosted mutations have fine shapes—in large-scale 7/8 or longer coats; short, fuller jackets. And the heir-apparent sense of luxury ... makes this year's fo... so outstanding. Here, the way they slide ... over evening ... like the most glamorous "accesso-ries" ... A terrific ... at Canada Mink for ... shawl collar and ... waist. By Grosvenor for Canada Mink, Fifth Avenue, NYC; furs by Saks Fifth Avenue. Cherry Glazer MD; furs by Rob-ert Dalrell, Neal Streeter Furs; Dallas; Edwards-Lincoln, Beverly Hills; Roberts Furs, San Fran-cisco. ... Another way to go for luxury: left, a lamb; hardly can tell ... its coat of natural silver fox with wonderful wide sleeves, a generous shawl collar and match-ing hat ... fur coat from Saks ... Court and Bay, ... Bath in ... of Frosted Dyed ... Marlene Marder ... the very ...

New choices, new delights.

All out g[illegible]—or an

standing fox, an [illegible]

ing fox, *left:* a unique

light-colored natural

cross fox accents suit

from [illegible] a luxe

stand-up collar to cozy

sink into. At [illegible]

Fendi Furs at Bergdorf

Goodman. . . . *Beauty*

Note: More evening im-

pact—from deeper lips—

Merle Norman's Rich

Chestnut lipstick. . . . A

coat with impact! A coat

that maximizes the look

and feel of wonderful plat-

inum fox, *right:* Revillon

Collection's jacket with a

grand-scale shawl collar.

About $27,000. To order

at Revillon Boutique at

Saks Fifth Avenue. These

four pages: hair, Louis

Alonzo for Pipino-Buc-

cheri salon; makeup, Al-

berto Fava. Details, see

next to last pages.

Horst

On the set with Marcel Proust

MARCEL PROUST IS ALL THINGS to all men, readers and uninitiates alike. There are the worldly Proustians, who see in the seven volumes (three in English, in Terence Kilmartin's new translation) of *Remembrance of Things Past* vindication of their own lost time, proof that enlightenment can be acquired even in the best drawing rooms. Literary types value the backward chronology of the book, which reduces events to their details *ad infinitum*. One finds the two most dangerous types of romantics clutching the book to their breasts—those who believe that true love must remain unrequited, and those who believe that everyone is basically homosexual. There are those who search the text not for crude meaning but for references to painting, horticulture, and genealogy, the way certain madmen collate the types of flowers on stamps.

One hears of people who cannot do without their hour of Proust a day, of people who have named their guest rooms after the characters in the book. One is introduced to others with the recommendation that they are Proustians—

To celebrate Swann in Love—the first screen version of Remembrance of Things Past—Vogue asked the great photographer Jacques-Henri Lartigue to capture the essence of the masterpiece on location in Paris. No tepid reconstruction, this is the story of a passion, a painful misalliance. Joan Juliet Buck watched the scenes unfold

though whether this means that they like being tied up and whipped in all-male whorehouses, or have spent their lives climbing into society, or are Jewish, or French, or asthmatic, or subject to wet dreams, or fond of tea and cakes, or merely extraordinarily long-winded, one cannot at first tell. Readers of Proust tend to act as if sensitivity were an honor they had won in the three thousand two hundred and ninety-four pages of the book, rather than an attribute natural, even endemic, to the rest of humanity.

(Continued on page 344)

First view: the epilogue. Jeremy Irons, left, highly tuned romantic British actor, as Swann—esthete, man-about-town, anxious lover, and ultimately, Jewish outsider—with Alain Delon, French idol, daring to camp it up as the outrageous Baron de Charlus. "It occurred to me," wrote Proust, "that the raw material of my experience, which would also be the raw material of my book, came to me from Swann."

Jacques-Henri Lartigue

The book is a monument, long considered untranslatable into any other medium. Those who love it view it as a private possession, and those who haven't read it can't see any point in it.

Twenty-one years ago, Nicole Stéphane, actress turned producer and a member of the De Rothschild family, bought the film rights to the book from Suzy Mante-Proust, the author's niece. Various versions of the film have been discussed, contracts signed; but the projects always fell apart. There was the Visconti version, cut from *Sodom and Gomorrah* (it was to have starred Silvana Mangano as the Duchesse de Guermantes, Marlon Brando as the Baron de Charlus, Brigitte Bardot as Odette de Crécy, Helmut Berger as the young tease, Charlie Morel). The Joseph Losey version yielded a published script by Harold Pinter in which skin texture represented breeding. Peter Brook wrote a screenplay of *Swann in Love* with Jean-Claude Carrière, but was unable to direct the film. He told Volker Schlöndorff about it, and Schlöndorff took over, changing Brook's script slightly.

Ornella Muti, a rounded Italian starlet, was chosen for Odette, to the general horror of all actresses under forty. Jeremy Irons, the British actor, was chosen for Swann, to the horror of all French actors. And Alain Delon, the handsome tough idol of French cinema, was given the part of the portly and degenerate Baron de Charlus, to the horror of French fans. However, supporting roles went to the finest young actors in France: Fanny Ardant as the Duchesse de Guermantes, Marie-Christine Barrault as the redoubtable Madame Verdurin (who will rise to become the Princesse de Guermantes in a later volume, offscreen), and Jean-Louis Richard as Monsieur Verdurin. A far cry from the days when all the society women in Paris felt they had a right to be in the film.

Seven Days on the Set. Day 1. Tuileries. The Carousel at the Tuileries was a spot beloved by *Belle Époque* Parisians; today it is mainly crossed in a great hurry by tourists in the daytime, and haunted at night by marauding gangs of young perverts. Much of *Swann in Love* is shot here, using the sandy ground, the small Arc de Triomphe, and the bushes for their timeless qualities. Since the book ends with the narrator announcing that he will now write the book you have just read, I find it appropriate that my first day on the set coincides with the last scene in the film. The period is 1910, whereas the rest of *Swann in Love* is set in 1885.

There is a tiny traffic jam of carriages and cars wedged by the side of the Pavilon de Flore. One of the men on the production staff is in charge of authenticity, a role he may have imposed on himself, for he's a *littérateur*, who was appalled to find out that Jeremy Irons had not read the George D. Painter biography of Proust. He points to a license plate that belonged to Jean de Balsan, and then to the descendant of Jean de Balsan, who is riding in a wicker landau with a few other bluebloods. One of Schlöndorff's choices was the use of aristocrats, and only aristocrats, as extras *(Continued on page 347)*

"Proust never talks about God. If there is one, He's to be found in artistic creation, the only way to go beyond man and time"

Aristocratic extras fall into turn-of-the-century café tableau, above. Right: Fanny Ardant as the Duchesse de Guermantes, embodiment, to Swann, of the best society. "Tall and proud in a gown of red satin," Proust wrote. "the Duchesse's features exuded contentment and her speech boredom: 'Oh, God, more princes!' "

Jacques-Henri Lartigue

(Continued from page 344) so that they would know how to behave at parties, and give the attentive members of the audience the sinister feeling that, wherever Swann and Odette go, they are surrounded by exactly the same people: Society as Claustrophobia. As Rohan-Chabots, Chavagnacs, Breteuils, Cambronnes, and Ruspigliosis parade, a Barbara de la Moussaye is pointed out. I used to play with a François de la Moussaye when we were both five and ask after him. A handsome 1885 officer materializes and explains that his cousin François now lives in Gstaad. I'm beginning to feel at home.

From a distance, the women look like Lartigue's *Bois Belles*, save that none of them is accompanied by the lapdogs one sees in his photographs. Lartigue is here, sitting on a chair by his wife, Florette; it seems redundant to jab him in the ribs and say "Just like your boyhood, isn't it?" What strikes him as most familiar, he says, are the *gardes municipaux* on horseback and the high-laced shoes on the children. Lartigue is probably the most authentic person here if you think of a period movie set as a reconstruction of the past.

If it's Proustian truth you care for, there's Michel Drucker, a Proustian in his eighties, sitting on a chair on the lawn surrounded by respect. He's read the book eighteen times and is happy to offer anyone who asks him the in-for- *(Continued on page 348)*

"The memory of a particular image is but regret for a particular moment; and houses, roads, avenues are as fugitive, alas, as the years"

Little girls in white with their governess, the coded nostalgia of instant Proustian memories—a privileged, protected time re-created by Schlöndorff, recorded by Lartigue, who said: "The guards on horses and the children's high-laced shoes brought it all back."

(Continued from page 347) mation that Swann was based on Charles Haas, Odette, on a combination of Léonie Clomesnil and Laure Hayman. "If you think of time as space," he says, peering at the agitation around the old vehicles on the far side of the hedge, "then memories are at a distance. To show people from the past, they should be grey and then take on color. That's an Impressionist idea. The first time I saw the Impressionists was in 1910, the *Nymphéas* at the Georges Petit gallery. I was six years old and I was astounded."

The extras, too, are talking about Proust. One of them offers that Swann was, of course, an outsider: a Jew, like Proust.

The film, with its trilingual cast (English, Italian, and French) is by necessity a co-production, and it seems to have as many producers as the Paraguayan army has generals.

Its German director, Volker Schlöndorff, a small, intense, dry man with a reputation for fierce intelligence, shoots fast. Swann and Delon dispatched, he and Sven Nykvist, the Swedish cinematographer, set up the next scene, wherein the child Proust will grasp the child Gilberte during a game and, at the contact of her body beneath her dress, feel himself overcome with a reaction unfamiliar to small children.

Jeremy Irons is given a metal chair and calls for the book. The Penguin edition is brought to him: he wants to see where and how this scene they have just shot, and will shoot again, occurs. "How well d'you know your Proust?" he asks, flipping the pages. This is one of the few scenes in the film that has not been taken from the book, and he searches in vain, his grey suede *(Continued on page 392)*

"Is this a film about love,
or about its destruction?
On one side, carnal beings;
beyond them,
an eternal object of love"

Two epochs joined: Proust's Odette—"I had difficulty in believing she was a courtesan, and certainly I should never have believed her to be an ultra-fashionable one, had I not seen the carriage and pair, the pink dress, the pearl necklace. . ."—and Lartigue's Odette (Italian actress Ornella Muti), so like the women he stalked in 1910, who used to walk, he says, "sowing their perfume in the warm gusts of spring."

Jacques-Henri Lartigue

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DENIS PIEL

de koorts
(re)memories

de kooning memories This month Willem de Kooning, one of the most acclaimed artists of this century, receives a major retrospective at New York City's Whitney Museum of American Art and celebrates his fortieth wedding anniversary. Below, his wife, painter/writer Elaine de Kooning, remembers the couple's antic, penniless summer of 1948—at legendary Black Mountain College—in the exhilarating company of Buckminster Fuller, Josef Albers, John Cage, and Merce Cunningham...

Allan Stone Gallery, New York City

Courtesy of the artist

Faces of intense determination during their lean years together: above, Elaine by Willem and, at left, he by her, in their pencil drawings of each other from the 1940s.

BY ELAINE DE KOONING

Bill had his first one-man show at the Egan Gallery in April of 1948, the month I began writing reviews for *Art News*. Nothing sold from Bill's show, and my reviews brought in only two dollars apiece. We were looking forward to the summer with trepidation. We were penniless with no prospects. The previous four summers of our married life spent in the city had taught us that living hand-to-mouth, at which we were expert, was more difficult in July and August than during the rest of the year when "something would happen."

Bill's dealer, Charlie Egan, in desperation, kept the show up through May and June until it became an embarrassment to Bill. It made things seem more hopeless. The show went unnoticed in the press except for one short, ardently favorable review in *Art News* by a brilliant young critic, Renée Arb. As a result of this review, a letter from a stranger changed all.

Josef Albers, whom we knew only in connection with the Bauhaus, wrote to Bill, asking him to teach at Black Mountain College in North Carolina for the summer. Bill would receive $200, room and board, and round-trip railroad tickets for both of us; and we would each have a studio. All of our problems were solved. Seventy dollars would be used for Bill's New York City studio rent for the two months we'd be away; thirty-six dollars would cover the rent for our cold-water flat on Carmine Street where I had my studio, leaving us ninety-four dollars and few expenses except art materials and cigarettes. We were overjoyed at the prospect of a vacation in the mountains.

At the end of June, in great good spirits, we packed our brushes, paints, pads, jeans, bathing suits, one "good" suit for Bill, and two dresses for me and took off for Asheville on an overnight train. At 10 P.M., a porter came around with pillows he was renting for fifty cents apiece. Bill and I looked at each other and a silent agreement was instantly reached: if we had only ninety-four dollars for the whole summer, a dollar for pillows for one night was a disproportionate luxury which we felt we should not allow ourselves—a decision we regretted as the night dragged on and we found hard surfaces and jutting corners wherever we twisted and turned to rest our heads. We finally gave up trying to sleep and read the mystery stories to which we were addicted at the time, all through the night.

When dawn broke, the train was making an incredibly steep ascent up the side of a mountain and a gorgeous, heavy green landscape unfolded before our delighted eyes.

Groggy but exhilarated, we were met at the Asheville station by a stooped, long-haired bespectacled student who drove us to the college in an old station wagon. We were somewhat dismayed by our first glimpse of the campus, which seemed rather desolate to us—evocative of Faulkner's South. There were isolated students sunning themselves on the grass, looking, we thought, peculiarly listless and forlorn. "I feel like turning around and going home," Bill said apprehensively. But Josef Albers' hearty greeting lifted our spirits. "Ach so! The De Koonings!" he smiled, embracing us like old friends. With his fresh pink skin, sunny blue eyes, sparkling white hair, and genial German accent, he radiated cheer and enthusiasm.

We immediately felt at home when Albers walked us to our cottage. We approved of the bare wood floors and sparse

furnishings—a table, a couple of chairs in one large room, a bed, a bureau, and a closet in the other. We strolled around the campus with Albers animatedly describing the manner in which each building was erected and the care in the choice of location. We very much liked a small, empty, high-ceilinged building nestled in the woods called *The Quiet House*. It was a place for meditation, Albers told us, built by a student as a memorial for another student killed in an automobile accident—the son of Ted Dreier, one of the founders of Black Mountain College.

A long, plain building, with two tiers of identical tiny rooms barely large enough for the narrow cot, the sturdy work desk, and the chair in each one, exemplified the frugal spaces and the stark, unadorned surfaces of Bauhaus design. Bill took one look at these studios and announced that he would paint in our much more ample living room. Albers, defensive about his response to the limited space, explained that most of the students painted or drew on paper on the desks. I immediately decided to push my desk over to the window, use it as a palette table and paint on wrapping paper tacked to the wall. The window, the saving feature of the studio for me, faced a dreamily beautiful lake with lush dark-green foliage all around it. Off in the distance, there was a long dock with students diving off and splashing around in the sunlight. I made another immediate decision to join them after we finished our tour of the grounds with Albers, who now led us to the Great Hall that served as dining room, theater, dance studio, and lecture hall. "Because of the school's strict budget, there is no choice of food. It's very democratic. Everyone eats the same things. Whatever the chef prepares. That way, there's no waste."

The main course that day was a frankfurter-and-banana salad. Bill was incredulous: "Looks like something Elaine would make." Albers and I beamed at each other over the mutual compliment. "Very unusual combination," Bill went on but ate his portion as uncritically as Albers and I. He was having two bowls of soup beforehand, he explained, so that he could regard the salad as dessert.

Albers told us that meals were announced with a loud bell, and we agreed to meet him at six in the dining hall and returned to our house to unpack and to set up our studios. We were sitting on the dock deep in conversation when the dinner bell rang. To our amazement and amusement, we saw people running from every direction to converge on the dining hall. "Look at them run at the sound of that bell," Bill laughed. "Pavlov's dogs," I said smugly. We continued our leisurely conversation and strolled over to the dining room some twenty minutes later to discover that the food was all gone—every scrap of it. From then on, at the sound of the bell, Bill and I proved to be more than adequate sprinters and never again came late for a meal.

We circled around the dining room, pleased to discover some familiar faces from New York: sculptor Peter Grippe, painter Florence Grippe, and John Cage and Merce Cunningham. Merce told us that he would be teaching a two-hour dance class six mornings a week. I had taken dance classes, on and off, from the age of six and seized the opportunity to study with Merce, enrolling on the spot.

"There are going to be quite a few interesting visiting instructors. In fact, too many," Albers confided. "Buckminster Fuller and Richard Lippold were invited and said they couldn't come, so we got Charles Burchard from Harvard for the architecture class and Peter Grippe for sculpture and now we just heard that Fuller and Lippold are coming after all." Albers shook his head, frowning: "It will make for complications." He was right. This was our first tiny whiff of the feuds and intrigues that characterized the summer.

Albers proceeded to introduce us to a bewildering number of the regular faculty members whose names we promptly forgot; and, for weeks afterwards, we'd refer to people by profession and build—"that tall photographer" or "that fat weaver." A weaver whose name we immediately registered was Albers' wife, Anni, a distinguished tall, thin woman with a small face and a winning smile. We were invited to a get-acquainted party to be held later in the evening at the Alberses' house. We noticed that certain faculty members weren't at the party—our second whiff of the open and veiled hostilities that provided a constant and oppressive undercurrent that whole summer.

The next morning, we visited the work areas and met with students, some of whom made an immediate impression on us: Ruth Asawa, Donald Droll, Joe Fiore, Ray Johnson, Albert Lanier, Hazel Larsen, Pat Passloff, Kenneth Snelson, Ray Spillinger, Susan Weil. For some reason, I had no trouble at all remembering their names. In the following week, Bill's class expanded to some ten students.

Albers' class in color theory and Cunningham's dance class were much larger—about thirty students each. The many evening lectures—Winslow Ames on printmaking, Beaumont Newhall on photography, Isaac Rosenfeld on Tolstoi, Erwin Bodky on Beethoven, Edgar Kaufmann, Jr. on industrial design—were dress-up events to which everyone came. The most spectacular of these was Buckminster Fuller's introductory lecture.

"He looks stuffy," I whispered to Bill as Fuller, short, stocky, dapper, strode briskly toward the podium. "Wait until he opens his mouth," Bill, better informed than I, whispered back. Bucky then whirled off into his talk, using bobby pins, clothespins, all sorts of units from the five-and-ten-cent store to make geometric, mobile constructions, collapsing an ingeniously fashioned icosahedron by twisting it and doubling and tripling the modules down to a tetrahedron; talking about the obsolescence of the square, the cube, the numbers two and ten (throwing in a short history of ciphering and why it was punishable by death in the Dark Ages); extolling the numbers nine and three, the circle, the triangle, the tetrahedron, and the sphere; dazzling us with his complex theories of ecology, engineering, and technology. Then, he began making diagrams on a blackboard. He drew a square, connecting two corners with a diagonal line. "Ah," he said affectionately, "here's our old friend, the hypotenuse." That did it *(Continued on page 393)*

During his Black Mountain summer De Kooning struggled daily on his famous oil—"Asheville."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

THE MONTH OF STARRING

THREE MAJOR STARS

CHER cuts her nails and plays it straight, sort of, in a sensational role in "Silkwood"...

By Cathleen Schine

"People used to say, 'How do you pick things up with two-inch nails?' " says Cher. "And I'd think, what a stupid question—you just pick things up. Then the other day, I saw a picture of myself with two-inch nails and I said, 'How *did* I pick things up with two-inch nails?' "

Cher is thirty-seven years old. She is wearing skin-tight black jeans and a large grey jersey. She is barefoot, with a tattoo half visible on her ankle and purple toenail polish. "I like this death color," she says. "Corpse grape." Her daughter, Chastity, the little girl who used to toddle onstage at the end of Mommy and Daddy's TV show, is wearing blue jeans, a grey sweatshirt, and braces. She is fourteen, which really is astonishing, except, perhaps, to her.

Cher and Chastity are both sitting on the floor of their New York hotel room. Chastity has just come back from her first day at a new school. The school, she reports, is "rully strict." Cher is giving an interview to promote *Silkwood,* a movie directed by Mike Nichols that she is in, along with Meryl Streep. Meryl Streep sings in the movie. Cher does not.

Neither has a role for which two-inch nails, of any color, would be appropriate. Meryl Streep plays Karen Silkwood, the young woman who may or may not have been murdered in 1974 while trying to blow the whistle on her employers at a plutonium processing plant where safety came decidedly last. She is a red-necked, good-time, good ol' gal drawn into political activism not out of idealism but out of outrage, anger, and vindictiveness. She is an unlikely, accidental hero. Her friend Dolly Pelliker, played by Cher, is no hero at all. She is uninformed and uninterested. When Karen starts talking about genetic defects, Dolly just looks at her blankly. "Meanin' *hwut*?" she says.

Loosely based on Sherri Ellis, Silkwood's roommate at the time of her death, Dolly *(Continued on page 396)*

Meryl Streep (standing) as Karen Silkwood, an accidental hero, with Cher as her friend Dolly

Mary Ellen Mark/Lee Gross

DANGEROUSLY

PUT THEIR TALENTS ON THE LINE

STREISAND —in "Yentl," her first movie in years—makes up for lost time: she's producer, director, and male lead...

By Jill Robinson

"In art, it's so simple to know what you feel and to see where you're going—the way is somehow clearer. But in life there's so much peripheral vision—so many pros and cons to everything."

This is Barbra Streisand talking. The most eager voice I have ever known. Words and phrases have run-throughs: How to please you? Did I say that right?

Streisand has just finished *Yentl.* She directed. She stars. She coauthored the script, from the story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, and coproduced. The film has a distinct personality, one that we know—Barbra's. We're used to that with men, with European directors. Streisand is the *auteur*—she has created a great fiction as truly hers as *Fanny and Alexander* is Ingmar Bergman's. *Yentl* is the great romantic story of a young woman in Poland, perhaps a hundred *(Continued on page 399)*

Barbra as one of the boys in "Yentl"

BARYSHNIKOV dusts the ashes off "Cinderella" and co-choreographs a lavish new ballet...

By Mindy Aloff

Mikhail Baryshnikov's long-awaited *Cinderella* is the most spectacular ballet planned by a New York dance company in years. This month, it waltzes across the stage for the first time in American Ballet Theatre's ambitious new production at the Kennedy Center in Washington, DC. Conceived by Baryshnikov, ABT's artistic director, and choreographed by him in collaboration with free-lance choreographer Peter Anastos, the work will provide a rousing array of dance and mime roles for ABT performers at every rank.

Like Baryshnikov's *The Nutcracker* and *Don Quixote, Cinderella* is an evening-length entertainment structured by a strong dramatic narrative. Set to Serge Prokofiev's beautifully composed score dating from World War II, the story, devised by Baryshnikov and Anastos, contains fabulous touches: dancing birds, flowers, wind, snow, and a cat who partners the beleaguered heroine. There will be a kitchen (by *Cinderella*'s designer Santo Loquasto) that is meant, in Anastos' words, "to look like the laboratory of a household of horrors, like a Cuisinart gone crazy." And there will be an Enchanted Garden, where hero and heroine, reunited at last, abide.

In today's theater, enchantment rarely comes cheap. According to *The New York Times,* ABT is raising $800,000 to mount the production, a quarter of a million for costumes alone. Company management admits that the *Cinderella* budget represents "a very substantial portion of the entire production budget for the season." Although this ballet, spoken of as one of the most lavish productions in Ballet Theatre's history, is being unveiled in the wake of newspaper reports this past fall about ABT's fiscal crisis, it was in the works before the company's present economic dilemma. Baryshnikov and Anastos began discussing the collaboration early in 1982.

They had met the previous year on the set of the *(Continued on page 397)*

Duane Michals

Baryshnikov in rehearsal inventing "Cinderella" step by step

Spring '84: Ideas, new directions, the shape of springs

NO MATTER WHERE IT'S FROM, OR HOW UNEXPECTED ITS CONCEPT—WHAT'S GOOD IS GOOD! AND WORTH WATCHING. BECAUSE SOONER OR LATER, IT MOVES THE EYE—AND FASHION—IN NEW DIRECTIONS, TO NEW OPTIONS. ON THESE SIX PAGES, THE BEST OF WHAT'S GOOD THIS SEASON—TERRIFIC LOOKS FROM GIORGIO ARMANI, ISSEY MIYAKE, KARL LAGERFELD FOR CHANEL

to come

Giorgio Armani, master tailor, takes the look off a man's back, turns it soft and sensuous. *Opulence.* His key jacket shape—unconstructed, square shouldered, long, nipped lightly to suggest the waist—of the thinnest silk linen menswear plaid. The only visible "detail," his hallmark small drape in the lapel. Here with a narrow but soft, slit to the-thigh skirt. He showed his suits not over "real" blouses but over the lightest little T-shaped shirts, or bareness. His coats may set a new standard for coat dressing. *Right.* For the purity of line—square shouldered, straight falling, lean and long. For its appealing pale grey fabric with the look of hand weaving. The gabardine pants, roomier at the back, like a man's. The models came striding down the runway in gutsy sandals or a version of a man's slipper. They had short, simple haircuts. Their only jewelry, a stick pin, a pinky ring. It all heightened the effect of seeing a man's dressing through a soft focus lens. Trade: Wet, pushed hair. Bruno for Lucky Scott Clair; makeup, Anne Marie Barthélemy.

ARMANI: A NEW HIGH, A MODERN BEAT

ISSEY MIYAKE: THE EVOLUTION OF A UNIQUE STYLE

It's a far cry from your basic sweater/shirt/skirt dressing, but that's what the looks here really add up to—Issey Miyake's way. They also represent a real change, a refinement of his distinctive style—a style rooted in creativity with texture and fabric and the most sensitive use of color. Now, these elements come together in a very different way. The layering is less complicated, the colors prettier, less somber. Example, *this page*, in the subtlest but clean grey/taupe, a big stretched-look cardigan; a small cap-sleeved sweater, and—symbol of the season everywhere—a cotton "sarong" skirt. Issey's: asymmetric, bias-draped to wrap and hold the hip. Nobody does it better!... *Right:* Another big cardigan of shaggy linen/cotton; with a cowl-neck shirt, a wrapped skirt. This time in darker shades. Again, not matched, but toned in perfect harmony. And, always underlying everything—total ease. These two pages: Hair, Valentin; makeup, Cindy Joseph. Photographed on the terrace at La Samaritaine department store, Paris.

Brigitte Lacombe

Preview: spring '84

CHANEL/ LAGERFELD —INSPIRED MERGER

This collection isn't line-for-line classic Chanel, but the spirit is there. The eternal appeal of a fine, small-boned look is there, the unmistakable femininity and the softness. Karl Lagerfeld hasn't changed the character of Chanel, but he's given it a slightly different beat, a more this-minute attitude. You sense the difference, *this page,* in the new proportion of his sweater set—a waist-length cashmere cardigan over a hip-length sleeveless pullover sweater and just-above-the-ankle silk crêpe de Chine skirt (the season's prevailing longer body line, longer length). More of the difference: the skirt has a deep, off-center slit....Another exercise in pure style, *opposite page,* a timeless ruffled and flounced black Chantilly lace dress, defining the body clearly but not hugging it. These two pages: hair, Valentin; makeup, Cindy Joseph. Photographed at Musée Jacquemart André, Paris.

Brigitte Lacombe

Hair on the cutting edge

In hair, the distinct message everywhere is: shorter, freer—with an intentional ease in style, upkeep. These six pages: that modern idea as interpreted by four terrific haircutters...

Shorter hair really is happening. One sure sign: the fact that models on both sides of the Atlantic—with rare exceptions—all have cut their hair, and it's just about the prettiest thing on the runways. Hair length, even more than hem length, is what catches the eye, the attention. It is *the* accessory, the distinguishing element of the season. What you see: hair shorter than shoulder length but not so short as to lose a sense of movement; dimension rather than layers cut into hair for an overall impression of a cleaner line.

Key words in recent seasons—"volume," "control"—have implied a certain manipulation with styling tools or gels/foams. While the looks achieved with that kind of help still have their place in women's lives, the tendency today is toward a simpler, more modern line with all those options. Case in point, Rosemary McGrotha's hair, at *right*.

"The most attractive hair is hair that makes a woman feel comfortable and natural."—*Howard Fugler.*

"Texturizing" hair by thinning its lower portion almost strand by strand, as he did Rosemary's, Howard literally lightens it to about two-thirds of its original weight. By thinning it—by cutting away the weight that can "drag" down and flatten hair—he gives hair the feeling of *more* fullness. "This way of cutting gives hair more volume and movement yet keeps a definite line. It goes a step further than the blunt cut, which can look heavy, curl under at the ends like a cap."

Red cashmere to-the-knee dress by Nancy Heller. On eyes, Germaine Monteil Midnight Plum shadow, Kohl Brown liner. Earrings by Carol Halmy. All six pages makeup, Linda Mason; manicures, Elizabeth Drabinski for Christiane and Carmen. Details, last pages.

a very modern approach

Versatile, move-saving

Lisa's hair
released by a
edged blunt cut, d
by Sam McKni
into real style with
ease *and* versa
Right: No matter
short, there's en
enough for a
movement—mo
ment that adds a
ness to Lisa's cut
Louis Gignac (m
about both cuts
page).

The makeup
Diane Von Furst
berg's Sea S
Green eyesha
Vervy green jump
by Norma Kam
Right: Halston's
baster nail enam
Jacket by Stephe
Sprouse. Bracele
Hans Appenzel
Details, stores
next to last pages.

Denis Riel

hair on the cutting edge

letting texture direct shape

"A woman should have choices, variety within one cut."—*Sam McKnight (his cut, on Talisa, in green, preceding pages, left).* Because a one-length blunt cut can look "too hard," Sam McKnight softens its edges to "lighten" hair, to take the weight off. Cut a bit shorter in back, Talisa's hair moves toward the face, "but the feathered bits around the face can be brushed back to make the hair more 'severe.' A woman shouldn't be stuck with one style; if she wants to spend more time on her hair, she can add lift, height on top. But to me, the very fact that a haircut's functional makes it beautiful.

"I don't fight hair's natural texture, so my cuts are easy for a woman to maintain herself. Since she's just going to shampoo, the cut must be everything, it must be exact. I like haircuts that require nothing else; no lotions, lacquers, teasing, tools. If you spend time getting the best cut, hair falls into place."

"It's easy to look good in the salon. If I can make a woman look good on her own for three months, that's a great achievement."—*Louis Gignac of Louis-Guy D (his haircut, on Lisa Rutledge, in pink, preceding pages, right).* "My technique is to cut by weight. A woman always has more weight on one side of a center part. I remove some weight from the heavy side, and balance the hair: part it anywhere, and the cut will work. And it makes a cut last longer, move better. Also, because the back of the hair grows twice as fast as the rest, it should be cut shorter." To get the blunt effect on wavy or curly hair, he says, blow-dry just the bottom part; on fine hair, a body wave can add lift, volume.

"Time-saving is one of my biggest concerns. A woman should be able to shampoo her hair and leave the house, and have hair that handles well, looks good. Or she can finger-dry first to save time, then blow-dry with the head hanging down, and when almost dry, use a round brush on the ends; this should take five minutes. She can spend more time if she wants, adding gels, etc., but only *if she wants.*"

"If a woman is active and wears nice clothes, she should have shorter hair. It fulfills the mood."—*John Sahag.* "Short hair is flexible. It's contemporary," notes Sahag, who cut Beth Rupert's hair at *left.* "The line I like is shorter than chin-length; it shows the neck, gives facial features a lot of value. I kept Beth's side parting, cut the right side of her hair away from her face, keeping the line straight all around but feathered slightly at the end so the line isn't abrupt. The left side is longer, cut closer to the face for a different kind of balance. This cut goes with the natural bulk and direction of the hair, helping it to move, to work. For more sophisticated occasions, a woman can alter texture by blow-drying or adding gels."

Left: Blue leather jacket and skirt, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Earrings, Cumabue; bracelet, Manelusa Stern for Stigi. Makeup—one example of the current more eye/less lip-color balance—by Estée Lauder: Greymist/Plumwood shadows on eyes, Rose Radiance on cheeks, Quicksilver Pink on lips. Fashion details, stores, last pages.

THE JOY OF FITNESS

On these pages, the best of fitness!—the gear, the gifts, the go-power...the latest thinking on what it takes to be in good condition. Today, there's a fitness program to fit every body, every schedule, every shape...and equipment improved by technology, designed with terrific style. Here, A to Z, the state of the art in fitness. It's what everyone wants now, because what everyone wants is to be fit!

A TO Z GUIDE

ACTIVE VACATIONS: THE NEW R&R

More and more women are discovering the reenergizing benefits of active vacations—snorkeling, mountain climbing, skiing—instead of opting to loll on a beach. The reason: the challenge of the purely physical, of risk-taking recharges energy in a way passivity can't.

In response to executive time demands, organized "adventure" programs offer shorter sessions—four days to one week—to fit into a working schedule (two such: Mountain Travel's world-wide treks, Outward Bound's rigorous U.S. programs).

Improved water-adventure essentials, *left:* featherweight life vest by JocJac, maximum-visibility silicone mask (Occhio by Cressi), and a thin latex swim cap (Speedo).

AEROBICS: MIND/BODY BOOST

For energy, well-being, cardiovascular fitness, no type of exercise beats aerobics. In addition to its well-documented health benefits, two recently revealed pluses: when practiced over a certain time span, aerobics stimulate the release of the "pleasure" hormone, endorphins, to help lift depression, even bring on euphoria. And if you spend over one-half hour per day doing aerobics, the exercise becomes an effective body-fat reducer. Evidence also suggests that aerobic exercise speeds up metabolism, so calories may continue "burning up" long after your workout ends.

BIKING: URBAN TRANSPORT

The most self-reliant, impressive women now: those braving city streets each morning on bicycles, dressed in business suits, briefcases strapped to their bikes—the

bikes themselves (like the Miyata, above) designed to "take" city streets, with fatter wheels, more cushioned, contoured seats. Biking survival gear: light-reflective vests and protective helmets (best: Bell's TourLite, above), air-pollution masks for city riding.

COMPUTERS: FUTURE OF FITNESS

They're being used by experts to measure precise differences in muscle tone and strength, and to create exercise machines that may one day provide the same degree of positive feedback that right now only the encouragement of a professional trainer can match. Already, computers can be programmed to adjust a workout to your age, sex, and personal fitness level, to let you know when you're working too hard or not hard enough, when you reached your ideal workout range. One such: The ultimate computer exercise bike—the Dynavit Aerobitronic 30, *left,* about $3000. Fighting exercise boredom: Seiko's portable TV wristwatch.

DIET: IDEAL AIMS

Women are approaching diet in a new—responsible—way, aiming for more nutrients, fewer fats, in addition to low calories. Women are realizing that diet is as much an active process, as much within their control as is exercise. Medical evidence shows that good dietary habits enhance an exercise program, and vice versa. Like exercise, a balanced diet provides strength and energy, as well as healthy good looks.

First step, increasing complex carbohydrates (good sources: the orange and pasta, below). As exercise-enhancers, complex carbohydrates provide energy to muscles. A high-complex-carbohydrate diet can be filling, provide fiber for proper digestion, be nutrient-dense and calorie-lean (the ideal food balance).

The vitamin/mineral focus: increasing nutrients from foods, taking supplements only under a doctor's supervision. The vitamins/minerals to increase: calcium (low-fat dairy products) to prevent osteoporosis; iron (meat, fish, poultry, some vegetables) to compensate for iron deficiencies, common during reproductive years; vitamin C (some fruits and vegetables) for, among other benefits, its enhancement of iron absorption.

EVALUATIONS:
PROVING EXERCISE'S BENEFITS

Among the rewards of moving regularly—and what keeps most of us coming back for more: a feeling of increased strength and body tone, of real ability to withstand physical challenges. At more and more gyms, these subjective feelings are being confirmed as scientific facts, through in-depth evaluations that quantify improvements in heart/lung capacity, body flexibility, muscle strength, and—perhaps the most precise health measure of all—body-fat percentage. Most thorough evaluations: those done by an exercise physiologist, supervised by a physician, done the first time *before* the start of an exercise program, then repeated every six months to a year afterwards.

Randolph Graff Hair and makeup, these pages: Sandra Bocas, Patricia Bowden, Tomoko, manicures/pedicures, Elizabeth Drabinski, details, last pages

FEET: BETTER BALANCE

What may be the biggest footwear advance in decades: computer-fitted orthotics (above)—bio-mechanical shoe inserts, engineered to adjust a particular pair of shoes as you move, thin enough to fit in running shoes, high-heeled pumps, even in ski boots.

FABRICS: SPACE-AGE ADVANCES

New technology—plus design input from champion athletes—has resulted in virtually weightless fabrics that move as you move, keep you dry in any weather, warm or cool as the climate demands, even reflect light as you jog at night. Names to look for: Gore-Tex—waterproof, windproof, breathable, so perspiration escapes; rain can't penetrate . . . Thinsulate Thermal Insulation—super-thin, super-light, almost twice as warm as down . . . and polypropylene—the next-to-the-skin choice for thermal layering.

GOALS: THE MIND SET

Appropriate goals aid motivation and a fitness program's success. Going after cosmetic goals, while important, can be defeating. A modest but specific physical goal—e.g., ten more sit-ups—gears you for achievement, strength, real improvements in fitness.

GO TO OLYMPICS '84. Woman to watch: Mary Decker, the top U.S. amateur athlete, fastest American woman middle-distance runner, and just one of a stellar group of record-breaking female athletes preparing to compete in twelve new events . . . Ticket applications, at Sears.

HOME GYMS

When stores display barbells next to blankets, you know that exercise gear has found its place in the home. The newest home-exercise equipment—for example, the Amerec rowing machine, *below*, from NYC's Ad-Hoc Softwares—is sleek and well designed.

Biggest advance in home-fitness gear is the new total-body strengthener. While barbells are still the most basic, least expensive strength-builders, these more elaborate resistance-training stations have the advantage of giving a safe workout to each major muscle group (best: Gym-Pac, Family Fitness Center, West Bend's Total Gym). Many fitness experts act as home-gym design consultants; supervise proper home, machine-use workouts.

INCHES VS. POUNDS

What we as women "measure" now: the shape, the tone, the *strength* of our bodies. We work for the change that comes not merely from eating less but from exercising more, from going for the sleekness of muscle, the burn-off of fat. It's a change that is not always evident on the scale but is reflected in the tautness, the leanness of your body, the fit of your clothes.

JOGGING

Still the most efficient, convenient aerobic exercise, jogging has received some bad press, especially for women. The facts: there's little or no scientific proof that jogging jars the uterus or harms breasts (any discomfort can be allayed with a support bra).

Biggest safety breakthrough: new super shock-absorbing materials in running shoes make jogging easier on knees, hips, lower

back, even help to protect city dwellers who run on concrete.

As for speed, with increased strength training, marathon records have been cut by almost one hour! (Clocking the difference: Heuer stopwatch, opposite page, bottom right.)

KARATE/JUDO: THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE

Studies have proven that a woman who is physically fit gains a mental advantage, that the *knowledge* that she can protect herself gives her an aura of strength and confidence that can actually keep an attacker away. That fact—plus an emphasis on form and grace, and real workout benefits—is what makes the martial arts so attractive to women now. One NYC studio especially sensitive to women's needs that teaches a class in "Street Smarts": Seido Karate.

LIQUIDS: INTERNAL/EXTERNAL REWARDS

The zero-calorie drink that ups both energy and performance, keeps your body going strong: water. Studies show that six-to-eight glassfuls daily is a nutrition basic and an absolute health essential . . . and savvy women who once drank coffee at their desks now substitute still or sparkling eau minérale (below). Externally, water is the most efficient exercise environment, adding resistance while minimizing injury (making swimming a top aerobic choice). The hydrotherapeutic effect of relaxing in warm water—a bath or hot tub—de-tenses muscles, soothes overworked joints, helps both body and mind.

Randolph Graff

MACHINES: STATE OF THE ART

Newest exercise machines simulate rigorous—often inaccessible—sports, like the Nordic-Track cross-country skiing machine, *left,* used at New York's Sports Training Institute. The NordicTrack's advantages represent the aim of machines today: a total-body workout with little stress on bones, joints.

Breakthrough: Nautilus's newest machines for pregnant and older women with osteoporosis, eliminating joint/bone pressure.

NUTRITION: THE ULTIMATE EDGE

When Martina Navratilova bounced back from months-long illness to win this year's U.S. Open, who did she credit with helping her success? Her nutritionist. Fitness-conscious women everywhere are now seeking expert nutritional advice—to lose or gain weight, to eat for energy, to make sure their diets contain needed nutrients.

ONE-ON-ONE

The most efficient way to train, mentally and physically. The reason: a personal trainer guarantees safety—and motivation. . . . Newest exercise instructors make house calls, bring the gym to you. In California, a traveling van (Now Or Never 213/271-5099); in Florida, a home spa with chef/nutritionist (Health Pros 904/375-7402).

PORTABLE FITNESS:

Now you can take your workout with you anywhere—office, traveling, weekends. All you need: running shoes or a jumprope for aerobics. . . a mini-tape player (here, Sony's) plus a workout tape, e.g., customized tapes, such as the kind Barbara Pearlman puts together (212/628-3682); those from Nickolaus (with progressively advanced tapes in each set), or, here, Chairman Mao's four-minute physical fitness plan used by the staff at The Golden Door.

QE II . . . AND THE SUPER-SPAS

Never have there been so many places, so many ways to enjoy a spa vacation. You can spend a few days, a few weeks, find a program geared to beginners who want to learn fitness basics, or to advanced exercisers who need a boost in motivation, a re-think of habits. There are programs for mothers and daughters (at Tucson's Canyon Ranch), for families, for couples. Spas in the city (Anushka, Houston/NYC), the desert (The Palms at Palm Springs), at the seashore (The Haikko, Finland). The ultimate spa get-away, though: The Golden Door aboard the QE II—amid the freshness of sea air, the utter luxury and relaxation of an ocean cruise.

SPACE CAMP FOR KIDS

A real fitness/learning experience for kids: scientifically-minded 12- to 14-year-olds can spend a week in Huntsville, AL, the site of the Space and Rocket Center. Attending camp means learning about rocket structure, coping with zero-gravity, and conducting a Space Shuttle Mission simulation . . . Ahead: mother/daughter, father/son weeks. For info: 205/837-3400.

TRAINING PARTNERS: FLEX-TIME FITNESS

Fitness expert Bruce Baltz's neat idea of training couples to work out one-on-one with each other gives them more flex time to schedule fitness into their days. It takes almost four weeks to learn how to train a partner; and, in that time, Bruce charts a program of aerobics, stretching, and resistance exercises that involves working out simultaneously and as each other's trainers. Life-Time Fitness 212/687-5735.

ULTIMATE SKATE: ATHLETE'S CHOICE

Another example of equipment refinement: the new roller "blade," *below,* recently chosen for training by the New York Rangers hockey team and the U.S. Olympic cross-country team. The reason: the four-wheels-in-a-row construction approaches the design of an ice skate, affording greater efficiency with each stride; less space between the wheels lets you cover cracks, bumps, gravel more smoothly and safely.

RACQUET SPORTS: AMERICAN FAVORITE

Studies show racquet sports to be a favored form of exercise, evidenced in the over thirty-five million tennis, squash, and racquetball players in 1982, according to the International Racquet Sports Association. Improved technology now makes equipment more protective—an example is Foot-Joy's Tuffs 3Q high-cut racquetball shoe, designed for increased ankle/heel support, plus better shock-absorbing sole cushioning. For tennis lovers, the ultimate racquet: the limited edition Prince Boron (about $500), combining graphite and boron fiber—first used in space-shuttle construction—to give maximum strength with minimum weight. Added benefit of superior frame construction: less shock to elbow and arm.

VIDEO

It's instant exercise motivation, the ultimate in high-tech fitness. From Jane Fonda's best-selling Workout videotape (right) to custom tapes made of you and instructor Marjorie Thompson, going through your regular exercise routine at your own speed. Where to find it: her Videonastics studio, NYC.

destination. Two essentials for serious walking (*bottom right*): a lightweight boot (the New Balance Rainier, tested on Mt. Everest), and a pedometer (Turpan Sanders, NYC).

X-ERCISE X-PERT

One of the best results of the fitness explosion: the real improvement in the level of information and advice the average exerciser can draw on. As more of us educate ourselves about the most efficient exercise plans, so the professionals renew their commitment to fitness, bringing more and more science to bear on the subject.

YOGA: MIND/BODY BALANCE

The original exercise discipline, yoga is one of the most effective forms of mental and physcial relaxation, a simple way to increase body flexibility. It's a versatile supplement/warmup to any exercise regimen, can be done anywhere there's room to stretch out, and is a good choice for a beginner who wants to increase body awareness/potential.

ZEBRA-STRIPED LEOTARDS—NEW FITNESS FASHION!

An offshoot of the fitness boom: more and more options in exercise clothes—now, virtually a new side to wardrobes, reflecting advances in style and comfort. Newest: zebra-striped tights, *above*, from Nona Summers animal-print collection.

WATER-RESISTANT GEAR

Prime example of technology keeping up with demand: new lightweight, pocket-size, bright-yellow gear (for easy visibility) that can withstand inclement weather/a sudden plunge into water or snow without damaging top-notch performance. The best, *above*: Sony's Sports Walkman; Minolta's Weathermatic-A 110 camera; and 8x21 Armored Marine Mini-Binoculars (Land's End).

WALKING: THE GREAT ESCAPE

It's the exercise *every* woman can do—and the best reflection of a woman's fitness, energy, image. The only "limitation": your final

Randolph Graff

Fur... with a shade of difference

New choices, new delights

The point of the furs on these four pages has to do with their coloring: exotic red ambers, deep, chestnut browns. This season there's more than just neutral browns combined with the tones of digitally processed furs provide a new el- [illegible] for a more sense of [illegible] ... The furs on this page, for example, Perry Ellis's dark brown Canadian lynx has it all: luxurious natural dark-brown coloring, with silvery highlights, the swaggering bigness of a balmacaan by Alixandre, about [illegible] [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ...

New choices, new delights

More luxury in fur—even in a duffel. This, *near right,* from Philippe Venet for Maximilian Furs, a sportif fur duffel coat in brown tip-dyed Russian sable. About $13,500. Maximilian Fur Salon, NYC. . . .And *far right,* the natural Emba mink seen previously—a coat with a wonderful full body shape, deep cuffed sleeves. From Chloé by Karl Lagerfeld for Goldin-Feldman. About $12,500. I. Magnin, Chicago; The Fur Centre, St. Louis MO; Neiman-Marcus; Beaton's Phoenix and Tucson AZ; Bullock's. To order at Bloomingdale's. . . .

Beauty Note: The "shade of difference" in makeup. *Near right,* from Maybelline, Cinnamon eyeshadow and Chestnut Brown liner, Sugared Bronze lip color. These two pages, hair, makeup, Rick Gillette. Details, see last pages.

And more news in fur-bigger shapes,

a more casual attitude...

Lothar Schmid

The softest dresses anywhere

Ron Nicolaysen

New choices, new delights

What everyone wants for hot weather is something loose, gauzy, cool. The dresses on these four pages embody those aspects and more: they offer the newness of this year's key squared-off shapes, of shorter and wider sleeves, of stripes in some cases, wrapping in others . . . and, in every case, a softness and ease that's very appealing, very wearable—very wearable! *Opposite page:* The essence of the easier feeling, easier appeal, from Albert Capraro—his wide, wide-sleeved striped linen dress that buttons—unbuttons—up the front. About $282. Mid December at Saks Fifth Avenue; Ivey's Carolinas; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Gidding-Jenny; Jacobson's; I. Magnin. . . . *Right:* The dash, the news, of safari inspiration—an army-green linen "guerilla dress" with epaulets, pockets, and deep side slits. About $158. By Harry Parness and Nicola Pelly for Parachute. Mid-December at Parachute, NYC. . . . *Inset:* Soo Yung Lee's breezy, shoulder-buttoned, Moroccan-striped dress with the ease of rolled sleeves and deep patch pockets. Of linen and cotton. About $275. January at Saks Fifth Avenue; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's; Liberty House, Honolulu. Details, more stores, last pages.

it's warm...

New choices, new delights

Bigger, breezier dresses that slide on the body . . . that deliver all the ease and attractiveness you could want for warmer weather, warmer places. *Left:* A bigger shoulder, a squarer shape—the news, and the appeal, in Alke Boker's self-belted linen dress. About $290 Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington DC; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami, Neiman-Marcus. . . . *Inset:* More slide-on ease, more cool stripes—Shamask Couture's linen dress, bloused above an elasticized waist. About $510. Saks Fifth Avenue, Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel, The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Ruth Meyers, Oklahoma City; Neiman-Marcus. . . . *Opposite:* The freshness of white, of a simple shape and the loosest sleeves—Frances Henaghan's linen and cotton dress to wrap low with a matching belt. About $100. Lord & Taylor; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Neiman-Marcus; Goldwaters, Scottsdale AZ; Bullocks Wilshire; Carol & Mary, Honolulu. These four pages: Hair, Ray Allington; makeup, Rumiko Hirose. Details, more stores, see next to last pages this issue.

....dresses with the appeal of a straight,

Ron Nicolaysen

square shape that slides right on...

VOGUE'S

Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: if you want a flattering long, slim body line . . . if you're wearing white . . . if you'd like at-home dressing that's casual, and that moves "out" easily

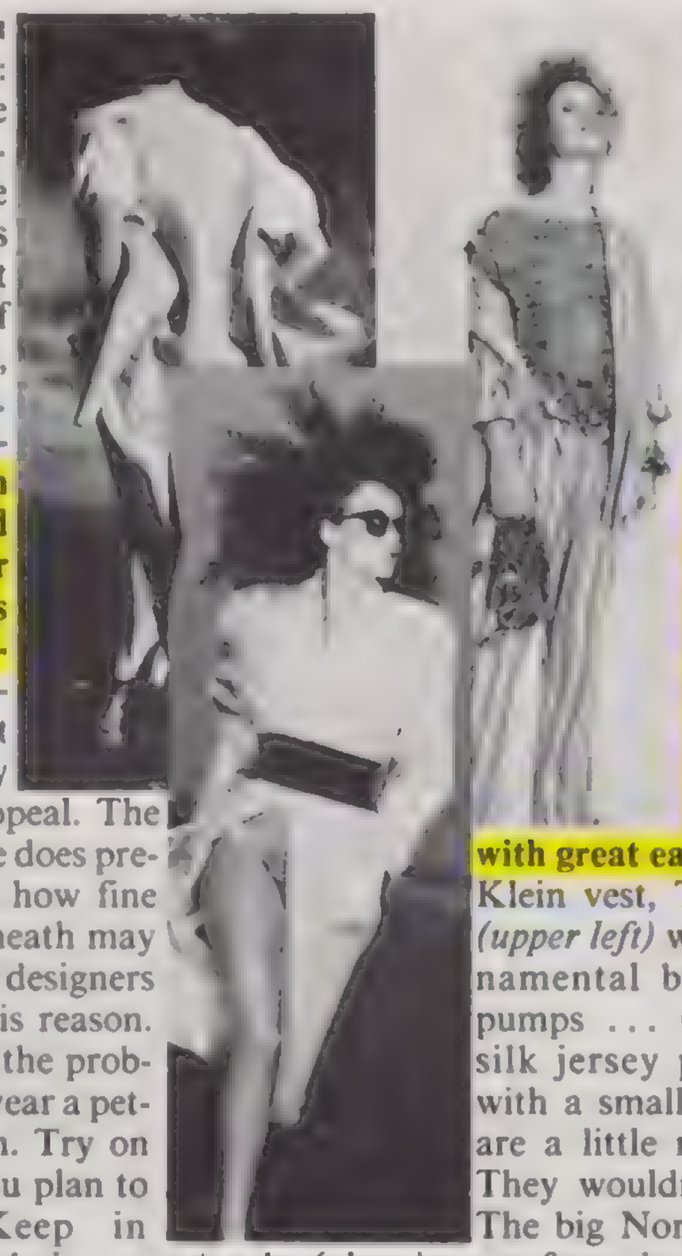
Worth thinking about when you consider the new longer proportion that you see *below,* that you've been seeing for several issues: **What the designers are getting at is more basic than longer lengths. They're really suggesting a narrow, elongated body line. It's a spare, very sophisticated, modern look**—that you can get from a dress or a skirt and top. It's also a look that needs head-to-toe "working out."

A good starting point: a short—no longer than chin-length—simple, unfussy haircut. It extends the line, gives a neck a longer look. We found, in photographing, that a scarf or choker cut this clean effect. Longer chains or beads—at least 24" or 30" or even below the waist—were much better. As we worked with the pieces *(left),* we found ourselves cutting down on jewelry and accessories, making the look sparer and sparer for more impact.

Other factors to consider: The look gets added interest from a mix of texture and pattern—*i.e.,* Michael Kors's solid cashmere tank and pinstriped silk skirt *(lower left).* However, a single, unbroken color tone works best in maintaining the line. This applies to a belt if you add one. And to stockings and shoes. Best balance for this proportion: "gutsier" sandals (some are on small wedges now); the new menswear-based laced shoes.

What's interesting is that these clothes don't require a perfect body. Or one that's wafer thin . . . if you work with these additional provisos: Opt for a fabric that doesn't hug the body. Instead of the bare-shouldered Calvin Klein tank top you see *(upper left),* choose a top that has sleeves, is squarer and longer so it comes well down on your hips. If you use a belt: a slim one, 1¼" wide, or less; worn well down on the hips.

. . . A funny thing happened in selecting clothes for this issue: **Again and again in a sea of dark colors and blacks, the best-looking clothes for evening—i.e., the one by Galanos below—turned out to be white, off-white, or ivory,** clearly not a coincidence. The inherent flattery of what white or near-white does for every skin tone had to be part of the appeal. The other side of the coin: wearing white does present certain problems: No matter how fine the quality of fabric, what's underneath may show through or be outlined. Smart designers will often eliminate pockets for this reason. Other possibilities for coping with the problem: If you're wearing two pieces, wear a petticoat between the top and bottom. Try on whites with the specific lingerie you plan to use. Keep in mind: beige or skin-toned lingerie is less likely to show than white. Flat fabric shows less than lace.



In working with these whites, we kept coming back to pale pink-y lipstick with gloss or shimmer; pale pink or silvery nail tones were more sophisticated than brights.

. . . Very much in the air: pyjama dressing. But the current crop is a far cry from the elaborate "palazzo" styles of the '60s and '70s, and clearly not intended for black-tie evenings. The look now is more casual, based on looser-shaped pants and on the season's focus on menswear scale, style, and fabric—which is a clue to the advantage of free-associating about where you buy clothes. The look of the drawstring pyjamas *(near left)* could easily be duplicated with silk pyjamas from the men's or lingerie department.

The most important assets of this casual attitude in pyjamas: They're comfortable, easy to manage, and many move "out"—to dinner, at a resort—with great ease. All the Calvin Klein vest, T-shirt and pants *(upper left)* would need: an ornamental belt, high-heeled pumps . . . Geoffrey Beene's silk jersey pyjamas *(below)* with a small cut-out in back, are a little more "designed." They wouldn't need a thing. The big Norma Kamali terry robe *(above)* moves from the beach to at-home, where you might wear it belted over silk pants and a camisole. Or—over a tailored shirt and flannel trousers—unbelted, with the sleeves rolled up as though it were a great oversized sweater. Unexpected—but it works! Because, in the end, there are only two rigid rules: What you wear must be (1) attractive; (2) appropriate. The rest is purely personal. ▽

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CALCIUM: WHAT'S ENOUGH . . . KEEPING KNEES HEALTHY . . . MID-WINTER BLUES . . . A TOP SPA'S HOLIDAY MENU . . . LATEST RESEARCH ON DREAMS . . . PLUS: WHAT'S MAKING FITNESS NEWS NOW . . .

female intuition

THE REASON WOMEN *ARE* MORE INTUITIVE THAN MEN: EXPERTS SUGGEST THAT IN WOMEN'S BRAINS, THE TWO HEMISPHERES—VERBAL AND VISUAL—COMMUNICATE MORE EASILY THAN THEY DO IN MEN'S BRAINS, MAKING IT EASIER FOR WOMEN TO GAIN INSIGHTS INTO STRANGERS, "FEEL" DANGER BEFORE IT'S SEEN.

—Sex and the Brain
(Arbor House)

LATEST FITNESS FINDINGS

One of the most important advances reported at the annual meeting of the American College of Sports Medicine, attended by research scientists and fitness experts from around the world: the fact that exercise has now become more of a science. "There is growing proof that exercise benefits everyone, that it can help to slow down the disease process, to increase well-being, and to keep body weight under control.

"Much of the research done on animals has now been duplicated in highly skilled athletes, with results that have relevance for us all as more Americans become fit," said Jack H. Wilmore, Ph.D., professor of physical education and director of the Exercise and Sports Sciences Laboratory at the University of Arizona, who reported these findings from the ACSM.

More impressive evidence delivered at the meeting confirmed that regular exercise can help to retard age-related bone-mineral losses in women; that exercise acts not as an appetite-increaser but as a suppressant; and that regular aerobic activity, combined with a high complex-carbohydrate, low-fat, low-salt diet, can help people with hypertension bring their resting blood pressure under control—to the degree that some patients can discontinue hypertension medication.

One study of twenty-six middle-aged women at the University of Massachusetts concluded that, contrary to popular belief, exercise cannot change your basic body shape. Even after losing significant amounts of weight and body fat, the women's patterns of fat distribution—their basic body types—remained unchanged. "While exercise can lessen the *amount* of fat stored on your hips, for example," said Dr. Wilmore, "it can't make wide hips narrow."

More and more, research is proving how exercise can improve our health. Next step: precision fitness clothes and gear that build in benefits, injury-prevention . . .

One lasting benefit of exercise: it *can* *(Continued on page 386)*

A good total-body exerciser, especially for women: a rowing machine. It not only strengthens arms, upper back, and upper legs but gives fast, efficient cardiovascular conditioning without stressing lower back or joints, the way running can. Because rowing involves the upper body, target heart rate is reached faster than it is during leg sports. For this reason, it's important to work with a fitness expert before beginning a rowing exercise program. Start slowly, aim for increasing rowing time, not speed.

A rowing machine makes a near-complete at-home gym. Choose one that records "speed" and "distance," gives varying degrees of arm resistance, and stimulates a smooth rowing motion. One of the newest, found in gyms: the Concept II *(below)*.

ALEX CHATELAIN Hair, Anthony De May, makeup Mariella Smith-Masters

"THE PROFESSIONALS AT JHIRMACK SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR HAIR WON'T DO ANYTHING."

What do you do when you can't coax your stubborn hair into behaving? Here are some helpful hints from the haircare experts at Jhirmack.

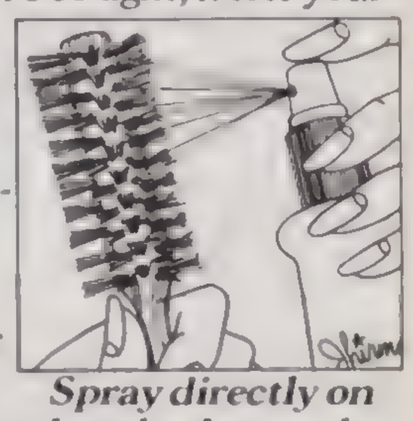
How to wash your hair. It's important to choose the correct shampoo, and Jhirmack offers four: E.F.A. for dry, Geláve for oily and Geláve for normal hair, plus Nutri-Body™ for fine, thin or limp hair. Each one is professionally formulated to help make your hair more resilient and manageable. Shampoo daily, lathering twice. The first will remove excess oils and the second lathering will enhance body and shine and prepare the hair for conditioning.

Lather twice

How to get the most out of a conditioner. Jhirmack's instant conditioners were designed to be used after every shampoo. E.F.A.adds softness and shine to dry hair. Geláve helps make normal or oily hair more full-bodied and bouncier. And Nutri-Body helps make fine, thin hair luxuriously full and manageable. After conditioning, rinse hair thoroughly if it is oily or normal but give it a lighter rinse if hair is damaged or dry. Once a week, give your hair an intensive treatment with one of Jhirmack's four deep conditioners. They were developed in salons to help correct damaged hair or to protect normal hair. MOISTURE-pHLEX® adds moisture and bounce to dry, brittle hair; N.C.A. helps restore shine and resilience to damaged hair; Nutri-Pak® helps repair split ends and adds body to highly damaged hair; and pHINALE™ helps protect healthy hair.

Rinse after conditioning

How to make your hairspray work for you. Stiff, heavily lacquered hair is a thing of the past. Jhirmack Professional Hair Spray gives your hair ample control yet leaves it soft, swingy and natural looking—so you get shakable hair with unshakable hold. You can spray it directly on your hair or spray it on your hairbrush while styling. It's so light, it lets your hair's natural shine come through. With these helpful hints and Jhirmack's salon-tested shampoos, conditioners and hair sprays, your hair is sure to behave. And you'll have shiny, bouncy, healthy looking hair.



Spray directly on brush, then style

Jhirmack products: Also available in fine salons.

Jhirmack
Trade secret
for beautiful hair.

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A Spa Holiday

No one suggests beginning a weight-loss plan at this time of year, but there are wonderful ways to enjoy holiday meals without going overboard. The staff of Houston's Phoenix spa—whose imaginatively delicious holiday dinner, *below*, will appear in their upcoming spa cookbook—recommends following a "low-fat/high-delight" plan, using the natural colors and textures of foods—plus unexpected flavorings and spices—to enhance a meal's appeal, as in their simple recipe for Vodka Carrots, a mere fifteen calories per serving: Peel and slice one pound carrots; use an orange zester to peel one orange. Combine carrots, orange peel and juice, one-third cup vodka, one quarter teaspoon nutmeg in saucepan. Cover with water; cook till done but still crisp. Six servings.

The Phoenix Christmas

Hors d'Oeuvres

Asparagus In Whole-wheat Bread Blankets
Pickled Shrimp

First Course

Hot Romaine Lettuce Soup

Main Course

Coq au Vin
Vodka Carrots
Broccoli Romana

Dessert

California Ricotta-Lemon Cheesecake

("Fitness Facts" continued from page 384)
help to keep excess weight off once it's been lost. In a study of 127 patients—whose weight loss averaged 58.9 pounds each—those who exercised, counted calories, or attended a weight-loss clinic regained considerably less weight than those who dieted but did none of these other activities.

Does exercise increase the need for specific nutrients? "So far, the evidence is sketchy. What has been shown is that athletes do not need megadoses of vitamins although they often, like the rest of us, neglect to eat as healthfully as possible," noted Dr. Wilmore.

What certainly does make a difference in both exercise performance and the amount of benefit exercise provides, reported experts at the meeting: the use of proper equipment. For example, long-distance running, one study revealed, can cause the loss of significant amounts of red blood cells—and iron—as a result of feet continuously pounding the ground. Better than iron supplements: simply switching to a pair of the new super-cushioning air-sole running shoes—a switch that resulted in significantly less red-blood-cell destruction, and significantly greater iron reserves left after completing the run.

"As we continue to learn more about the body's chemical and physical reactions to exercise," commented Dr. Wilmore, "not only will we be able to design better and more individual exercise plans, but we'll also develop better, more truly scientific fitness gear."

Sun protection, essential at every age, may be even more important when you're young. Experts observe that in our society, most people get the majority of their lifetime sun damage by the time they're twenty! Solution: teaching children to use sunscreen as routinely as toothpaste. (To protect children under two, a panel report to the FDA recommended relying on a physician's advice.) If sun protection becomes a lifelong habit, twenty years from now, we'll look younger than our years.

FOOT SIZE

Foot problems are common during pregnancy for the obvious reason that increased body weight and shift of balance creates stress on feet. Feet tend to swell . . . and to stretch. According to John F. Waller, Jr., M.D., chief of foot and ankle service, Lenox Hill Hospital, NYC, the hormone that signals the pelvic-canal ligament to open and loosen during pregnancy relaxes all the ligaments in the body, including ones in the feet. Feet can expand from one-half to a whole size, a change that for some women subsides several weeks after delivery, for others is permanent.

to read . . .

For women who share a commitment to good health with their daughters: two new books that offer solid information on the changes that take place in a woman's body at puberty, and on the habits that can make the best of every stage of a woman's life—*For Mothers & Daughters: A Guide to Good Nutrition for Women* by Myron Winick, M.D. (William Morrow) and *What's Happening to My Body?* by Lynda Madaras (Newmarket Press).

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The last remaining argument for fat pads has just been shot full of holes.

Introducing Funnel-Dot™ Protection COVER

276 tiny dots tell you our New Freedom® Thin maxi pads are not just another thin. They're a whole new kind of protection.

We call it Funnel-Dot. Protection never felt drier! The Funnel-Dot Cover actually funnels moisture away from you, down into the pad.

The Inner Core absorbs and distributes fluid evenly the entire length of the pad. Helps prevent leakage, side staining.

Funnel-Dot Protection means you never felt drier—even with a regular maxi.

Introducing New Freedom® Thin maxi pads. Protection never felt drier.

strong knees: key!

The knee is the most vulnerable large joint in the body. Its complicated network of support structures can be easily damaged. "The knee is subject to great loading and tension. We take about one thousand steps a mile—amounting to many tons of force on the knee in the course of a normal day. Jogging, aerobics, dancing, and other strenuous activities place even more pressure on the knee," said Joseph F. Fetto, M.D., associate professor of orthopedics in the division of sports medicine at New York University Medical Center and team physician for the men's and women's United States Olympic Judo teams. He noted that there is a dramatic increase in injuries to women because of their increasing interest in sports, adding, "We are concerned about the person who suddenly jumps into a new activity without the proper body preparation, or whose participation exceeds her body's tolerance."

Injury to the knee can occur to bone, tendons, ligaments, cartilage, meniscus (a special cartilage that functions like a shock absorber), soft tissue such as skin and muscle. When any of these is impaired, the knee will not function properly. The knee normally produces a small amount of fluid for lubrication of the joint, but under stress it can produce more, and accumulation causes the knee to swell.

Because of the diversity of problems that can beset the knee, it is important to get an accurate diagnosis when the knee is injured. "Too many people wait until they are significantly functionally impaired before they seek a doctor's help," said Marvin L. Shelton, M.D., associate professor of clinical orthopedic surgery at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University. "A competent specialist should be able to diagnose the nature of the injury, to evaluate whether rest and immobilization, exercise, or surgery is appropriate." For minor discomfort, the first-aid method is RICE: rest, immobilization, cold compresses, and elevation. Heat should be avoided initially because it exacerbates swelling. Anti-inflammatories like aspirin also help to reduce the swelling.

There are new techniques for more serious injuries to the knee. Arthroscopic surgery, a relatively new procedure used in both diagnosis and treatment of knee disorders often precludes more extensive knee surgery. A narrow, lighted tube is inserted through a small incision, permitting the surgeon to examine the knee's interior. Many surgical procedures can be performed through the use of this instrument.

Knee-replacement surgery is often performed on patients with severe, painful arthritis. This procedure is used when the handicap caused by the knee problem is considered greater than the risk of surgery, and is most often performed on older patients because the functional demands of a younger patient can cause the acrylic-cement bonding material to loosen.

When analyzing knee problems, Dr. Fetto feels that it is important to determine *why* there is trouble. It might be due to poor equipment, faulty anatomy, or defective technique—all remedial. Proper shoes, orthotics—inserts that realign foot and leg—and knee braces are used to compensate for any deficiency or instability.

In the long run, exercise is the most vital component in the prevention and alleviation of knee disorders. Dr. Fetto prefers stretching and conditioning exercises rather than the "ballistic" type movements, which he maintains are not suitable for all body structures. All exercise should be aimed at increasing the strength and flexibility of the entire leg. Consult a physician about tailoring exercises to solve certain problems.

—NATALIE BERKOWITZ

TWO SIMPLE EXERCISES *totaling five to ten minutes daily specifically designed to keep leg and knee in good shape: (1) Back flat against the wall, slowly slide down until you're "sitting" as if in a chair, legs bent at a 90-degree angle, feet on the floor. Hold fifteen seconds, slowly push back up the wall. Add five seconds a day, twice a day, for a total goal of two to three minutes. (2) Standing on a stairstep or stable footstool, step one foot down to the floor behind you five times, adding one time a day for a total of fifteen repetitions. Repeat with other foot. Swimming, bicycling, and working with weights, above, can also strengthen the muscles supporting knees.*

style

DREAM TRACKING

Dreams and their effects on memory are gradually being understood by experts

That crazy dream you woke up with this morning is just a tiny fraction of the roughly ninety minutes you spent during slumber in what scientists call REM (rapid eye movement) sleep. During those dream periods, which commence an hour or two after you fall asleep and recur at intervals until the morning, you mimic the waking state in most every respect except for muscle tone and motion (and sleepwalkers do even that). Scientists have known for twenty years we need that nightly hour and a half of REM sleep and that if deprived of it for long periods, we may become confused, irritable, and unstable. Sigmund Freud notwithstanding, sleep researchers recently have ascertained that dreams bear a strong relationship to the day's activities. According to John Herman, Ph.D., sleep researcher at the University of Texas Health Science Center at Dallas, "There is a continual playback of waking perceptual and movement patterns during each REM period." Director of the program, Howard Roffwarg, M.D., added, "If a list of names is read to you during the REM period, our monitoring instruments will catch your reaction to the name of a loved person even though you don't wake up."

Have dreams something to do with laying down in permanent storage the items in our short-term memory bank from the preceding day? Drs. Roffwarg and Herman are inclined to think that they do. Their research, in which subjects sleep attached to devices that catch changes in their brain waves and eye movements, shows some strong connections with the preceding day's events. Examples: Volunteers who wore goggles for a day that showed them the world as though looking through the wrong end of a pair of field glasses reported many objects in dreams were smaller than normal. Volunteers who wore red-tinted glasses during the day reported comparable tints pervading their dreams and a lack of blue or green. Many sleep puzzles are unexplained still: just why REM sleep is essential and how much of a role it plays in memory remain to be elucidated fully. But on the computer charts of dozens of sleep labs around the country, layers of ignorance are being peeled away.

—JOSEPH R. HIXSON

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Collagen Corporation, 2500 Faber Place, Palo Alto, California 94303

Issued 8/83

Q A

Getting more calcium into your daily diet . . . does winter affect your mood?

I drink a glass of skim milk at breakfast and eat a cheese sandwich at lunch. Am I getting enough calcium? If not, how can I increase my calcium intake?

"You're not getting enough calcium. From the two major sources you mention, you're getting only about 500 milligrams—about average for American women but only about half of what an adult, premenopausal woman needs to prevent calcium loss from bones," said Louis V. Avioli, M.D., professor of medicine at Washington University School of Medicine and Jewish Hospital of St. Louis.

"You're right to be concerned with your calcium intake. By changing your diet to include 1000 to 1200 mg. calcium, you have a reasonably good chance to prevent osteoporosis, the age-related thinning of bones associated with wrist, hip, and vertebral fractures, and now believed to be linked to tooth loss.

"You should increase your calcium intake to include 700 mg. more calcium." Suggested Dr. Avioli, "This need could be adequately satisfied by adding another eight-ounce glass of skim milk—skim has more calcium than whole milk—at about 300 mg., one and one-half cups cream of tomato soup made with skim milk at 290 mg., and one-half cup cottage cheese at about 100 mg. to bring your total intake up to 1200 mg."

Each of the following units equals 1200 mg. calcium: four eight-ounce glasses skim milk; four cups yogurt; four and one-half ounces Swiss cheese; ten and one-half ounces sardines with bones; seven stalks of cooked broccoli.

One of the problems with dietary calcium is that it may not be well utilized by the body if included in a diet that is also high in protein, fat, whole grains, vegetables, and phosphate-containing sodas. These foods can either decrease the absorption of calcium in the body or increase its loss through urine. Calcium from dairy products is best absorbed.

"Many women find it difficult to add calcium to their diets. And, weight-loss programs are often calcium-lean," said Dr. Avioli. "If you know you can't—or won't—up dietary calcium to 1200 mg., you should take daily a 500 mg. calcium supplement."

[*Editor's note: Any mineral supplementation should be discussed with your doctor.*]

I find that I always gain weight and become generally depressed in winter. When spring arrives, I seem to feel cheerier and am much more energetic. Could there be a seasonal connection?

You may have winter depression, a condition that differs from a normal wintertime slump by the predictability and extent of symptoms: Depression—characterized by excessive sleep (up to fourteen hours a night), overeating, weight gain, carbohydrate craving, and withdrawal from social interaction—begins in the fall when days grow shorter, then subsides or reverses by late spring. New energy sets in along with increased sociability and renewed interest in sex; carbohydrate cravings disappear, and the need for sleep becomes dramatically shortened to four or five hours a night.

These symptoms, said National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) researchers, characterize a newly identified psychological syndrome called Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD). Because winter depressives appear to undergo psychological and physiological changes reminiscent of seasonal rhythms in animals that hibernate, researchers tried treating them with light. A system that provided ten times the illumination of a normal room was used three hours before dawn and three hours after dusk. The aim: to fool the patient's body clock into believing it was summer.

"The majority of subjects found the light treatment helpful," reported Norman E. Rosenthal, M.D., director of the Seasonality Project at NIMH. "Their winters became much more productive, and the quality of their life improved.

"Winter depression is not a rarity," said Dr. Rosenthal, "though it is more prevalent the farther north you go." If you think you suffer significant seasonal mood shifts, it's wise to consult your doctor rather than risk self-treatment. "Other factors could be involved in depressions like these," Dr. Rosenthal cautioned. "Only a trained professional can make the appropriate diagnosis." ▽

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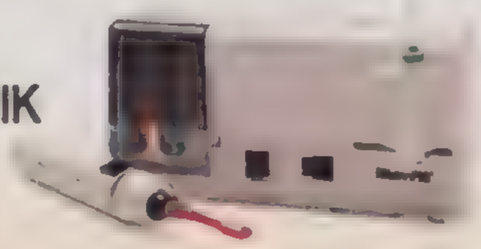

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ON THE SET WITH PROUST

(Continued from page 348)

gloves lying on his lap.

"When one makes literature about Proust, one has every chance of being beneath him. When one makes a film, one has a chance of getting closer to him using another medium," says screenwriter Jean-Claude Carrière. "Peter Brook and I decided we weren't adapting Proust for an audience of his time, nor for today's Proustians. We chose to condense the story into twenty-four hours. It may look daring and arbitrary, but instead of a chronicle we focused on a crisis at the height of Swann's passion, when he throws himself into his last attempt to possess Odette. In his passion, he stays lucid enough to observe his own neurosis. He will die later, struck down by something he has not understood. We could have made it historical, to distance the story, but we chose the reflections on life and death.

"The moment you wade into Proust, and then plunge, you realize how alive and strong he is, and how much of a realist. Much of the dialogue is perfectly usable today, and a lot of it is in the screenplay as Proust wrote it. Proust is one of the first authors with absolutely no sense of the sacred, he never talks about God. If there is one, He's to be found in artistic creation, the only way to go beyond man and beyond time. Love shows Swann that something is missing from his life; and, because of this, he goes to question the composer Vinteuil. Without that kind of quest, Swann is merely a society figure hit by an unknown sentiment."

Day 2. Vinteuil's House. *"Indeed, this passion for a phrase of music seemed, for a time, to open up before Swann the possibility of a sort of rejuvenation. . . .He asked for information about this Vinteuil: What else he had done, at what period in his life he had composed the sonata, and what meaning the little phrase could have had for him—that was what Swann most wanted to know."*

Vinteuil's house is in a private street in Auteuil, one of those narrow villages that exist just off certain Paris boulevards. Swann, the art lover in an overcoat and monocle, questions Vinteuil in a small sitting room where the composer is peeling apples. Jeremy Irons' French, acquired at Berlitz in a three-month crash course, is fluent, the only Anglicism a certain gentleness about the consonants. His intensity chokes the small room, hot with lights: he plays the scene well—the earnest appreciator who'd like to know the secret of creation, to be given it for the asking. Vinteuil pauses to consider the question, puts down his knife and his apple, and says he can't remember when or why he composed that particular air. Schlöndorff, hunched beside the camera, calls out: "Next time, keep the apple and the knife in your hand; otherwise it's 'here comes the big aria.' "

Day 3. Night at the Opera. The Place de l'Opera has been closed off. There are riot barriers, crowds, horse boxes, carriages. Margaret Menegoz, one of the producers, is called into a bar within the barriers: the owner vociferates because he's getting no trade tonight, only cheap crew members installed on his sidewalk tables, drinking Cokes, if that. Set decorators are covering the white lines of a crosswalk, a kiosk full of ads for 1885 hits is put up. All the lights inside the opera are blazing. Film students hang over the barriers, trying to get the meaning of the scene.

The carriage draws up. Jeremy Irons, his opera cape lined in white, his silk scarf flying, jumps out and runs up the stairs. Swann is desperately searching for Odette. He darts between the couples, makes forays into the arcades, until he is far away at the other side of the opera house, and then runs back, and grasps the golden gates that have closed on him. The scene, though brief, is disturbing: the emptiness around the opera house is like a threat. Rarely on a set does one feel any emotion at what is going on in front of the cameras. Here, because Schlöndorff shoots fast and does not pause for different angles but goes straight to the thing he means to show, watching the filming is a little like watching a play. Sven Nykvist's lighting makes the darkness of the night part of the scene. Swann's despair isn't elegant, it's powerful and very sad.

Day 4. Tuileries at night. Volker Schlöndorff, crushing his cap in his hand and eating a quick dinner before going on to the set, says, "I've never worked so much with actors, it's work from the heart. I have to constantly create and share emotions that are on the edge of despair. It's harder than a war film—it's easy to have an actor shot, hard to get actors to love and respect each other." Schlöndorff is used to adapting books to film: he has made movies of Musil's *Young Torless*, Marguerite Yourcenar's *Le Coup de grâce*, Heinrich Boll's *The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum*, and won the Oscar for best foreign film with Günther Grass's *The Tin Drum*. "Each of the characters is right in his own way, and together they

This is sentiment in its pure state

are wrong, it's a catastrophe. I find myself in Swann and in Charlus and in Odette—I'm bisexual in my own way. Odette loves Swann, the incompatibility comes most of all from the fact that they understand different things from love; she wants an emotional exchange while for him it's merely appropriation. The fight between the two is for her to save her dignity, that's where my version of the adaptation changed. She's not a vamp, she's very warm, a generous person who wants to make it socially, and get married, and also wants to be respected. The moment she feels she's being turned into a museum piece by Swann she fights back, not out of frivolity or indifference, but to save her self.

"After *The Tin Drum* and *Circle of Deceit*—films taken from world events—this is sentiment in its pure state."

Schlöndorff went from being a philosophy student to being Louis Malle's assistant. He was elegant and amusing, described by people as "one of the young men in grey flannel," and hung out in the upper reaches of society.

"I knew five or six women who were like the Guermantes group, twenty years ago," he says. "Proust helped me understand French society, the mixture of sarcasm and tenderness with which he describes the elegance and aridity of that class. Despite the changes, that survives. The very fact of shooting in Paris helps. The architecture, the places, and the stones still exist, and they've seen it all. It's an immutable frame in which Swann wanders like a soul in pain, in front of these splendid façades."

The Carousel's Arc de Triomphe is lit up as if to celebrate some obscure victory. The thunderheads, part of the Paris scene this spring, have receded from the sky, and new old lamps have been installed in the Tuileries gardens. The scene tonight is a continuation of Swann's jealousy fit, a culmination of his disgust with his love for Odette. At the same time, his friend the Baron de Charlus, having propositioned a young man in his carriage and been turned down, wanders in the Tuileries. There are more visitors on the set: one is Eric de Rothschild, a cousin of Nicole Stéphane's, who helped her out whenever her option on the book was about to revert to the Proust estate. De Rothschild, a tall, elegant man with an English accent, has been described as "the real Swann," an esthete and *bon viveur* who's never settled down. He and Jeremy Irons are introduced. Irons, polite, talks to him in French; De Rothschild replies in English. They are the same height, and examine each other with caution—polite, wary, deferential.

Then it's Delon's scene: Charlus hissing and screaming at a long-haired young man. Alain Delon is playing Charlus camp, exaggerated, mannered. Earlier, Schlöndorff had said "Alain Delon is very professional, and I can hardly understand how such a strong and rich personality has been limited for ten years to making films about cops." Delon is obviously the star, the French movie star, conscious of his name and its weight. He does not want to be watched while he plays a hysterical queen, and the set is emptied of everyone but crew.

Day 5. The Guermantes way. "Jeremy Irons is a great actor," says Jean-Claude Carrière. "Everything you can say of Swann, you can attribute to him. He can slip himself between the pages of Proust."

Tall, elegant, concave, long-legged, Jeremy Irons stumbles into the Ritz restaurant for lunch, wearing dark glasses for a hangover. His modulated actor's voice is one that makes you want to speak French with an English accent. "I don't want to play tall elegant Englishmen for the rest of my life," he says, peering at his food. He had asthma as a child—"so that Proust and I have, if not a common language, at least a common wheeze." He is living in a house with Volker Schlöndorff and Sven Nykvist, so that they endlessly discuss the film.

"Volker tries to find passion where it is within him; one would expect this to be a picture about style, but Proust didn't write just because he liked describing people dressed and bejeweled and elegant. Friends say, 'Proust—old lace?' but this is much more interesting. We use that area of jealousy where it seems everyone is doing it with everyone except you with the person you want. The moment I read the book I understood the soul of Swann; he's English in his inhibitions. I dislike simplicity, big colors; my desire is to be obscure, to complicate. Swann is supposed to be a great intellectual, but I think he's not." Swann, in the script, is close to his friend Charlus, besotted by Odette, dazzled by the Guermantes: snobbish and gullible.

It's a bright Sunday in the courtyard of the Ministère du Travail, an eighteenth-century *hôtel particulier* which shows no scars from its use as a ministry. Swann, ill and dying, comes to introduce Gilberte, his daughter with Odette, to the Guermantes, who are on their way to a party. In the book, there is a diverting scene here about the size of an envelope, but Schlöndorff has cut the story to its jagged bone. Fanny Ardant as the Duchesse de Guermantes is resplendent in red, the Duc puffy

and self-important. Jeremy Irons, his hair grey again, for this is once more 1910, is haggard and almost transparent. Gilberte hides in his carriage, a timid child in white.

The Guermantes are impatient to leave, the Duc particularly: the Duchesse would love to stay and chat with her friend Swann ("The relationship between the Duchesse and Swann would have been the real love affair, if they'd ever had it," says Schlöndorff) and won't believe it when he says he's ill and won't get through the next six months. Fanny Ardant plays her loud and confident, her mind on other things. Irons occupies the steps to the house like a brush salesman, hanging around, pulling what bit of dignity he's got left around him.

People think Proust is about rich people having a fun time being silly; in the film's reading, the story is about love and death. The script isolates the abyss, and with a vocabulary entirely grounded in social form, demonstrates the shattering emptiness of the human condition. Big and dreadful words in the place of old lace.

Just as the Duchesse, pretexting her lateness at dinner and dismissing Swann, his illness, his daughter, steps into the carriage, her husband notices that with her red dress she is wearing black shoes. "We can't go like that, change them at once!" he orders. She demurs, and a valet is dispatched to fetch red shoes, as Swann glides down the steps, a wraith, to his carriage.

"Really," the Duchesse tells her husband as they drive off, "it's as if my coachman only needed to tell me he was ill for me to introduce his daughter to the Duchesse de Parme!" The rejected Swanns drive out of the courtyard.

Day 6. Picture time. "Jeremy Irons is cerebral; Ornella Muti is a nice piece of flesh," said Jean-Claude Carrière. Today, a lull in shooting, so Swann and Odette are posing for photographs. Yvonne Sassinot de Nesle, the costume designer, supervises the dresses. She has had one of the most difficult jobs on the film: many of Proust's details refer to clothes, flowers, and colors, and the way people are dressed are signpost events in the book. There's mauve, a color associated in the book with the Duchesse de Guermantes (in the form of violets, and a lilac dress), and mauve for Odette. Then there are the cattleyas: when Swann first kisses Odette, he uses the cattleyas in her décolleté as an excuse. These fleshy orchids can be purple or white, and are rarely seen nowadays, being big and heavy like a rich dessert. For Proustians, cattelyas are the holy grail. In the studio is a box of cattleyas from a Rue de Courcelles florist. "They have to be perfect," says Sassinot de Nesle, "with a purple heart and milky white petals, the edges violet like the heart but softer."

The clothes were made by Tirelli, the Roman costumer. Odette's opera dress, in which the cattleyas nestle, is as described in the book: white satin and black velvet, draped in front, bustled in back. Jeremy Irons's silk vest and jacket are on a table by the cattleyas.

Ornella Muti, pouting in her dressing room, has the right to veto Lartigue's pictures, a provision in her contract. "I have to be careful," she says, throwing transparencies out, "I've been burned before."

"But Francesca"—intimates call her Francesca—says her PR man, "Lartigue is one of the great photographers in the world! He's been taking pictures since 1900!"

"Well I've been in the business for fourteen years," she says.

I ask her about the book. "If I said I'd read it all I'd be lying, when you know a part is yours you read seeing yourself in it—which I did. It's a very rich part. Odette is an expression of the future, she doesn't have the structures of society but of her self. Odette's point of view is love, she's passive, Swann is active. She's very much a woman. Proust shows the insecurity of men and the freedom of women.

"Volker is great, I feel appreciated for my inside, not for my pretty tits. It's awful to work with people who don't realize what you are, but now I could work twenty-four hours a day he gives me such strength. And the only way this film would have been real Proust is if Proust had directed it."

The book gives this account of Odette and Swann: *"Odette is in Swann's eyes a difficult woman to conquer, whence he builds up a whole romance, which becomes all the more painful when he discovers his error."* The error, of course, is that she was *"Not his type."*

Day 7. Avenue Foch. It's raining viciously outside the imposing corner house where a millionaire car manufacturer had built himself a secret room, decorated with the Chinese pan-els of a whorehouse. The house is abandoned, water drips through the moldings on the ceiling, the dust and tarnished gilt make the bare rooms desolate. Only the secret room is being used: this is where Schlöndorff is shooting a scene in which Swann visits a brothel, to find out if Odette has ever been there. His jealousy is focused on a certain Chloé. As he calmly, dispassionately uses one of the whores, he asks her questions about Odette.

The way the scene is written, it's brutal in its detachment, cold and ugly and sad. It's the moment when Swann finds out what he wanted to know. Yes, Odette did it with girls in the toilets in Nice—and much as one can laugh at his obsession with Odette's sexuality, one recognizes the dark persevering curiosity of jealousy. Now, Swann can marry Odette and rest uneasy.

The crew and cast are exhausted. The film is over. Jeremy Irons comes out of the brothel room, icy. "I did the whole scene with a cigarette in my teeth," he says.

Is this a film about love, or its destruction? In a wonderful book about Proust, Jean François Revel wrote: "The Proustian conception of love, where one has seen a banal skepticism that reduces passion to a fortuitous psychological phenomenon, is in fact much nearer to a Platonic vision: on one side exist carnal beings, multiple and changing, and beyond an eternal object of love, incorruptible and permanent. But it is only through the first that one can take consciousness of the second, each particular sentiment is a part of universal love. As in art, the individual object awakens our nostalgia for a lasting and precious reality."

My car pulls away from the sad dripping trees of the avenue. The rest of Paris is now marked, not with personal memories, but as locations for Proust. In seven days, I've seen a story told. The Opera, the Carousel, the Rue de Rivoli now mean something else. To quote Proust, at the end of *Swann's Way: "The places we have known do not belong only to the world of space on which we map them for our own convenience. None of them was ever more than a thin slice, held between the contiguous impressions that composed our life at that time; the memory of a particular image is but regret for a particular moment; and houses, roads, avenues are as fugitive, alas, as the years."* ▽

DE KOONING MEMORIES

(Continued from page 353)

for me. "I'm taking his classes," I said to Bill. "I knew you would," said Bill.

Bucky's classes (all male except for me) were attended by a tight little clique of architecture and engineering students from Harvard—elegant, businesslike young careerists, very different from the rest of the Black Mountain students who seemed to have vaguer aspirations, nebulous and idealistic. Bucky also attracted some intensely motivated art students, most notably the sculptor Kenneth Snelson, who immediately comprehended what was new in Fuller's concepts and who made some innovations on his own that Bucky found very impressive.

The shimmering pale blue expanse of Bucky's eyes—immensely magnified behind his thick glasses—had us all mesmerized. They were, to us, the eyes of a visionary, a saint, all-comprehending, all-forgiving. We loved him and we hung on his every word. In turn, Bucky was wonderfully responsive, free with his praise, totally absorbed in each of us as he directed his fabulous gaze from face to face.

One day, he held up two jagged, irregular lumps of metal. "If these are put together a certain way, they will form a perfect cube," Bucky explained. The two lumps were passed back and forth between the students for an hour and a half with much discussion of how and why they didn't fit. Then Bill wandered into the room. Bucky had a special regard for the intuitive approach of artists. "Let's see what someone from another discipline can do," Bucky said to the class and explained the problem to Bill, handing him the two lumps. Bill hefted them and studied each one separately and then snapped them together, forming the perfect cube on the first try. Bucky nodded approvingly, not at all surprised. But I was surprised. "How did you do it?" I asked Bill later. "Well, I figured all those smart engineering students had tried all the logical ways," he shrugged, "so I just looked for the least logical way."

Bucky, with his emphasis on how things *worked* and his total disregard for the Bauhaus concern with design—with how things *looked,* was a bit of an irritant to the regular faculty. Albers listened in on a class one day when Bucky was using the specialized terminology of an automobile motor. "They don't know what you're talking about," Albers scolded. Bucky and the students all turned puzzled faces toward Albers and then burst out laughing. "Well, *she* doesn't know those terms," Albers said in an accurate but somewhat lame attempt to save face.

The main work of Bucky's class that summer was planning for the erection of his revolutionary geodesic dome. The students and Bucky worked on the computations for the junctions of the six "great circles" that would crisscross the dome in triangulated formations. We figured out the tensile strength of the Venetian-blind stripping to be used and concluded that double strips were necessary for the size dome that Bucky had envisioned. The school came up with half the amount of money needed, enough only for single strips. If done with the double strips, the dome would have arisen by itself as screws were put in place, radiating out from the center—but as we had only half the tensile strength needed, we all knew the dome would not go up. "Let's put it

DE KOONING MEMORIES

(Continued from page 393)

together anyhow," Bucky said. "One never knows the ways of the Almighty." The whole school turned out that rainy day to scoff as Bucky's dome, all fastened together, lay crumpled on the grass like wet spaghetti. But we all knew, as the whole world would know a few years later, the dome was a brilliant success.

The school activities engulfed us like a warm breeze. After an early breakfast, Bill would go off to find his students while I took Merce Cunningham's rigorous dance class from 8:00 to 10:00 A.M. From 10:00 to 12:00, a couple of mornings a week when I didn't take Bucky's class, I sat in on Josef Albers' color-theory sessions, fascinating to me both for content and for Albers' authoritarian style of teaching, which struck me as hilarious. Evenings, I would regale Bill with my imitations of Juppy (Anni Albers' nickname for him): "Ach so, Mr. Dublin. You are smiling. You are finding somesing I am saying funny? . . . "Miss Wilson, you will please stop filing your nails while I am speaking. . . ." The students singled out would quail and snap to attention. I don't think I've ever seen an instructor more involved with teaching as a military performance. However, all of us learned a tremendous amount from him that summer. He began by demonstrating what we didn't know that we thought we knew.

"Here are four different greens. One of them is a green you've been looking at all your life—Coca-Cola green! Which is it?" Looked at singly, each one seemed to be exactly right. It was unnerving. He had us write our names with our right hands, eyes closed; then, left hands with eyes open (for left-handed students, of course, the other way around) to demonstrate that an important element in drawing is kinetic rather than visual. He had us turn each other's signatures upside down and slowly and laboriously copy them to demonstrate how effects of velocity and spontaneity could be achieved in a slow and deliberate manner. But mainly, his class was exciting for the complex problems in the optics of color, working with combinations of primary, secondary, and tertiary colors: finding the exact complement of a brownish purple is not that easy. He liked to give us strictly limited projects. Once, I attempted to solve several of the problems he posed in one composition. Albers snatched it from my desk and tore it up. "Helen (his name for me) runs away with herself. She's too extravagant." I was thoroughly flattered by his vehement response, extravagance being a virtue in my opinion.

Bill and Albers had diametrically opposed methods of teaching. Albers preferred to talk to students as a group, Bill liked to talk to students one at a time. Albers' students sat at desks and worked cautiously on small, neat compositions; Bill's stood at easels painting boldly on large canvases. Albers presented his students with the same specific problems, Bill waited until they had evolved their own set of problems on canvas before discussing the range of options open to them. Since most of the students worked under both of them, the different approaches proved to be stimulating rather than mutually exclusive.

Bill was gentle and sympathetic with his students in terms of the possibilities inherent in their work; but at his own easel, the possibilities he unleashed were Furies. At first, he was at a loss within the bare walls of the cottage. In his New York studio, surrounded by his previous work, he felt the necessary sense of continuity. Here, he was in a vacuum that he began to fill with pastels, working feverishly on one after the other for a couple of weeks until the walls were covered with them.

Finally he taped a sheet of paper 25 × 32 inches to a board placed on his easel and began to use oils, scraping off the excess pigment at the end of each day to keep the surface fresh and smooth. Bill was now working with a rhythm I knew well. Flaming pinks and oranges and yellows would sweep across the paper in ever-changing forms, eventually crystallizing in an image that suddenly presented an identity. For most artists, this is the moment of truth when they know the picture is finished. But Bill, in those days, had a built-in discontent that denied that moment. Time after time, I had the familiar but still painful experience of coming home to find an image I loved blasted away. This seemingly endless process was the method by which he had arrived at the paintings in his first show earlier that spring.

Bill resented having to spend time away from his embattled painting, but once outside his studio, he relaxed and enjoyed each day's surprises. Not only the days but the evenings were full. John Cage gave twenty-five half-hour concerts devoted to the music of Erik Satie, of great interest to us because until then we had heard him play only his own music—to which we were passionately devoted. These concerts, three times a week, were festive occasions. Sometimes, Cage performed in the great hall but more often, in his cottage while we all sat around on the grass outside. The brevity of the pieces assured concentrated listening; and John, with delicacy and precision, communicated his reverence for Satie.

"The universe gives me the creeps," said Bill

The Ruse of Medusa, a light little play by Satie that had been produced only once in Paris, was translated by the poet and ceramist M.C. Richards for John, who wanted it done at Black Mountain with Bucky Fuller playing the part of the Baron Medusa and me as the Baron's daughter, Frisette. Since her only words were "Yes, Papa," I accepted. The handsomest student on campus, William Schrauger, was chosen for an equally mute part as her suitor. The novelist Isaac Rosenfeld played the part of the Baron's surly butler. But it fell to Bucky to carry the play. His role was a kind of W. C. Fields aristocrat who talked constantly in non sequiturs. Bucky's marathon lectures had made it clear that he had a prodigious memory, and we were not surprised at his great gift for comedy. It took many rehearsals before we could perform our parts without breaking up at his droll antics as the scatterbrained Baron. Arthur Penn, a student-instructor, was the director; and he was ingenious, indeed, at extracting characterizations from total amateurs. I was enchanted with the pert, mincing walk and fluttery gestures he devised for Frisette.

Since nobody else seemed interested, I designed the sets and costumes—if *design* is the word; *allocate* might be a better one. Bill transformed a huge stodgy desk and two nondescript columns into magnificent pink and grey marble with a technique he had learned at a decorator's shop in Holland when he was sixteen years old. The list of props—telephone, candelabrum, feather pen, inkwell, magnifying glass, thermometer, and Bucky's top hat—was turned over to students who were told they had a whole month to come up with things that were suitably oversized and flamboyant. Mary Outten, a pretty girl who was a wizard with a sewing machine, made a marvelous white Victorian dress for me out of gauze we bought in town for sixty cents a yard. And she sewed stripes of grey satin ribbon to Bucky's khaki work pants for a comical effect of elegance.

John Cage played the Satie score, and Merce created wonderful little entr'acte dances for his role, a "costly mechanical monkey." Everything went flawlessly the night of the performance. The participants all felt it was a sparkling event and that was that. There were no photographs to speak of and no recordings. The sets and costumes were saved for a while and then vanished. I wore the lovely dress the following year in a movie called *The Dogwood Maiden* by Rudy Burckhardt (who also appeared at Black Mountain that summer to show his extraordinary city movies), and then the dress vanished too.

While I spent much time in student activities, Bill had also become deeply involved with his students. Too involved, Albers thought. He said to Bill at the end of the summer, "You had ten students. Six of them are leaving the college to go to New York City this September. Do you know anything about it?" "Sure," said Bill. "I told them if they wanted to be artists, they should quit school and come to New York and get a studio and start painting." Albers seemed not to take this amiss. When he was appointed chairman of the Art Department at Yale two years later, Bill was the first artist he hired to teach there.

With so much happening, so many new faces, so many new experiences, the summer seemed to roll on endlessly. We attended more parties during those two months than we had in the previous five years—small cocktail huddles given by the students in their tiny studios; much larger after-dinner affairs in the faculty cottages; and one great big dancing ball at the end of the summer when I waltzed with Bucky, who paid me a compliment that could have been plucked from one of his lectures: "You're a terrific performance per ounce!"

"I'm getting sick of crowds," Bill said one night at a particularly noisy gathering. "Let's take a walk." After ten minutes on the moonlit road, none of the lights from the school were visible to interfere with the vast, heavy, velvety blackness of the sky, nor did sounds of laughter and music penetrate the almost terrifying hush. We stood still, enveloped by the awesome multiplicity of stars. "Let's get back to the party," said Bill. "The universe gives me the creeps."

Despite all of the unaccustomed student and social activity, I still managed to come away with a roll of enamel paintings on wrapping paper—a testimonial to the durability of paint, if nothing more. And Bill, struggling day after day on his one painting, finally completed "Asheville." ▽

CHÂTEAU GABRIEL

(Continued from page 314)

extravagantly waisted cutaways that Charlus affected as with *sportif* paraphernalia of the period: Indian clubs, fencing masks, and hunting gear still fragrant with that obsolete 1900 smell *eau de Lubin.*

The grandest of the guest rooms is of course named "Guermantes"; not that it evokes the Duc and Duchesse's own quarters as much as a suite that they might have taken at the Ritz Hotel. For, as we know from a letter the novelist wrote to Madame Strauss and which he paraphrased in his penultimate volume, Comte and Comtesse Greffulhe (the principal models for the Guermantes) were staying at the Ritz the night of July 27, 1917, when the first German bombardments hit Paris. Proust was also in the hotel—at a dinner that included Cocteau (who shrieked, when the sirens sounded, "Someone's trodden on the Eiffel Tower's toe")—and he describes in his novel how the foyer of the Ritz filled with American women "in their nightdresses, hugging to their ravaged bosoms the pearl necklaces which will enable them to marry a ruined duke," and how a gossip columnist might report, "The Duchesse de Guermantes, magnificent in a nightdress, the Duc de Guermantes indescribable in pink pyjamas." No question about it, after the all-clear the Guermantes/Greffulhes would have retired to the Edwardian sumptuousness of a suite just like this.

The room allotted to the Verdurins, Proust's tuft-hunting musical hostess and her rich husband ("who received lessons in taste from Whistler, lessons in truth from Monet"), has a coziness that one does not always associate with this sublimely awful couple. Rather than follow Proust's specifications of the Verdurin country house, La Raspelière, Grange has come up with a room that typifies artistic taste of the period. Its pattern-on-pattern and Oriental touches recall Vuillard's *Nabis* interiors. Rather more austere is the bedroom dedicated to Saint-Loup. An elegant campaign bed, leather chairs, and simple checked walls remind us that this engaging figure was both a dashing officer and aristocratic dandy with intellectual tastes—characteristics he shared with Bertrand de Fénelon, whose life and death in battle parallel the fate of Proust's flawed young hero.

On the other hand, the atmosphere of the room assigned to the musical Morel is equivocal and, like the sepia photographs of antique sculpture on the walls, it hints at the shifty nature of Charlus's young protégé in the novel, just as in real life the effete nineteen-year-old pianist Léon Delafosse (whom Proust nicknamed "The Angel") was Montesquiou's ephebe until, as the latter complained, the misguided youth "threw himself . . . at the feet, which were enormous, of an aged spinster of Swiss origin." No less equivocal, though seaside fresh with its blue-and-white stripes, is the room which memorializes Albertine, the cause of the Narrator's long-winded outbursts of jealousy. This room makes no direct allusion to the lesbian nature of Albertine and her gang of "*jeunes filles en fleurs,*" whom we first see on the beach at Balbec, but what a perfect setting it would be for the consummation of a feverish adolescent crush.

Next door to "Albertine" is the room named after Elstir, that composite of artists as different as Monet, Helleu, Vuillard, and Whistler. Boldly striped wall hangings recall the awning on the boat that Monet used as a floating studio; and a pair of stalwart *Jugendstil* armchairs reminds us that, for all their differences, the arts-and-crafts movement coexisted with the Belle Époque.

Madeleine Lemaire is doubly honored at Château Gabriel by being the only personage to have a room named after her real as well as her fictional self (Madame Verdurin). An imposing, once handsome woman, given to wearing too much rouge and too many sequins, Madame Lemaire was celebrated for conducting the most brilliant and crowded of the bourgeois salons (brilliant because she was so ruthless with bores) and for making a lot of money out of a genteel talent for painting flowers. According to the younger Dumas, who had been one of her lovers: "No one except God created more roses than Madeleine Lemaire." And the waspish Montesquiou killed two troublesome birds with one stone when he complained that Proust "was a product of Madame Lemaire's garden to the weeding of which the Empress of Roses did not always give proper attention." In the circumstances, Grange had no choice but to deluge this bedroom with roses—rose-covered wallpaper, bed covers, carpet, and, for all I know, tooth mug. It's very pretty.

There is only one important name missing from the bedroom doors of the Château Gabriel: that of Proust himself. And no wonder. The room in which the novelist lived and worked, slept and died would induce panic in all but the sickest guest. Proust's room was a time-capsule that had been insulated against more than just time. People were kept out by a barrage of ugly parental furniture (including a grand piano) most of it stacked with books; light was shut out by heavy blue satin curtains lined with felt; sound by walls of cork; and the stale air was often permeated with fumes from Legras powders that alleviated choking fits. In the circumstances, Yves was right to omit his hero from this pantheon of rooms. Isn't the whole house redolent with Proust's spirit?

In honoring Proust, Yves honors the only great writer to have used fashion as a philosophical ingredient of his work, as yet another manifestation of the element of time that obsessed him. To avoid solecisms, the author would send questionnaires to lady friends, or to Olivier, head waiter at the Ritz: would they confirm the color or cut or—most important—the date of a specific dress, the occasion on which it was worn? Hence, those unforgettable analyses of clothes as mirrors of the inner man or woman, mirrors of their moods.

Poiret is the dressmaker conjured up by the later pages of *A La Recherche,* but it is above all Worth, the creator of modern couture, who was in Proust's mind when he evoked the ball dresses of society ladies as well as of the *demi-monde* at the great parties around which much of the novel is set. So it is appropriate that the writer should be memorialized by the couturier who has a more developed sense of style and the *Zeitgeist,* besides being more of an influence on fashion than anyone since Worth. Appropriate, too, because Saint Laurent is an artist, as the retrospective at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art bears out, whose oeuvre is inextricably bound up with the passage of time. Janus-like—indeed Proust-like—Saint Laurent's work looks backward as well as forward; it is of its time yet timeless. Like great art, great fashion never dates. This is what the Château Gabriel celebrates. ▽

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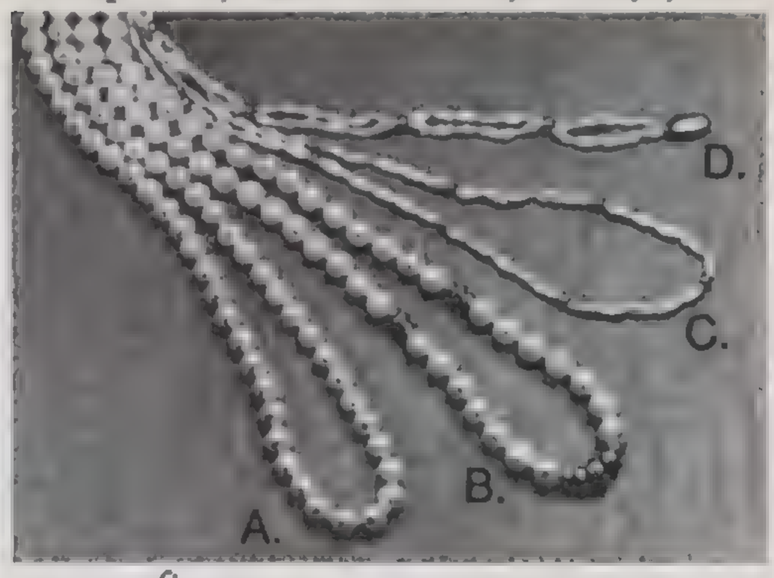

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YSL: THE STRONGEST VOICE

(Continued from page 301)

something very *fashion,* that would have an impact of prestige and brio—a touch of panache to say Paris is still Paris.

JJB: *There was a period when you were influenced by fashion from the street, and there was a great exchange of ideas between what you were doing and what was going on among the young. What about today, with the post-punks?*

YSL: It's not interesting any longer for me. It's a logical progression—there were black leather jackets and Hell's Angels before today's black leather look, so that the symbolism of black leather is still very powerful. But today's look is very destructive for the kids themselves who are denying their own beauty, which is mad. I think it's because we are coming to the end of a certain form of civilization. These are the last feast days; the 'fifties and 'sixties certainly were. I'm aware of a desire to ruin and distort harmony, and it's worrying. It's purely gratuitous, but it can go very far, and it seems to create a sort of sect without values. So I feel isolated from these kids. . . .

JJB: *Those rubber skirts you see in the French magazines . . .*

YSL: Exactly. But I don't feel that I need to understand or get close to the kids today, and what they do doesn't touch me at my roots, so I don't try to fight. They're not in the least interested by ready-to-wear or couture collections—I don't think anything interests them. That esthetic—the leather, the destruction of harmony—is a loser's choice. Now many things came into fashion from the streets, as when Mary Quant did the miniskirt, and that was important and made things vibrate.

Here, I wrote this about ten years ago: "One mustn't get too attached to fashions, believe in them too much, get taken by them. You must take each fashion that comes with humor, and go beyond it, believe in it enough to give the impression of living it, but not too much, so as to keep your freedom. No particular fashion must stick to your skin, so that you can go on toward something new when the time comes. You mustn't burn your wings at the fire of fashion. The poison of fashion kills; style enriches, develops, and fortifies. Fashions are to style what vitamins are to the body: they stimulate, give a healthy jolt, set you on the road, wake you up. They must never destroy the balance of personality."

JJB: *And this is what you believe today?*

YSL: Yes, only style counts; style is that safe place I was talking about earlier.

JJB: *You used to be bothered by the endless changes of fashion.*

YSL: Yes, I was. It's the others, women, the press, every one of the elements that keeps a couturier alive, that showed me I was okay, proved me right. So now I'm stronger in myself, and I have more confidence.

JJB: *How do you feel about Diana Vreeland's museum show?*

YSL: It's awesome to see one's work gathered together like that, those twenty-five years. I chose the dresses, and it was strange to find them again, and to see that they hadn't altered. Some of the clothes were things we'd kept back, others belonged to clients; and there was a choice of forty garments that Diana Vreeland had from Dior. What was the most striking for me was this feeling that my clothes cannot get dated, which is after all the *réussite de ma vie*—the greatest satisfaction I have in my work, if not of my life. In any case, my life is my work. That is truly awesome.

JJB: *And reassuring?*

YSL: But one always says to oneself that may-

> ***Fashions are to style what vitamins are to the body: they stimulate, give a healthy jolt . . . wake you up***

be all one's work seen together will destroy a myth. I'm not astonished that the show is happening in America because America has always welcomed what I did, maybe because it's a new country, not loaded down with a whole big past. I've always felt tremendous warmth from Americans.

JJB: *Did you imagine how far your work would reach, when you began?*

YSL: I was always very ambitious, I can't hide that. Very, very young I already wanted to be somebody, to show what I could do. When I was ten, at a birthday party, I said to my whole family: "One day, my name will be written in letters of fire on the Champs-Élysées." And it's very funny because there is a Saint Laurent boutique on the Champs-Élysées. It's a kid's dream, really. But you mustn't see pride in that.

JJB: *Isn't fear of one's own pride a leftover from the 'sixties when everyone tried to be pure?*

YSL: I think one must know how far one can go in judging oneself. Finding yourself is being able to have a pitiless clarity, knowing how hard you can look at yourself to know yourself better, and not so hard that you hate yourself.

I've given myself a hard time, and won a lot of battles over myself. Preparing for the Metropolitan show was hard, I was very scared, and suddenly the selection made itself, and we managed to weed out in the most extraordinary way. As we took dresses out, something we had to do to keep the essential of each year, confidence came back to me, and I was helped by the superb people who work here. I've lived with the idea of the show now for six months, and it's no longer even an idea, it's part of me. *Inch' Allah.* ▽

CHER

(Continued from page 354)

shares a house with Karen and her boyfriend Drew (Kurt Russell). Her hair uncombed, absentmindedly biting a fingernail, Cher plays Dolly as an unhappy, but game, outsider—a good sport with a wise mouth who constantly tags along to entertain Karen and Drew, pecking at whatever crumbs of affection they haven't devoured themselves. They form a funny, cranky threesome; but neither woman is particularly glamorous, and neither is entirely likable. These are the kinds of parts that serious actresses like to play. Serious actresses like Meryl Streep. And Cher. The woman who once feared she was the Dinah Shore of her generation turns out to be a very serious actress indeed.

"I always wanted to do this—movies," she says. "It just didn't work out. *Sonny and Cher* kind of took over, became what was viable, what was famous. After the *Cher Show,* I tried for eight years to get a part in a movie. I was supposed to do *A Star Is Born,* but then Barbra decided she wanted it. Then I just got offers to do things like, I don't know, *The Fish That Saved Cleveland.* And then there were no offers at all. For all the reasons you would think. They didn't take me seriously; they felt people would never believe me as a character because I was Cher. All of that. Then I came to New York to study acting with Lee Strasberg, and Robert Altman called and said, 'I've got this script. It's kind of weird. Are you interested?' And I said sure. So he tried to send it over. But it was the day of the Puerto Rican Day Parade, and he couldn't get it across town."

When Cher finally got the script, she read it and took the part of Sissy, a waitress proud of her bosom, in the Broadway play *Come Back to the Five & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean.* She got better reviews than the play.

"Then Mike Nichols came to see it one Wednesday matinee, and he came backstage and said, 'I have this movie with Meryl Streep, will you do it?' I said sure. I didn't read the script. I just wanted to work with Mike and Meryl. Then about a month later, Mike said, 'I have this one thing to tell you—Dolly's a lesbian. But you'll love her.' And I did."

Cher plays Dolly casually and comfortably. Her feet look big. She is plain. There is no sign of a tattoo. She dresses the way people dress to walk the dog.

"I wasn't supposed to dress like that when I took the part. I was supposed to wear jeans and T-shirts and cowboy boots. But then everyone said I looked too good. No matter what they put me in, I looked like a model. I had to gain weight so I wouldn't look so good. The boots made me too tall, so I had to wear flats. They shortened the pants. Put me in polyester men's shirts. Ann Roth, the costume designer, came out with all these clothes and I said, 'Oh, who are those for?' And she said, 'Come in *here* my *dear*. . . .' I'd put something on and everyone would say, 'God, that looks terrible,' and Mike would say, 'Okay, good! Perfect!' I wore Neil and Dixie's pants. They're Ann's assistants. They're both men. If anyone said, 'Oh, that looks good,' off it came.

"I cried the first day I got into my costume. Kurt started to laugh. That's why I cried. Then Miroslav Ondricek, the director of photography, who was always walking around grumbling, hitting things with his cane, came over. He said, 'No, dolink, nooo. . . . S'beautiful—the *eyes!*' Mike would check my face every day to make sure I hadn't sneaked any makeup on. I finally gave up. It was kind of fun, actually. I could just lie around. I mean, Meryl was always having her hair curled."

Cher's clothes have always been considered a little more talented than Cher. They have made her a kind of trash *objet d'art.* In 1969, she, Sonny, and their fur vests were thrown out of the London Hilton. She introduced bell bottoms to the 'sixties. In the 'seventies, her navel appeared on television; her right nipple made the cover of *Time;* her fuzzy, jingling,

feathery dresses were the subject of lengthy dinner-table conversations, her tricolor nails the focus of national awe. But in *Silkwood,* threadbare blue jeans flap forlornly around her perfect legs. She is on her own.

"Cher is an instinctual actress. She has enormous reality and humor," says Mike Nichols. "And she's an endearing and straightforward person, which is what we needed for Dolly, who's so complicated and has so many negative parts to her. We needed someone, you're drawn to—but then you get worried. And I got very excited about what

The woman who once feared she was the Dinah Shore of her generation turns out to be a very serious actress indeed

got going among her, Meryl, and Kurt. They approximated the closeness in the movie."

A little sly, Dolly is always watching, gauging her status. In one scene, perhaps the best in the movie, she sits at the kitchen table, a tacky flowered towel over her chest. Her new girl friend Angela—"She's a beautician," Dolly says belligerently when introducing her to Karen and Drew—is applying makeup; and Cher, uncomfortable but loyal, yawns beneath the hair that has been piled on top of her head. White, powdery makeup covers her face. Her patience has been an act of love, and when Kurt Russell tells her she looks "like a fuckin' corpse," we can see the hurt because she knows he's right—after all, Angela really works in a morgue. Cher makes Dolly painfully aware of the humor of the situation, embarrassed for herself, protective of Angela, and angry at Drew for not realizing why she has endured application of the absurd cosmetics. Looking out from behind the white mask with her deadpan stare, Cher is silent but alert, her sympathies shifting back and forth. She is a real screen actress—she seems to intercept every current of emotion in the room.

"I knew very little about the Silkwood case when I took the part," Cher says. "I still don't know what really happened to her. It's the kind of thing you can't know for sure. But I thought it was a good idea. I mean, you can do a subject that's just fun and it turns out to be good. Or you can do something that's really important and it turns out to be a great film. And I really wanted to work with these people. I had the best time even with Kurtie, and Kurtie is insane—don't you think, Chas? He's like—who's that guy on TV with the bear?"

"Grizzly Adams," says Chastity.

"Yeah—he's like Grizzly Adams on acid."

"I think he's more like a spoiled brat," says Chastity.

"Chas saw the movie last night."

"I like it a lot."

"You know what scene I didn't like doing? Where my girl friend, who's a beautician, puts makeup on me. But she works in a morgue, and so I end up looking like a corpse. It didn't look like me, yet it almost did. It was creepy. Mike kept trying to get makeup that wouldn't make me look like 'Cher.' Unfortunately," Cher says with a sigh, "as soon as you put makeup on me, I start to look like me." ▽

Cathleen Schine *is the author of a novel, "Alice in Bed" (Knopf), published last spring.*

In 1974, the real Karen Silkwood *was reported by friends to be carrying a folder of documents to a secret meeting with a New York Times reporter when her white Honda ran off the road. The documents, stolen from the Kerr-McGee plutonium processing plant where she worked, would prove negligence, fraud, and dozens of safety violations. But the folder and its contents were never found, and foul play was suspected. Karen Silkwood became a cause célèbre.*

"All these liberal journalists converged on Crescent, Oklahoma, and found their nuclear martyr," says Nora Ephron, who wrote the screenplay for "Silkwood" with Alice Arlen. "It was a cause seized on by feminists, by the anti-nuclear movement—but Karen Silkwood wasn't a feminist, she wasn't anti-nuclear. And, you know, what they all left out was that she had abandoned her children, she had never married their father, she was violently disliked by her co-workers. The Karen Silkwood who was written about was not precisely whitewashed, but she was certainly sanctified. But what made all the material about her—the transcripts from the trials, the Congressional hearings, the interviews with her friends—what made that interesting to us was that we had a character who was not Joan of Arc. Karen Silkwood was mixed up—let's not kid ourselves. But sometimes people do the right things for the wrong reasons." ▽

BARYSHNIKOV

(Continued from page 355)

television special, *Baryshnikov in Hollywood.* Since then, at Baryshnikov's invitation, Anastos has made one brief piece for ABT, a 1982 pas de deux, *Claire de Lune.* Baryshnikov told Vogue that he wanted to collaborate with Anastos because he admires his "good sense of comedy"—a talent Anastos honed in his dance satires for Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo during the 'seventies. Anastos' involvement in *Cinderella* is pervasive, from the serious dances for the principals and corps, to the mime for the termagant stepsisters and idle stepmother, all who will be played by men. (The casting of men in these roles will be familiar to millions of Americans through its use in Frederick Ashton's production for the Royal Ballet, televised nationwide in recent years.) "Fifty-fifty" is how Baryshnikov described the partnership, which, according to Anastos, was close in spirit, too. "We both see the ballet the way we *both* see it," Anastos said, also pointing out that Baryshnikov is first among equals. It was Baryshnikov's initial desire to stage the work, and he makes the final decisions about what goes into it. As to the question of why *Cinderella* now? Baryshnikov said there was no secret about it. "Why not?"

In October, Vogue attended a couple of rehearsals at which both choreographers were present. Anastos calls choreography a process of setting up a problem for yourself and solving it. That afternoon, the problem was how to wind down a pas de *(Continued on page 398)*

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BARYSHNIKOV

(Continued from page 397)

deux for Cinderella and the Prince at the ball. The solution would be worked out on ABT principals Marianna Tcherkassky and Danilo Radojevic, who were standing alert at the front of the studio. At the back, more relaxed, were principals Magali Messac and Patrick Bissell, also learning the parts. Near the mirrors sat a group of onlookers, some of them from the company, including a notator to record the day's choreographic decisions. Anastos, who had structured this particular sequence of steps, stood to one side, observing.

Meanwhile, Baryshnikov was working from close in. With his back to the mirrors, he asked for music. The pianist played the luscious waltz as the dancers took the partnership to the brink of the previous rehearsals' discovery. The dancers stopped. The music continued for a bar or two and stopped. Baryshnikov joined the couple to explain, through a combination of precise directions and full-out physical example, how to shift weight in a transition in order to meet the count, or, another time, how to rechannel the attack of a phrase to heighten its effect. Then Anastos would walk over, saying in a brisk voice, "I think *this* would look better," brushing the air at an angle with his hand—or "Too fast," or, "That's nice, that's very nice." In response to his reactions, the dancers would try out excerpts without music and make the required adjustment. Then they would take the pas de deux from the top.

Midway through the rehearsal, Baryshnikov replaced Radojevic for an extended period as Tcherkassky's partner. The waltz began, and the new pair carried the dance to its frontier, stopped, and separated. The piano fell quiet. Dryly, ballet mistress Georgina Parkinson strode from her place by the mirrors to help advance the next particle of choreography. It was a riddle concerning Baryshnikov's left arm, how he could best uncurl it from Tcherkassky's waist without withdrawing his support of her balance. Anastos walked up, concentrating, followed by Radojevic, working a piece of gum. Parkinson, Anastos, and Radojevic—three points forming an equilateral triangle. Baryshnikov and Tcherkassky stepped into the center of that figure and once again assumed the interlacing sculpture of lunge and arabesque that was locking in the piece.

The only person moving now was Vogue photographer Duane Michals, who orbited the cluster with the persistence of a wonderstruck tourist at Stonehenge. For the first time in an hour, the art stayed put. With Tcherkassky's delicate frame disposed like a cape along his slanted back, Baryshnikov isolated his alternatives down to a contraction and release of muscles in his left arm. One could study this possibility and that one coursing through him. His face tightened a little. Finally, without taking a step, he said, "What about this?" Casual as a yawn, the Prince's arm escaped from Cinderella and recaptured her. The arm was articulated in such a way that the moment was wonderful to regard, and evocative of earlier patterns in the choreography. From the balconies of an opera house, such a gesture may not be noticeable, but the sophisticated engineering it represents is as important to this fairy-tale ballet as ashes, or ballgowns, or dreams. ▽

STREISAND

(Continued from page 355)

years ago, who disguises herself as a man so she can go to study the Talmud, a privilege forbidden to Orthodox Jewish women. Streisand as Yentl is the archetype of the woman-who-hates-women. But she frees herself from the restrictions of the traditional woman's life; and by doing so, she ultimately learns to accept her femaleness along with her ambition and her brilliance.

"I made the commitment to *Yentl* when I read the first four words of the story, 'After her father's death . . .' " Streisand says. "My father was gone, too." In many ways, it's clear, Streisand sees herself in Singer's heroine.

"Yentl wanted to be recognized for what she thought, for what her mind was. She was told she had to stay in a box, never grow. She felt different; and I always felt different. I'd always been a loner; the men I'm drawn to are loners, outsiders. The story is Yentl's redemption from self-hatred. I found myself evolving as I worked, forgiving my own misunderstandings.

"The Talmud's notion of God is androgynous: *Shekhinah*—I'm not sure of the spelling—that's the feminine aspect of God, the giving, understanding side. I have them both, I have an androgynous soul: I can be both feeling *and* powerful.

"Directing, I found myself more feminine. I was uncomfortable with the power—I had to find a way to use it. I don't know if this is right to say about myself, but I felt more like a mother, more like a woman doctor.

"I made the actress in me serve the director. As the director, I had no time for Barbra Streisand the actress. No time for my self-indulgence. I enjoyed the financial responsibility: no limos for anyone, including me. I brought the picture in only 11 percent over budget, never mind the distortions you're already reading." (Even *Ladies Home Journal* reported that *Yentl* is so expensive, it's called "Barbra's Folly" in Hollywood.) "Now that's where I'm a feminist, when I hear the gossip that women really can't handle money."

The reason for the gossip may be more that Barbra is a star than that she's a woman. How can an actor be fiscally responsible? This upsets the Hollywood balance of power. Stars get limos, but not control.

"What is hardest to do," she tells me, "always turns out to be the most satisfying. What opportunity means is a chance to do something that's really difficult for you." This is a uniquely characteristic statement by a woman whose every movement, every gesture must be explored, polished, and perfected.

Here's the perfectionist: Selecting costumes for *Yentl,* Barbra wanted authentic embroidered petticoats made in central Europe for her folk dancers. The proposed petticoats drove MGM-UA crazy—to the point that they sent a "production supervisor" (male) to oversee purchases on the set. Finally, Jeanette Kupferman, the historian and consultant on the film, found some ready-made in London—easier on the budget. "I'm trying to learn the difference between settling for less esthetically, which is an idea that I hate, and when enough is enough," Barbra says. "It was harder to give up the petticoats than the limousines. But I did."

In social situations Barbra does this: comes in wearing the best outfit in any room (just as Yentl's yeshiva costume is the best outfit in any movie right now). She sits down very close to one person and talks to that person. Intensely. Does not work the room. She does not eye the room, not even the way some stars do when they think you're not watching.

"What I'm doing now," she says, "is having a personal life that is a private life—catching up on my adolescence, though that doesn't sound like a womanly thing to say. I went to work when I was eighteen. I never had the time or the inclination for just having fun. I don't know quite how to have human contact. So adolescence means meeting with new people, getting interested in other people. I'm not enough for me anymore.

"I'm going to read a lot—to try to get over the obsession with *Yentl.* But I won't read scripts yet—the look of a script would frighten me. Steven Spielberg asked me if I'd like to direct a film he wants to produce—not to be in it, just direct—and hearing the word put me into a traumatic state."

Streisand has an insatiable curiosity about everything. This is not to say that she is not a particular woman; she is critical, witty, easily bored. You run on your toes just to half keep up with her. Just when you think, now Barbra's done *everything,* there's a new astonishment. The triumph of *Yentl* is not only in the resonance and charm of the work itself, its fusion of folk art and contemporary insight, not only in the arrival of a new force in film-making: the overwhelming triumph is its reminder of how far we have come.

I visited a ghetto synagogue in Europe recently. The men in a tour group applauded when it was announced that the women still sit behind screens in a balcony. We forget how recently our freedom began. Streisand's *Yentl* will remind us. ▽

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 78: Hat at Bergdorf Goodman. Scarves at Therapy, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago.
121: *Photo above:* Earrings at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-sac. *Middle inset:* Earrings at Gail Grant, NYC.
215: *Top photo:* Cotton T-shirt, The Gap. Cotton twill skirt, Gabriel González for U-Turn, $76. Patricia Field, NYC. Cotton underwear, OMO Norma Kamali, $20. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Cuff, James I. Murphy. J. Antonio, NYC.
276: *Photo left:* Michele Lamy sunglasses for Robert Marc Opticians, NYC. *Photo center:* Glasses, Sweats Eyewear by Corning. Shoes, Famolare, NYC.
297: Silk satin by Abraham. Silk velvet by Moreau. Earrings, Yves Saint Laurent.
316: Outfit at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 520; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50. Also at Espirit, Denver CO; Suite 101, Beverly Hills. Dress at Nan Duskin (top to order). Belt, Tess Designs for Galanos. Martha; Espirit, Denver CO; Suite 101, Beverly Hills. Shoes, Mario and Eugenia of Florence, NYC.
319: Outfit at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 91. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour/Martinique. The Shoe Box, Plainview NY. Linens, Pratesi, NYC. Jerry Sorbara white fox blanket, $3000. Jerry Sorbara, NYC.
320: Turnout at Bonwit Teller, Dept. 72; Bullock's, Dept. 333. Earrings, Andrea Cohen at the Accessories Resource Gallery, NYC. Child's coat and shoes, Au Chat Botté, NYC.
321: Turnout at Hudson's, Dept. 394, Bullock's Dept. 332. Turnout also at Kreeger's, New Orleans. Belt, Calvin Klein. Bracelets, Sean Gilson at Byzantium, NYC. Child's coat, Au Chat Botté, NYC.
322: Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 170; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; Bullock's, Dept. 333. Earrings, Cathleen *(Continued on page 400)*

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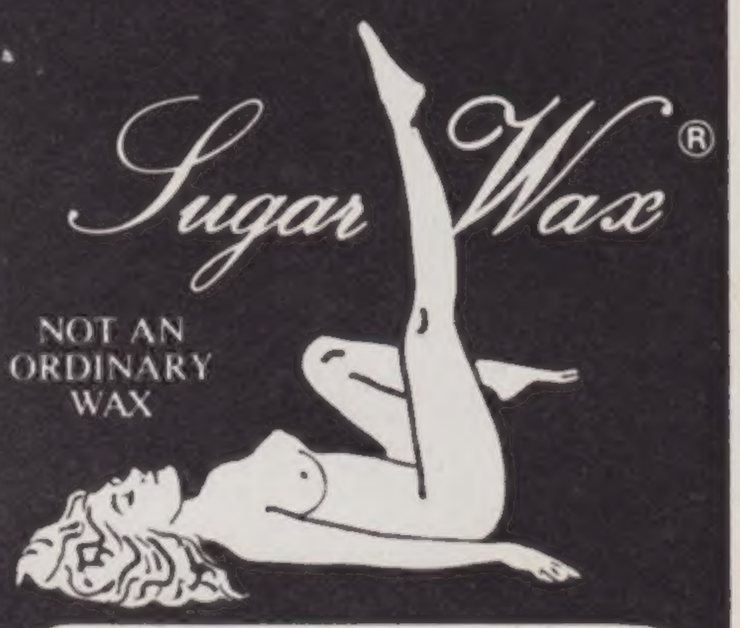

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(Continued from page 399)

Bunt Jewelry. Gindi, NYC. Child's coat and shoes, Au Chat Botté, NYC.

323: Dress at Bonwit Teller, Dept. 118; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 36; The Broadway, Dept. 103; I. Magnin, Dept. 54. Dress also at Jordan Marsh, Florida, Dept. 127; Gidding-Jenny; Hudson's, Dept 394. Child's coat, Au Chat Botté, NYC.

324: Dress also at The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami. Earrings, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. Henri Bendel; Nordstrom, Portland. Bracelets, Ted Muehling. Artwear, NYC.

325: Dress at Altman's, Dept. 70; Jacobson's, Dept. 21; Frost Bros., Dept. 530. Dress also at Carrick's, Denver. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Henri Bendel. Bracelets, Dennis Higgins at Artwear, NYC.

326: Dress at Swansons on the Plaza, Dept. 06; I. Magnin, Dept. 30. Also at Frederick & Nelson, Dept. 28. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Martha; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Bracelets wrist to cuff: Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Alexis Kirk. Danné Handbags and Accessories at Sara Fredericks, New York and Palm Beach; Nan Duskin. Stockings, Maya. Lord & Taylor.

327: Dress at John Baldwin, Dept 78; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 50; I. Magnin, Dept. 30. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Bergdorf Goodman; In Tempo at L.H. Rogers, Salem MA; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago.

328: Cotton/polyester robe at Bloomingale's, Dept. 387; Marshall Field's, Dept. 825; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 28. Also at Cameo Stores, Philadelphia; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Bikini at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 387; I. Magnin, Dept. 219; Liberty House, Dept. 384. Belt, OMO Norma Kamali. (See stores for robe on page 328 except Burdine's.) Ray-Ban sunglasses by Bausch & Lomb.

329: Polyester robe and suit at Liberty House, Dept. 384. Glasses, L.A. Eyeworks, Los Angeles. Earrings, Cathleen Bunt Jewelry. Gindi, NYC; MDF, Cambridge MA. Bracelets, Ted Muehling. Artwear, NYC.

330: Cotton robe at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 34. Bathing suit at Bonwit Teller, Dept. 077. Goggles at wrist, Speedo America.

331: Cotton/polyester robe and bathing suit at Macy's, Dept. 659. Robe only at Dayton's; Robinson's, California, Dept. 23.

332: Outfit at Bonwit Teller, Dept. 68; Macy's, Dept. 648. Also at Robinson's, California, Dept. 191. Shoes, Joan & David. Couture. Bloomingdale's; Knit-Wit, Philadelphia; Ann Taylor, Beverly Hills.

333: Sunglasses, L.A. Eyeworks, Los Angeles.

334: Jacket and pants fabric at A.S. Fibre, NYC; shirt and shorts fabric at Harriet Sawyer for Gemfab, NYC.

335: Top and skirt fabric January at The Singer Co., NYC. Belt, Omega. Ann Taylor, NYC.

336: Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 315; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 36; Also at Filene's, Dept. 325; Rich's Dept. 341; Jamie, Nashville TN; Gidding-Jenny. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Artwear, NYC.

337: Turnout at Altman's, Dept. 147; Kaufmann's, Dept. 859; Jacobson's, Dept. 21. Liberty House, Dept. 366. Also at Swansons on the Plaza, Dept. 08. Ring, M & J Savitt. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC.

338: Calvin Klein pants. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bergdorf Goodman. Yves Saint Laurent choker. Necklace, Isabel Canovas. Evan-Picone Leg Fashions. Shoes Yves Saint Laurent.

339: Dress, Galanos. Bracelets, Asymmetry. Macy's, Herald Square; Tootsies, Houston. Gloves, Aldo and Ivo Portolano. Bergdorf Goodman accessories Giorgio Armani.

340: OMO Norma Kamali skirt. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Bracelets, Gloria G. Lomas. Bergdorf Goodman. Aris gloves.

341: Calvin Klein pants. Sunglasses, Vuarnet-France, Morgenthal Opticians, NYC; Macy's, San Francisco. Bracelets, Asymmetry. Freelance, NYC; Tootsies, Houston. Aris gloves. Bloomingdale's.

356: Giorgio Armani, silk/wool/linen jacket. Linen skirt.

357: Giorgio Armani, cotton/linen coat. Silk blouse. Wool gabardine pants.

358: Cotton/rayon/linen cardigan. Linen/cotton/rayon sweater. Shoes, Issey Miyake.

359: Linen/silk shirt; linen/cotton skirt. Belt, Issey Miyake.

361: Cashmere sweater.

363: Nancy Heller dress, $300. Mid-Dec. at Barney's; Kenneth and Cooper, Philadelphia; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; The Gazebo, Dallas; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Earrings, Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

364: Cotton/acrylic jumpsuit, $95. Late Dec. at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 295; Robinson's, Newport Beach and Beverly Hills CA, Dept. 80. Fiorucci acrylic dress under jumpsuit, $64. Fiorucci, NYC.

365: Wool jacket, $1020, at Bergdorf Goodman; Emphatics, Pittsburgh PA; Lou Lattimore, Dallas, Tootsies, Houston.

366: Jacket and skirt at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Washington D.C.; Houston, San Francisco. Bracelet at Henri Bendel; Nordstrom, Portland. Yves Saint Laurent belt at all Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques.

368: Vest at Goldberg's Marine Distributers, NYC. Mask at Richard's Aqua-lung Center, NYC.

369: *Inset lower left:* Stevi Brooks cotton/polyester/Lycra unitard, $45. Taffy's of New York. Dynavit courtesy of the Biofitness Institute, NYC.

370: *Inset above left:* Orthotics courtesy of Accent On Feet Footcare Center, NYC. *Inset above right:* Cotton/polyester/Lycra unitard, Stevi Brooks. $47. Taffy's of New York. Gymnast slippers at Manhattan Ad-Hoc Software, NYC. Sony Watchman radio. *Inset center:* Seca Doctor's scale from The Sharper Image, San Francisco. To order, call toll free: 800-344-4444. *Inset below:* stopwatch, Heuer Time and Electronics, Springfield NJ.

371: *Inset above:* Cotton/Lycra unitard, Dance France. Shoes, Jacques Cohen. Bloomingdale's. *Photo below:* Chairman Mao's 4-minute fitness plan was created by Maxwell L. Howell, Ph.D., Ed.D.

372: *Inset below:* Ultimate Street Skates by Ole's Innovative Sports, Minneapolis.

373: *Inset above:* Antron/Lycra unitard by Danskin. $30. Macy's, Herald Square; Marshall Field's. Magnavox 4012 9-inch Diagonal color television sets. *Inset right:* Tank top, Danskin. Antron/Lycra pull-on pants, Nona Summers $39. Barney's. New Balance Rainier boot at Kreeger & Sons, NYC; Eddie Bauer, Seattle WA.

374: Hat, Macaps. Ann Taylor; Spiegel, Chicago; Nordstrom, Seattle. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Bergdorf Goodman; In Tempo at L.H. Rogers, Salem MA; Sakowitz.

375: Nancy Heller pants. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Bloomingdale's. Belt, Miss Ellen Ruth Levy.

377: Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Soho Zoo, NYC; The Knit Wit, Philadelphia. Hat, Madcaps. Ann Taylor; Spiegel, Chicago; Nordstrom, Seattle. Belt, Omega.

378: Dress at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 508; Ivey's, Dept. 241; Jacobson's, Dept. 21; I. Magnin, Dept. 36. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Artwear, NYC. Belt, Miss Ellen Ruth Levy. Bracelet, Robert Lee Morris. Artwear, NYC.

379: *Inset:* Dress at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 163; Marshall Field's, Dept. 76; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 56; Bullock's, Dept. 336; Liberty House, Dept. 361. Bracelets, David Spada. Archetype, NYC. Earrings, Marci Zelmanoff. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. *Large photo:* Bracelet, Robert Lee Morris.

380: *Large photo:* Dress at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 35. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Artwear, NYC. Bracelets, Margarita Popova. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Dinallo, Beverly Hills. *Inset:* Dress at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 105; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 39. Dress also at Perkins Shearer, Denver; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Earrings, Patricia von Musulin. Bloomingdale's Culde-Sac. Belt, Miss Ellen Ruth Levy. Butch Blum, Seattle WA. Shoes, Bernardo.

381: Dress at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 03; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 44. Dress also at Gayle's, Houston. Ring, M & J Savitt. Terry at Jimmy's, Brooklyn; M & J Savitt at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Bracelet, Mark Spirito. Toby Lerner, Philadelphia.

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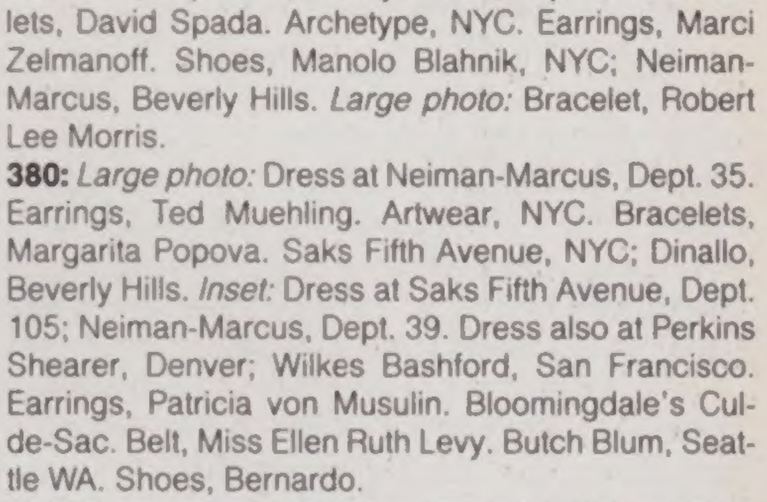

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